THE ADVENTURES OF *SIR LAUNCELOT GREAVES.*

By Dr SMOLLETT.

TWO VOLUMES IN ONE.

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THE

ADVENTURES

OF

SIR LAUNCELOT GREAVES.

CHAP. I.

In which certain Perſonages of this delightful Hiſtory are introduced to the Reader's Acquaintance.

IT was on the great northern road from York to London, about the beginning of the month of October, and the hour of eight in the evening, that four travellers were, by a violent ſhower of rain, driven for ſhelter into a little public-houſe on the ſide of the highway, diſtinguiſhed by a ſign which was ſaid to exhibit the figure of a Black Lion. The kitchen, in which they aſſembled, was the only room for entertainment in the houſe, paved with red bricks remarkably clean, furniſhed with three or four Windſor chairs, adorned with ſhining plates of pewter, and copper ſaucepans neatly ſcoured, that even dazzled the eyes of the beholder; while a cheerful fire of ſea-coal blazed in the chimney. Three of the travellers, who arrived on horſe-back, having ſeen their cattle properly accommodated in the ſtable, agreed to paſs the time, until the weather ſhould clear up, over a bowl of rumbo, which was accordingly prepared; but the fourth, refuſing to join their company, took his ſtation at the oppoſite ſide of the chimney, and called for a pint of two-penny, with which he indulged himſelf apart. At a little diſtance on his left hand, there was another group, conſiſting of the landlady, a decent widow; her two daughters, the elder of whom ſeemed to be about the age of fifteen; and a country lad, who ſerved both as waiter and oſtler.

The ſocial triumvirate was compoſed of Mr Fillet, a country practitioner in ſurgery and midwifery, Captain Crowe, and his nephew Mr Thomas Clarke, an attorney. Fillet was a man of ſome education, and a great deal of experience, ſhrewd, ſly, and ſenſible. Captain Crowe had commanded a merchant-ſhip in the

Mediterranean trade for many years, and ſaved ſome money by dint of frugality and traffic. He was an excellent ſeaman, brave, active, friendly in his way, and ſcrupulouſly honeſt, but as little acquainted with the world, as a ſucking child; whimſical, impatient, and ſo impetuous, that he could not help breaking in upon the converſation, whatever it might be with repeated interruptions, that ſeemed to burſt from him by involuntary impulſe: when he himſelf attempted to ſpeak, he never finiſhed his period, but made ſuch a number of abrupt tranſitions, that his diſcourſe ſeemed to be an unconnected ſeries of unfiniſhed ſentences, the meaning of which it was not eaſy to decypher.

His nephew, Tom Clarke, was a young fellow, whoſe goodneſs of heart even the exerciſe of his profeſſion had not been able to corrupt. Before ſtrangers, he never owned himſelf an attorney without bluſhing; though he had no reaſon to bluſh for his own practice, for he conſtantly refuſed to engage in the cauſe of any client whoſe character was equivocal; and was never known to act with ſuch induſtry as when concerned for the widow and orphan, or any other object that ſued *in forma pauperis*. Indeed he was ſo replete with human kindneſs, that as often as an affecting ſtory or circumſtance was told in his hearing, it overflowed at his eyes. Being of a warm complexion, he was very ſuſceptible of paſſion, and ſomewhat libertine in his amours. In other reſpects, he piqued himſelf on underſtanding the practice of the courts, and in private company he took pleaſure in laying down the law; but he was an indifferent orator, and tediouſly circumſtantial in his explanations: his ſtature was rather diminutive; but, upon the whole, he had ſome title to the character of a pretty dapper, little fellow.

The ſolitary gueſt had ſomething very forbidding in his aſpect, which was contracted by an habitual frown. His eyes were ſmall and red, and ſo deep ſet in the ſockets, that each appeared like the undiſtinguiſhed ſnuff of a farthing candle, gleaming through the horn of a dark lanthorn. His noſtrils were elevated in ſcorn, as if his ſenſe of ſmelling had been perpetually offended by ſome unſavoury odour; and he looked as if he wanted to ſhrink within himſelf from the impertinence of ſociety. He wore a black periwig, as ſtraight as the pinions of a raven, and this was covered with a hat flapped, and faſtened to his head by a ſpeckled handkerchief tied under his chin. He was wrapped in a great coat of brown frieze, under which he ſeemed to conceal a ſmall bundle. His name was Ferret, and his character diſtinguiſhed by three peculiarities. He was never ſeen to ſmile; he was never heard to ſpeak in praiſe of any perſon whatſoever: and he was never known to give a direct anſwer to any queſtion that

was

was asked; but seemed, on all occasions, to be actuated by the most perverse spirit of contradiction.

Captain Crowe having remarked that it was squally weather, asked how far it was to the next market-town; and understanding that the distance was not less than six miles, said he had a good mind to come to an anchor for the night, if so be that he could have a tolerable *birth* in this here harbour. Mr Fillet perceiving by his style that he was a sea-faring gentleman, observed that their landlady was not used to lodge such company; and expressed some surprize, that he, who had, no doubt, endured so many storms and hard hips at sea, should think much of travelling five or six miles a horseback by moon light. 'For my part,' said he, 'I ride in all weathers, and all hours, without minding cold, wet, [illegible] or darkness. My constitution is so case hardened, that I believe I could live all the year at Spitzbergen. With respect to this road I know every foot of it so exactly, that I'll engage to travel forty miles upon it blindfold, without making one false step; and if you have faith enough to put yourselves under my auspices, I will conduct you safe to an elegant [illegible] where you will meet with the best accommodation.'—'Thank you, brother,' replied the captain; 'we are much beholden to you for your courteous offer; but howsomever, you must not think I mind foul weather more than my neighbours. I have worked hard aloft and alow in many a taught gale—but this here is the case, d'ye see; we have run down a long day's reckoning; our beasts have had a hard spell; and as for my own hap, brother, I doubt my bottom-planks have lost some of their the thing, being as how I ain't used to that kind of scrubbing.'

The doctor, who had practised on board a man of war in his youth, and was perfectly well acquainted with the captain's dialect, assured him, that if his bottom was damaged, he would *new pay* it with an excellent laive, which he always carried about him, to guard against such accidents on the road: [illegible], who seemed to have cast the eyes of affection upon the [illegible]'s eldest daughter, Dolly, objected to their proceeding [illegible] without rest and refreshment, as they had already travelled [illegible] since morning; and he was sure his [illegible] in mind and body, from vexation, as well as [illegible] to which he had not been accustomed [illegible] ying, he was sorry to find the captain [illegible] vexation; but he hoped it was not [illegible] was accompanied with a look of [illegible] glad of an occasion to [illegible] was a very communicative [illegible] lay upon his stomach into [illegible]

'I'll assure you, Sir,' said he, 'this here gentleman Captain

 Crowe,

Crowe, who is my mother's own brother, has been cruelly uſed by ſome of his relations. He bears as good a character as any captain of a ſhip on the Royal Exchange, and has undergone a variety of hardſhips at ſea. What d'ye think, now, of his burſting all his ſinews, and making his eyes ſtart out of his head, in pulling his ſhip off a rock, whereby he ſaved to his owners----' Here he was interrupted by the captain, who exclaimed---' Belay, Tom, belay---pr'ythee, dont veer out ſuch a deal of jaw. Clap a ſtopper on thy cable, and bring thyſelf up, my lad; what a deal of ſtuff thou haſt pumped up concerning burſting, and ſtarting, and pulling ſhips: Laud have mercy upon us! Look-ye here, brother,---look ye here---mind theſe poor crippled joints; two fingers on the ſtarboard, and three on the larboard hand; crooked, d'ye ſee like the knees of a bilander. I'll tell you what, brother, you ſeem to be a---ſhip deep laden---rich cargo---current ſetting into the bay---hard gale---lee-ſhore---all hands in the boat---tow round the headland---ſelf pulling for dear blood, againſt the whole crew. Snap go the finger-braces---crack went the eye-blocks. Bounce day-light---flaſh ſtar-light---down I foundered, dark as hell---whizz went my ears, and my head ſpun like a whirligig.---That don't ſignify---I'm a Yorkſhire boy, as the ſaying is; and all my life at ſea, brother, by reaſon of an old grandmother and maiden aunt, a couple of old ſtinking---, kept me theſe forty years out of my grandfather's eſtate.---Hearing as how they had taken their departure, came aſhore, hired horſes, and clapped on all my canvas, ſteering to the northward, to take poſſeſſion of my---But it don't ſignify talking---theſe two old piratical---had held a palaver with a lawyer---an attorney, Tom, d'ye mind me, an attorney---and by his aſſiſtance, hove me out of my inheritance---that is all, brother, hove me out of five hundred pounds a year; that's all---what ſignifies---but ſuch windfalls we don't every day pick up along ſhore.---Fill about, brother---Yes, by the Lord! theſe two ſmuggling harridans, with the aſſiſtance of an attorney---an attorney, Tom---hove me out of five hundred a year.'---'Yes, indeed, Sir,' added Mr Clarke, 'thoſe two malicious old women docked the intail, and left the eſtate to an alien.

Here Mr Ferret thought proper to intermingle in the converſation, with a '*Piſh*, what, do'ſt talk of docking the intail? Do'ſt not know that by the ſtatute Weſtm. 2. 13 Ed. the will and intention of the donor muſt be fulfilled, and the tenant in *tail* ſhall not alien after iſſue had, or before.'---'Give me leave, Sir, replied Tom; I preſume you are a practitioner in the law. Now you know that in the caſe of a contingent *remainder*, the intail may be deſtroyed by levying a fine, and ſuffering a recovery; or otherwiſe deſtroying the particular eſtate, before the contingency

gency happens. If *feoffees*, who poſſeſs an eſtate only during the life of a ſon, where divers *remainders* are limited over, make a *feoffment* in fee to him, by the *feoffment* all the future *remainders* are deſtroyed. Indeed a perſon in *remainder* may have a writ of intruſion, if any do intrude after the death of a tenant for life; and the writ *ex gravi querela* lies to execute a deviſe in *remainder*, after the death of a tenant in tail without iſſue.'---'Spoke like a true diſciple of Geber!' cries Ferret. 'No, Sir, replied Mr Clarke, Counſellor Caper is in the conveyancing way---I was clerk to Serjeant Croaker.'---'Aye, and now you may ſet up for yourſelf,' reſumed the other, 'for you can prate as unintelligibly as the beſt of them.'

'Perhaps,' ſaid Tom, 'I do not make myſelf underſtood: if ſo be as how that is the caſe, let us change the poſition; and ſuppoſe that this here caſe is a *tail after a poſſibility of iſſue extinct*. If a tenant in *tail* after a poſſibility, make a *feoffment* of his land, he in reverſion may enter for his forfeiture. Then we muſt make a diſtinction between *general tail* and *ſpecial tail*. It is the word *body* that makes the *intail*; there muſt be a *body* in the *tail*, deviſed to heirs male or female, otherwiſe it is a fee-ſimple, becauſe it is not limited of what *body*. Thus a corporation cannot be ſeized in *tail*. For example; here is a young woman---What is your name, my dear?'-----'Dolly,' anſwered the daughter, with a curtſey. 'Here's Dolly---I ſeize Dolly in *tail*---Dolly, I ſeize you in *tail*.'---'Sha't then!' cried Dolly, pouting; 'I am ſeized of land in fee---I ſettle on Dolly in *tail*.'---

Dolly, who did not comprehend the nature of the illuſtration underſtood him in a literal ſenſe, and in a whimpering tone exclaimed-----'Sha't then, I tell thee, curſed tuoad!' Tom, however, was ſo tranſported with his ſubject, that he took no notice of poor Dolly's miſtake; but proceeded in his harangue upon the different kinds of *tails*, *remainders* and *ſeiſins*, when he was interrupted by a noiſe that alarmed the whole company. The rain had been ſucceeded by a ſtorm of wind, that howled around the houſe with the moſt ſavage impetuoſity; and the heavens were overcaſt in ſuch a manner that not one ſtar appeared, ſo that all without was darkneſs and uproar. This aggravated the horrors of divers loud ſcreams, which even the noiſe of the blaſt could not exclude from the aſtoniſhed ear of our travellers. Captain Crowe called out---'Avaſt, avaſt!' Tom Clarke ſat ſilent, ſtaring wildly, with his mouth ſtill open; the ſurgeon himſelf ſeemed ſtartled, and Ferret's countenance betrayed evident marks of confuſion. The oſtler moved nearer the chimney: and the good woman of the houſe, with her two daughters, crept cloſe to the company.

After ſome pauſe, the captain ſtarting up---'Theſe,' ſaid he,

'be

'be signals of distress. Some poor souls in danger of foundering; let us bear up a-head, and see if we can give them any assistance.' The landlady begged him, for Christ's sake, not to think of going out! for it was a spirit that would lead him astray into fens and rivers, and certainly do him a mischief. Crowe seemed to be staggered by this remonstrance, which his nephew reinforced, observing that it might be a stratagem of rogues to decoy them into the fields, that they might rob them under the cloud of night. Thus exhorted, he resumed his seat; and Mr Ferret began to make very severe strictures upon the folly and fear of those who believed and trembled at the visitation of spirits, ghosts, and goblins. He said he would engage with twelve penny-worth of phosphorous to frighten a whole parish out of their senses: then he expatiated on the pusillanimity of the nation in general, ridiculed the militia, censured the government, and dropped some hints about a change of hands, which the captain could not, and the doctor would not comprehend.

Tom Clarke, from the freedom of his discourse, concluded he was a ministerial spy, and communicated his opinion to his uncle in a whisper, while this misanthrope continued to pour forth his invectives with a fluency peculiar to himself. The truth is, Mr Ferret had been a party writer, not from principle, but employment, and had felt the rod of power; in order to avoid a second exertion of which, he now found it convenient to skulk about in the country; for he had received intimation of a warrant from the secretary of state, who wanted to be better acquainted with his person. Notwithstanding the ticklish nature of his situation, it was become so habitual to him to think and speak in a certain manner that even before strangers, whose principles and connections he could not possibly know, he hardly ever opened his mouth without uttering some direct or implied sarcasm against the government.

He had already proceeded a considerable way in demonstrating that the nation was bankrupt and beggared, and that those who stood at the helm were steering full into the gulph of inevitable destruction; when his lecture was suddenly suspended by a violent knocking at the door, which threatened the whole house with immediate demolition. Captain Crowe, believing they should be instantly boarded, unsheathed his hanger, and stood in a posture of defence. Mr Fillet armed himself with the poker, which happened to be red hot; the other pulled down a rusty firelock, that hung by the roof over a flitch of bacon. Tom Clarke, perceiving the landlady and her children distracted with terror, conducted them, out of mere compassion, below stairs into the cellar; and as for Mr Ferret, he prudently withdrew into an adjoining pantry.

But

But as a perſonage of great importance in this entertaining hiſtory was forced to remain ſome time at the door before he could gain admittance ſo muſt the reader wait with patience for the next chapter, in which he will ſee the cauſe of this diſturbance explained much to his comfort and edification.

CHAP. II.

In which the Hero of theſe Adventures makes his firſt Appearance on the Stage of Action.

THE outward door of the Black Lion had already ſuſtained two dreadful ſhocks; but at the third it flew open, and in ſtalked an apparition, that ſmote the hearts of our travellers with fear and trepidation. It was the figure of a man armed cap-a pie, bearing on his ſhoulder a bundle dropping with water, which afterwards appeared to be the body of a man that ſeemed to have been drowned, and fiſhed up from the bottom of the neighbouring river.

Having depoſited his burden carefully on the floor, he addreſſed himſelf to the company in theſe words---'Be not ſurprized, good people, at this unuſual appearance, which I ſhall take an opportunity to explain: and forgive the rude and boiſterous manner in which I have demanded, and indeed forced admittance; the violence of my intruſion was the effect of neceſſity. In croſſing the river, my ſquire and his horſe were ſwept away by the ſtream; and with ſome difficulty I have been able to drag him aſhore, though I am afraid my aſſiſtance reached him too late; for, ſince I brought him to land, he has given no ſigns of life.'

Here he was interrupted by a groan which iſſued from the cheſt of the ſquire, and terrified the ſpectators as much as it comforted the maſter. After ſome recollection, Mr Fillet began to undreſs the body, which was laid in a blanket on the floor, and rolled from ſide to ſide by his direction. A conſiderable quantity of water being diſcharged from the mouth of this unfortunate ſquire, he uttered a hideous roar; and, opening his eyes, ſtared wildly around: then the ſurgeon undertook for his recovery; and his maſter went forth with the oſtler in queſt of the horſes, which he had left by the ſide of the river. His back was no ſooner turned, than Ferret, who had been peeping from behind the pantry-door, ventured to rejoin the company; pronouncing with a ſmile or rather grin of contempt---'Hey day! what precious mummery is this? What! are we to have the farce of Hamlet's ghoſt?'---'Adzooks,' cried the captain, 'my kinſman

man Tom has dropped a stern shore in God a has not bulged too, and gone to bottom!' -- 'Pish,' exclaimed the misanthrope, 'there's no danger; the young lawyer is only seizing Dolly in tail.'

Certain it is, Dolly squeaked at that instant in the cellar; and Clarke appearing soon after in some confusion, declared she had been frightened by a flash of lightning: but this assertion was not confirmed by the young lady herself, who eyed him with a sullen regard, indicating displeasure, though not indifference; and when questioned by her mother, replied --'A doan't maind what a says so a-doan't, vor all his golden jacket, then.'

In the mean time the surgeon had performed the operation of phlebotomy on the squire, who was lifted into a chair, and supported by the landlady for that purpose; but he had not as yet given any sign of having retrieved the use of his senses. And here Mr Fillet could not help contemplating with surprise the strange figure and accoutrements of his patient, who seemed in age to be turned of fifty. His stature was below the middle size; he was thick, squat, and brawny, with a small protuberance on one shoulder, and a prominent belly, which, in consequence of the water he had swallowed, now strutted beyond its usual dimensions. His forehead was remarkably convex, and so very low, that his black bushy hair descended within an inch of his nose; but this did not conceal the wrinkles of his front, which were manifold. His small glimmering eyes resembled those of the Hampshire porker, that turns up the soil with his projecting snout. His cheeks were shrivelled and puckered at the corners, like the seams of a regimental coat as it comes from the hands of the contractor; his nose bore a strong analogy in shape to a tennis-ball, and in colour to a mulberry; for all the water in the river had not been able to quench the natural fire of that feature. His upper jaw was furnished with two long, white, sharp-pointed teeth or fangs, such as the reader may have observed in the chaps of a wolf, or full-grown mastiff, and an anatomist would describe as a preternatural elongation of the *dentis canini*. His chin was so long, so peaked, and incurvated, as to form in profile, with his impending forehead, the exact resemblance of a moon in the first quarter. With respect to his equipage he had a leathern cap upon his head, faced like those worn by marines, and exhibiting in embroidery the figure of a crescent. His coat was of white cloth faced with black, and cut in a very antique fashion; and, in lieu of a waistcoat, he wore a buff jerkin. His feet were eased with loose buskins, which, though they rose almost to his knee, could not hide that curvature known by the appellation of bandy legs. A large string of bandaliers garnished a broad belt that graced his shoulders, from whence depended

denended an inſtrument of war, which was ſomething between a back-ſword and a cutlaſs; and a caſe of piſtols was ſtuck in his girdle.

Such was the figure which the whole company now ſurveyed with admiration. After ſome pauſe, he ſeemed to recover his recollection. He rolled about his eyes around, and attentively ſurveying every individual, exclaimed in a ſtrange tone--'Bodikins! where's Gilbert?' This interrogation did not favour much of ſanity, eſpecially when accompanied with a wild ſtare, which is generally interpreted as a ſign of a diſturbed underſtanding. nevertheleſs, the ſurgeon endeavoured to aſſiſt his recollection. 'Come,' ſaid he, 'have a good heart, How do'ſt do, friend;---Do! replied the ſquire, 'do as well as I can: that's a lye too; I might have done better. I had no buſineſs to be here.'---'You ought to thank God and your maſter,' reſumed the ſurgeon, 'for the providential eſcape you have had.'--'Thank my maſter!' cried the ſquire, 'thank the devil!---Go and teach your grannum to crack filberds. I know whom I'm bound to pray for, and who I ought to curſe the longeſt day I have to live.'

Here the captain interpoſing---'Nay, brother,' ſaid he, 'you are bound to pray for this here gentleman as your ſheet anchor; for, if ſo be as he had not cleared your ſtowage of the water you had taken in at your upper works, and lightened your veins, d'ye ſee, by taking away ſome of your blood, adad! you had driven before the gale, and never been brought up in this world again, d'ye ſee.'---'What, then, you would perſuade me,' replied the patient, 'that the only way to ſave my life was to ſhed my precious blood? Look ye, friend, it ſhall not be blood loſt to me. I take you all to witneſs, that there ſurgeon, or apothecary, or farrier, or dog doctor, or whatſoever he may be, has robbed me of the balſam of life; he has not left ſo much blood in my body as would fatten a ſtarved flea. O! that there was a lawyer here to ſerve him with a *ſiſerari*.'

Then fixing his eyes upon Ferret, he proceeded.---'An't you a limb of the law, friend?--No, I cry you mercy, you look more like a ſhewman or a conjuror.' Ferret, nettled at this adreſs, anſwered---'It would be well for you that I could conjure a little common ſenſe into that numbſcull of yours.'---'If I want that commodity,' rejoined the ſquire, 'I muſt go to another market, I trow. You legerdemain men be more like to conjure the money from our pockets than ſenſe into our ſculls. For my own part, I was once cheated of forty good ſhillings by one of your brother cups and balls.' In all probability he would have deſcended to particulars, had he not been ſeized with a return of his nauſea, which obliged him to call for a bumper of brandy. This remedy being ſwallowed, the tumult in his ſtomach ſubſided. He declared he might

might be put to bed without delay, and that half a dozen eggs and a pound of bacon might, in a couple of hours, be dreſſed for his ſupper.

He was accordingly led off the ſcene by the landlady and her daughter; and Mr Ferret had juſt time to obſerve the fellow was a compoſition, in which he did not know whether knave or fool moſt predominated, when the maſter returned from the ſtable. He had taken off his helmet, and now diſplayed a very engaging countenance. His age did not ſeem to exceed thirty; he was tall, and ſeemingly robuſt; his face long and oval, his noſe aquiline, his mouth furniſhed with a ſet of elegant teeth, white as the drifted ſnow; his complexion clear, and his aſpect noble. His cheſnut hair looſely flowed in ſhort natural curls; and his grey eyes ſhone with ſuch vivacity, as plainly ſhewed that his reaſon was a little diſcompoſed. Such an appearance prepoſſeſſed the greater part of the company in his favour. He bowed down with the moſt polite and affable addreſs; enquired about his ſquire; and being informed of the pains Mr Fillet had taken for his recovery, inſiſted upon that gentleman's accepting an handſome gratuity: then, in conſideration of the cold bath he had undergone, he was prevailed upon to take the poſt of honour, namely, the great chair fronting the fire, which was reinforced with a billet of wood for his comfort and convenience.

'Perceiving his fellow-travellers either over-awed into ſilence by his preſence, or ſtruck dumb with admiration at his equipage, he accoſted them in theſe words, while an agreeable ſmile dimpled on his cheek —'

'The good company wonders, no doubt, to ſee a man caſed in armour, ſuch as hath been for above a whole century diſuſed in this and every other country of Europe; and perhaps they will be ſtill more ſurprized when they hear that man profeſs himſelf a noviciate of that military order which hath of old been diſtinguiſhed in Great Britain, as well as through all Chriſtendom, by the name of knights-errant. Yes, gentlemen, in that painful and thorny path of toil and danger I have begun my career, a candidate for honeſt fame, determined, as far as in me lies, to honour and aſſert the efforts of virtue, to combat vice in all her forms, redreſs injuries, chaſtiſe oppreſſion, protect the helpleſs and forlorn, relieve the indigent, exert my beſt endeavours in the cauſe of innocence and beauty, and dedicate my talents, ſuch as they are, to the ſervice of my country.'

'What!' ſaid Ferret, 'you ſet up for a modern Don Quixote! —The ſcheme is rather too ſtale and extravagant.—What was an humourous romance, and well-timed ſatire in Spain near two hundred years ago, will make but a ſorry jeſt, and appear equally

ty insipid and absurd, when really acted from affectation, at this time of day, in a country like England.'

The Knight, eyeing this censor with a look of disdain, replied in a solemn lofty tone---- 'He that from affectation imitates the extravagancies recorded of Don Quixote, is an impostor equally wicked and contemptible. He that counterfeits madness, unless he dissembles like the elder Brutus, for some virtuous purpose not only debases his own soul, but acts as a traitor to Heaven, by denying the divinity that is within him.----I am neither an affected imitator of Don Quixote, nor, as I trust in Heaven, visited by that spirit of lunacy so admirably displayed in the fictitious character exhibited by the inimitable Cervantes. I have not yet encountered a windmill for a giant, nor mistaken this public-house for a magnificent castle; neither do I believe this gentleman to be the constable, nor that worthy practitioner to be master Elizabat, the surgeon recorded in Amadis de Gaul nor you to be the enchanter Alquife, nor any other sage of mythology or romance,---.I see and distinguish objects as they are described by other men. I reason without prejudice; can endure contradiction; and, as the company perceives, even bear impertinent censure without passion or relentment. I quarrel with none but the foes of virtue and decorum, against whom I have declared perpetual war, and them I will every where attack as the natural enemies of mankind.'

'But that war,' said the cynic, 'may be soon brought to a conclusion, and your adventures close in Bridewell, provided you meet with some determined constable who will seize your worship as a vagrant according to the statute.'----Heaven and earth! cried the stranger, starting up, and laying his hand on his sword, 'do I live to hear myself insulted with such an opprobrious epithet, and refrain from trampling into dust the insolent calumniator.

The tone in which these words were pronounced, and the indignation that flashed from the eyes of the speaker, intimidated every individual of the society, and reduced Ferret to a privation of all his faculties. His eyes retired within their sockets; his complexion, which was naturally of a copper hue, now shifted to a leaden colour; his teeth began to chatter; and all his limbs were agitated by a sudden palsy. The knight observed his condition, and resumed his seat, saying----'I was to blame: my vengeance must be reserved for very different objects.---Friend, you have nothing to fear----the sudden gust of passion is now blown over. Recollect yourself, and I will reason calmly on the observation you have made.

This was a very seasonable declaration to Mr Ferret, who opened his eyes, and wiped his forehead, while the other proceeded in these terms--'You say I am in danger of being apprehended as a vagrant; I am not so ignorant of the laws of my

country, but that I know the deſcription of thoſe who fall within the legal meaning of this odious term. You muſt give me leave to inform you, friend, that I am neither bearward, fencer, ſtroller, gipſey, mountebank, nor mendicant; nor do I practiſe ſubtle craft to deceive and impoſe upon the king's liege; nor can I be held as an idle, diſorderly perſon, travelling from place to place, collecting monies by virtue of counterfeited paſſes, briefs, and other falſe pretences---In what reſpect therefore am I to be deemed a vagrant?---Anſwer boldly, without fear or ſcruple.

To this interrogation the miſanthrope replied, with a faultering accent---'If not a vagrant, you incur the penalty for riding in affray of the peace.'--'But, inſtead of riding armed in affray of the peace,' returned the other, 'I ride in preſervation of the peace; and gentlemen are allowed by the law to wear armour for their defence. Some ride with blunderbuſſes, ſome with piſtols, ſome with ſwords, according to their various inclinations. Mine is to wear the armour of my foreſathers: perhaps I uſe them for exerciſe, in order to accuſtom myſelf to fatigue, and ſtrengthen my conſtitution; perhaps I aſſume them for a frolic.'

'But if you ſwagger armed and in diſguiſe, aſſault me on the highway, or put me in bodily fear for the ſake of the jeſt, the law will puniſh you in earneſt,' cried the other. 'But my intention,' anſwered the knight, is carefully to avoid all thoſe occaſions of offences.'---Then,' ſaid Ferret, 'you may go unarmed, like other ſober people'----'Not ſo,' anſwered the knight; as I propoſe to travel all times, and in all places, mine armour may guard me againſt the attempts of treachery; it may defend me in combat againſt odds, ſhould I be aſſaulted by a multitude, or have occaſion to bring malefactors to juſtice.'

'What, then,' exclaimed the philoſopher, 'you intend to cooperate with the honourable fraternity of thief takers?'---'I do purpoſe,' ſaid the youth, eying him with a look of ineffable contempt, 'to act as a coadjutor to the law, and even to remedy evils which the law cannot reach; to detect fraud and treaſon, abaſe inſolence, mortify pride, diſcourage ſlander, diſgrace immodeſty, and ſtigmatize ingratitude: but the infamous part of a thief-catcher I diſclaim. Neither do I aſſociate with robbers and pickpockets, (knowing them to be ſuch) that, in being entruſted with their ſecrets, I may the more effectually betray them; nor ſhall I ever pocket the reward granted by the legiſlature to thoſe by whom robbers are brought to conviction; but I ſhall always think it my duty to rid my country of that pernicious vermin which preys upon the bowels of the commonwealth---not but that an incorporated company of licenſed [illegible] might, under proper regulations, be of ſervice to the com-

Ferret,

Ferret, emboldened by the paſſive torments with which the ſtranger bore his laſt reflections began to think he had nothing of Hector but his outſide, and gave a looſe to all the acrimony of his party-rancour. 'Hearing the knight mention a company of licenſed thieves---' What elſe,' cried he, 'is the majority of the nation? What is your ſtanding army at home, that eat up their fellow-ſubjects? What are your mercenaries abroad, whom you hire to fight their own quarrels? What is your militia, that wile meaſure of a tyrannous miniſtry, but a larger gang of petty thieves, who ſteal ſheep and poultry through mere idleneſs; and, were they confronted with an enemy, would ſteal themſelves away? What is your **** but a knot of thieves, who pillage the nation under colour of law, and enrich themſelves with the wealth of their country? When you conſider the enormous debt of above an hundred millions, the intolerable load of taxes and impoſitions under which we groan and the manner in which that burden is yearly accumulated to ſupport two German electorates, without our receiving any thing in return but the ſhews of triumphs and ſhadows of conqueſt; I ſay, when you reflect on theſe circumſtances, and at the ſame time behold our cities filled with bankrupts, and our country with beggars, can you be ſo infatuated as to deny that the miniſtry is mad, or worſe than mad; our wealth exhauſted, our people miſerable, our credit blaſted, and our ſtate on the brink of perdition? This proſpect, indeed, will make the fainter impreſſion, if we recollect that we ourſelves are a pack of ſuch profligate, corrupted puſillanimous raſcals, as deſerve no ſalvation.'

The ſtranger, raiſing his voice to a loud tone, replied,---'Such indeed, are the inſinuations, equally falſe and inſidious, with which the deſperate emiſſaries of a party endeavour to poiſon the minds of his majeſty's ſubjects, in defiance of common honeſty and common ſenſe. But he muſt be blind to all perception, and dead to candour who does not ſee and own that we are involved in a juſt and neceſſary war, which has been maintained on truly Britiſh principles, proſecuted with vigour, and crowned with ſucceſs; that our taxes are eaſy, in proportion to our wealth; that our conqueſts are equally glorious and important; that our commerce flouriſhes, our people are happy, and our enemies reduced to deſpair.---Is there a man who boaſts a Britiſh heart, that repines at the ſucceſs and proſperity of his country? Such there are, O ſhame to patriotiſm, and reproach to Great Britain! who act as the emiſſaries of France both in words and writing; who exaggerate our neceſſary dangers, magnify our burdens, extol the power of our enemies, deride our victories, extenuate our conqueſts, condemn the meaſures of our government, and ſcatter the ſeeds of diſſatisfaction through the land. Such domeſtic

traitors are doubly the objects of deteſtation; firſt, in perverting truth; and ſecondly, in propagating falſehood, to the prejudice of that community of which they have profeſſed themſelves members. One of theſe is well known by the name of Ferret, an old, rancorous, incorrigible inſtrument of ſedition; happy it is for him that he has never fallen in my way; for, notwithſtanding the maxims of forbearance which I have adopted, the indignation which the character of that caitiff inſpires, would probably impel me to ſome act of violence, and I ſhould, crush him like an ungrateful viper that gnawed the boſom which warmed it into life.'

Theſe laſt words were pronounced with a wildneſs of look that even bordered upon phrenzy. The miſanthrope once more retired to the pantry for ſhelter, and the reſt of the gueſts were evidently diſconcerted.

Mr Fillet, in order to change the converſation, which was likely to produce ſerious conſequences, expreſſed uncommon ſatisfaction at the remarks which the knight had made; ſignified his approbation of the honourable office he had undertaken; declared himſelf happy in having ſeen ſuch an accompliſhed cavalier; and obſerved, that nothing was wanting to render him a compleat knight-errant but ſome celebrated beauty, the miſtreſs of his heart, whoſe idea might animate his breaſt, and ſtrengthen his arm to the utmoſt exertion of valour: he added, that love was the ſoul of chivalry.

The ſtranger ſtarted at this diſcourſe. He turned his eyes on the ſurgeon with a fixed regard; his countenance changed; a torrent of tears guſhed down his cheeks; his head ſunk upon his boſom; he heaved a profound ſigh; and remained in ſilence with all the ſtrong marks of unutterable ſorrow. The company were in ſome meaſure infected by his deſpondence; concerning the cauſe of which, however, they would not venture to enquire.

By this time the landlady, having diſpoſed of the ſquire, deſired to know, with many curtſeys, if his honour would not chuſe to put off his wet garments; aſſuring him, that ſhe had a very good feather-bed at his ſervice, upon which many gentlefolks of the firſt quality had lain; that the ſheets were well aired, and that Dolly ſhould warm them for his worſhip with a pan of coals. This hoſpitable offer being repeated, he ſeemed to awake from a trance of grief; aroſe from his ſeat, and bowing courteouſly to the company, withdrew.

Captain Crowe, whoſe faculty of ſpeech had been all this time abſorbed in amazement, now broke into the converſation with a volley of interjections. 'Split my ſnatch-block! Odd's firkin! Splice my old hoes! I have ſailed the ſalt ſeas, brother, ſince

fince I was no higher than the Tritot's taffrel; eaft, weft, north, and fouth, as the faying is; Blacks, Indians, Moors, Meraftos, and Scapoys; but, fmite my timbers! fuch a man of war----'

Here he was interrupted by his nephew Tom Clarke, who had difappeared at the knight's firft entrance, and now produced himfelf with eagernefs in his look, while the tears ftarted in his eyes. 'Lord blefs my foul!' cried he, 'I know that gentleman and his fervant as well as I know my own father. I am his godfon, uncle; he ftood for me when he was a boy: yes, indeed, Sir, my father was fteward to the eftate; I may fay I was bred up in the family of Sir Everard Greaves, who has been dead thefe two years---this is the only fon, Sir Launcelot; the moft natural, worthy, perverfe gentleman---I care not who knows it, I love him as well as if he was my own flefh and blood.'

At this period, Tom, whofe heart was of the melting mood, began to fob and weep plentifully, from pure affection. Crowe, who was not very fubject to thefe tenderneffes, damned him for a chicken-hearted lubber; repeating, with much peevifhnefs---What do'ft cry for? What do'ft cry for, now?' The furgeon, impatient to know the ftory of Sir Launcelot, which he had heard imperfectly recounted, begged that Mr Clarke would compofe himfelf, and relate it as circumftantially as his memory could retain the particulars: and Tom, wiping his eyes, promifed to give him that fatisfaction; which the reader, if he be fo minded, may partake in the next chapter.

CHAP. III.

Which the Reader, on Perufal, may wifh were Chapter the laft.

THE doctor prefcribed a *repetatur* of the julep, and mixed the ingredients *fecundum artem*. Tom Clarke hemmed thrice, to clear his pipes; while the reft of the company, including Dolly and her mother, who had by this time adminiftered to the knight, compofed themfelves into earneft and hufhed attention. Then the young lawyer began his narration to this effect.

'I tell ye what, gemmen, I don't pretend in this here cafe to flourifh and harangue like a---having never been called to---But what of that, d' ye fee? Perhaps I may know as much as---facts are facts, as the lying is. I fhall tell, repeat, and relate a plain ftory---matters of fact d' ye fee, without rhetoric,

oratory, ornament, or embellishment; without repetition, tautology, circumlocution, or going about the bush: facts which I shall aver, partly on the testimony of my own knowledge, and partly from the information of responsible evidences of good repute and credit, any circumstance known to the contrary notwithstanding. For as the law saith, if so be as how there is *an exception* to evidence, that *exception* is in it's nature, but a denial of what is taken to be good by the other party, and *exceptio in non exceptis firmat regulam*, d'ye see. But however, in regard to this here affair, we need not be so scrupulous as if we were pleading before a judge *sedente curia*.'

Ferret, whose curiosity was rather more eager than that of any other person in this audience, being provoked by this preamble, dashed the pipe he had just filled in pieces against the grate; and after having pronounced the interjection 'Pish!' with an acrimony of aspect altogether peculiar to himself; 'If,' said he, 'impertinence and folly were felony by the statute, there would be no want of unexceptionable evidence to hang such an eternal babbler.'—'Anan, babbler!' cried Tom, reddening with passion, and starting up, 'I'd have you to know, Sir, that I can bite as well as babble; and that, if I am so minced, I can run upon the foot after my game without being in fault, as the saying is; and, which is more, I can shake an old fox by the collar.'

How far this young lawyer might have proceeded to prove himself staunch on the person of the misanthrope, if he had not been prevented, we shall not determine; but the whole company were alarmed at his looks and expressions. Dolly's rosy cheeks assumed an ash colour, while she ran between the disputants, crying—'Naay, naay; vor the love of God doant then, doant then!' But Captain Crowe exerted a parental authority over his nephew, saying—'Avast, Tom, avait! Snug's the word; we'll have no boarding, d'ye see. Haul forward thy chair again, take thy berth, and proceed with thy story in a direct course, without yawning like a Dutch yanky.'

Tom, thus tutored, recollected himself, resumed his seat, and, after some pause, plunged at once into the current of narration. 'I told you before, gemmen, that the gentleman in armour was the only son of Sir Everhard Greaves, who possessed a free estate of five thousand a year in our county, and was respected by all his neighbours, as much for his personal merit as for his family fortune. With respect to his son Launcelot, whom you have seen, I can remember nothing until he returned from the university, about the age of seventeen, and then I myself was not more than ten years old. The young gemmen was at that time

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in mourning for his mother; though, God he knows, Sir Everhard had more cauſe to rejoice than to be afflicted at her death: for among friends,' here he lowered his voice, and looked round the kitchen, 'ſhe was very whimſical, expenſive, and ill-tempered --and, I'm afraid, a little-- upon the--flighty order-- a little touched or ſo--but mum for that--the lady is now dead; and it is my maxim, *de mortuis nil niſi bonum*. The young ſquire was even then very handſome, and looked remarkable well in his weepers; but he had an aukward air, and ſhambling gait, ſtooped mortally, and was ſo ſhy and ſilent, that he would not look a ſtranger in the face, nor open his mouth before company. Whenever he ſpied a horſe or a carriage at the gate, he would make his eſcape into the garden, and from thence into the park; where many's the good time and often he has been found ſitting under a tree, with a book in his hand, reading Greek, Latin, and other foreign linguas.

'Sir Everhard himſelf was no great ſcholar, and my father had forgot his claſſical learning; and ſo the rector of the pariſh was deſired to examine young Launcelot. It was a long time before he found an opportunity; the ſquire always gave him the ſlip. At length the parſon catched him in bed of a morning, and locking the door, to it they went tooth and nail. What paſſed betwixt them the Lord in heaven knows; but, when the doctor come forth, he looked wild and haggard as if he had ſeen a ghoſt, his face as white as paper, and his lips, trembling like an aſpen-leaf. "Parſon," ſaid the knight "what is the matter?--how do'ſt find my ſon? I hope he won't turn out a ninny, and diſgrace his family." The doctor, wiping the ſweat from his forehead, replied, with ſome heſitation, he could not tell--he hoped the beſt--the ſquire was, to be ſure, a very extraordinary young gentleman. But the father urging him to give an explicit anſwer, he frankly declared, that, in his opinion, the ſon would turn out either a mirror of wiſdom, or a monument of folly; for his genius and diſpoſition were altogether preternatural. The knight was ſorely vexed at this declaration, and ſignified his diſpleaſure, by ſaying the doctor, like a true prieſt, dealt in myſteries and oracles, that would admit of different and indeed contrary interpretations.' He afterwards conſulted my father, who had ſerved as ſteward upon the eſtate for above thirty years, and acquired a conſiderable ſhare of his favour. "Will Clarke," ſaid, he with tears in his eyes, "what ſhall I do with this unfortunate lad? I would to God he had neve been born; for I fear he will bring my grey hairs with ſorrow to the grave. When I am gone, he will throw away the eſtate, and bring himſelf to infamy and ruin by keeping company with rooks and beggars. O Will, I could forgive

extravagance

extravagance in a young man; but it breaks my heart to ſee my only ſon give ſuch repeated proofs of a mean ſpirit, and ſordid diſpoſition!"

'Here the old gentleman ſhed a flood of tears, and not without ſome ſhadow of reaſon. By this time Launcelot was grown ſo reſerved to his father, that he ſeldom ſaw him, or any of his relations, except when he was in a manner forced to appear at table, and there his baſhfulneſs ſeemed every day to increaſe. On the other hand, he had formed ſome very ſtrange connections. Every morning he viſited the ſtable, where he not only converſed with the grooms and helpers, but ſcraped acquaintance with the horſes: he fed his favourites with his own hand, ſtroaked, careſſed, and rode them by turns; till at laſt they grew ſo familiar, that, even when they were a-field at graſs, and ſaw him at a diſtance, they would toſs their manes, whinny like ſo many colts at ſight of the dam, and, galloping up to the place where he ſtood, ſmell him all over.

'You muſt know, that I myſelf, though a child, was his companion in all theſe excurſions. He took a liking to me on account of my being his god-ſon, and gave me more money than I knew what to do with; he had always plenty of cath for the aſking, as my father was ordered to ſupply him literally, the knight thinking that a command of money might help to raiſe his thoughts to a proper conſideration of his own importance. He never could endure a common beggar, that was not either in a ſtate of infancy or old age; but, in other reſpects, he made the guineas fly in ſuch a manner, as looked more like madneſs than generoſity. He had no communication with your rich yeomen, but rather treated them and their families with ſtudied contempt, becauſe, forſooth, they pretended to aſſume the dreſs and manners of the gentry.

'They kept their footmen, their ſaddle-horſes, and chaiſes: their wives and daughters appeared in their jewels, their ſilks, and their ſattins, their negligees and trollopees; their clumſy ſhanks, like ſo many ſhins of beef, were caſed in ſilk hoſe and embroidered ſlippers; their raw red fingers, groſs as the pipes of a church-organ, which had been employed in milking the cows, or handling the map or churn-ſtaff, being adorned with diamonds, were taught to thrum the pandola, and even to touch the keys of the harpſicord; nay, in every village they kept a route, and ſet up an aſſembly; and in one place a hog-butcher was maſter of the ceremonies.

'I have heard Mr Greaves ridicule them for their vanity and awkward imitation; and therefore, I believe, he avoided all concerns with them, even when they endeavoured to engage his attention. It was the lower ſort of people with whom he chiefly converſed,

converſed, ſuch as ploughmen, ditchers, and other day-labourers. To every cottager in the pariſh he was a bounteous benefactor. He was, in the literal ſenſe of the word, a careful overſeer of the poor; for he went from houſe to houſe, induſtriouſly enquiring into the diſtreſſes of the people. He repaired their huts, cloathed their backs, filled their bellies, and ſupplied them with neceſſaries for exerciſing their induſtry and different occupations.

'I'll give you one inſtance now, as a ſpecimen of his character. He and I, ſtrolling one day on the ſide of a common, ſaw two boys picking hips and haws from the hedges; one ſeemed to be about five, and the other a year older; they were both barefoot and ragged, but at the ſame time fat, fair, and in good condition. "Who do you belong to?" ſaid Mr Greaves. "To Mary Stile," replied the eldeſt, the widow that rents one of them houſes."—"And how doſt live, my boy?" "Thou lookeſt freſh and jolly;" reſumed the ſquire. "Lived well enough till yeſterday," anſwered the child. "And pray what happened yeſterday, my boy? continued Mr Greaves. "Happened! ſaid he, "why, mammy had a couple of little Welch keawes, that gi'en milk enough to fill all our bellies; mammy's and mine, and Dick's here, and my two little ſiſters at hoam; yeſterday the ſquire ſeized the keawes for rent, God rot'un! Mammy's gone to bed ſick and ſulky; my two ſiſters are crying at hoam vor vood; and Dick and I be come hither to pick haws and bullies."

'My godfather's face grew red as ſcarlet; he took one of the children in either hand, and leading them towards the houſe, found Sir Everhard talking with my father before the gate. Inſtead of avoiding the old gentleman, as uſual, he bruſhed up to him with a ſpirit he had never ſhewn before; and preſenting the two ragged boys—Surely, Sir," ſaid he, "You will not countenance that there ruffian, your ſteward, in oppreſſing the widow and the fatherleſs? On pretence of diſtraining for the rent of a cottage, he has robbed the mother of theſe and other poor infant orphans of two cows, which afforded them their whole ſuſtenance. Shall you be concerned in tearing the hard-earned morſel from the mouth of indigence? Shall your name, which has been ſo long mentioned as a bleſſing, be now deteſted as a curſe by the poor, the helpleſs, and forlorn? The father of theſe babes was once your game keeper, who died in a conſumption caught in your ſervice. You ſee they are almoſt naked—I found them plucking haws and ſloes, in order to appeaſe their hunger. The wretched mother is ſtarving in a cold cottage, diſtracted with the cries of other two infants, clamorous from food; and while her heart is breaking with anguiſh and deſpair, ſhe invokes Heaven to avenge the widow's cauſe upon the head of her unrelenting landlord."

'This

'This unexpected addreſs brought tears into the eyes of the good old gentleman. "Will Clarke," ſaid he to my father, "how durſt you abuſe my authority at this rate? You who know I have been always a protector, not an oppreſſor of the needy and unfortunate. I charge you, go immediately and comfort this poor woman with immediate relief; inſtead of her own cows, let her have two of the beſt milch cows of my dairy; they ſhall graze in my parks in ſummer, and be fodderd with my hay in winter.---She ſhall ſit rent-free for life; and I will take care of theſe her poor orphans."

'This was a very affecting ſcene. Mr Launcelot took his father's hand and kiſſed it, while the tears ran down his cheeks; and Sir Everhard embraced his ſon with great tenderneſs, crying---"My dear boy! God be praiſed for having given you ſuch a feeling heart." "My father himſelf was moved, thof a practitioner of the law, and conſequently uſed to diſtreſſes. He declared, that he had given no directions to diſtrain: and that the bailiff muſt have done it by his own authority. "If that be the caſe," ſaid the young ſquire, "let the inhuman raſcal be turned out of our ſervice."

'Well, gemmen, all the children were immediately cloathed and fed, and the poor widow had well nigh run diſtracted with joy. The old knight, being of a humane temper himſelf, was pleaſed to ſee ſuch proofs of his ſons generoſity: he was not angry at his ſpending his money, but at ſquandering away his time among the dregs of the people. For you muſt know, he not only made matches, portioned poor maidens, and ſet up young couples that came together without money; but he mingled in every ruſtic diverſion, and bore away the prize in every conteſt. He excelled every ſwain of that diſtrict in feats of ſtrength and activity; in leaping, running, wreſtling, cricket, cudgel-playing, and pitching the bar; and was conteſted to be, out of ſight, the beſt dancer at all wakes and holidays. Happy was the country girl who could engage the young ſquire as her partner! To be ſure it was a comely ſight for to ſee as how the buxom country laſſes, freſh and fragrant, and blushing like the roſe, in their beſt apparel dight, their white hoſe and clean ſhort dimity petticoats, their gaudy gowns of printed cotton, their top knots and ſtomachers, bedizined with bunches of ribbands of various colours, green, pink, and yellow: to ſee them crowned with garlands, and aſſembled on May day, to dance before Squire Launcelot, as he made his morning's progreſs through the village. Then all the young peaſants made their appearance with cokades, ſuited to the fancies of their ſeveral ſweet-hearts; and boughs of flowering hawthorn. The children ſported about like flocks of friſking lambs, or the young fry ſwarming under the ſunny bank of ſome

ſome meandering river. The old men and women in their holiday garments, ſtood at their doors to receive their benefactor, and poured forth bleſſings on him as he paſſed; the children welcomed him with their ſhrill ſhouts: the damſels with ſongs of praiſe; and the young men, with the pipe and tabor marched before him to the May-pole, which was bedecked with flowers and bloom. There the rural dances began; a plentiful dinner, with oceans of good liquor, was beſpoke at the White Hart. The whole village was regaled at the ſquire's expence; and both the day and the night was ſpent in mirth and pleaſure.

'Lord help you! he could not reſt if he thought there was an aching heart in the whole pariſh. Every paultry cottage was in a little time converted into a pretty, ſnug, comfortable habitation with a wooden porch at the door, glaſs caſements in the windows, and a little garden behind, well ſtored with greens, roots, and ſallads. In a word, the poor's rate was reduced to a mere trifle; and one would have thought the golden age was revived in Yorkſhire. But, as I told you before, the old knight could not bear to ſee his only ſon ſo wholly attached to theſe lowly pleaſures, while he induſtriouſly ſhunned all opportunities of appearing in that ſuperior ſphere to which he was deſigned by nature and by fortune. He imputed his conduct to meanneſs of ſpirit, and adviſed with my father touching the propereſt expedient to wean his affections from ſuch low-born purſuits. My father counſelled him to ſend the young gentleman up to London, to be entered as a ſtudent in the Temple, and recommended to the ſuperintendance of ſome perſon who knew the town, and might engage him inſenſibly in ſuch amuſements and connections, as would ſoon lift his ideas above the humble objects on which they had been hitherto employed. This advice appeared ſo ſalutary that it was followed without the leaſt heſitation. The young ſquire himſelf was perfectly well ſatisfied with the propoſal, and in a few days ſet out for the great city; but there was not a dry eye in the pariſh at his departure, although he prevailed upon his father to pay, in his abſence, all the penſions he had granted to thoſe who could not live on the fruit of their own induſtry. In what manner he ſpent his time in London, it is none of my buſineſs to enquire; thof I know pretty well what kind of lives are led by gentlemen of your inns of court. I myſelf belonged to Serjeant's Inn, and was perhaps as good a wit and a critic as any Templar of them all. Nay, as to that matter, thof I deſpiſe vanity, I can aver with a ſafe conſcience, that I had once the honour to belong to the ſociety called The Town; we were all of us attorneys clerks, gemmen, and had our meetings in an ale-

houſe

houſe in Butcher-Row, where we regulated the diverſions of the theatre.

'But to return from this digreſſion. Sir Everhard Greaves did not ſeem to be very well pleaſed with the conduct of his ſon at London. He got notice of ſome irregularities and ſcrapes into which he had fallen; and the ſquire ſeldom wrote to his father, except to draw upon him for money; which he did ſo faſt, that in eighteen months the old gemman loſt all patience.

'At this period Squire Darnel chanced to die, leaving an only daughter, a minor, heireſs to three thouſand a year, under the guardianſhip of her uncle, Anthony, whoſe brutal character all the world knows. The breath was no ſooner out of his brother's body, than he reſolved, if poſſible, to ſucceed him in parliament as repreſentative for the borough of Aſhenton. Now you muſt know, that this borough had been for many years a bone of contention between the families of Greaves and Darnel; and at length the difference was compromiſed by the interpoſition of friends, on condition that Sir Everhard and Squire Darnel ſhould alternately repreſent the place in parliament. They agreed in this compromiſe for their mutual convenience; but they were never heartily reconciled. Their political principles did not tally; and their wives looked upon each other as rivals in fortune and magnificence; ſo that there was no intercourſe between them, thof they lived in the ſame neighbourhood. On the contrary, in all diſputes, they conſtantly headed the oppoſite parties. Sir Everhard underſtanding that Anthony Darnel had begun to canvaſs, and was putting every iron in the fire, in violation and contempt of the *pactum familiæ* before-mentioned, fell into a violent paſſion, that brought on a ſevere fit of the gout, by which he was diſabled from giving perſonal attention to his own intereſt. My father, indeed, employed all his diligence and addreſs; and ſpared neither money, time, nor conſtitution; till at length he drank himſelf into a conſumption, which was the death of him. But, after all, there is a great difference between a ſteward and a principal. Mr Darnal attended in *propria perſona*, flattered and careſſed the woman, feaſted the electors, hired mobs, made proceſſions, and ſcattered about his money in ſuch a manner, that our friends durſt hardly ſhew their heads in public.

'At this very criſis our young ſquire, to whom his father had written an account of the tranſaction, arrived unexpectedly at Greaveſbury Hall, and had a long private conference with Sir Everhard. The news of his return ſpread like wild-fire through all that part of the country; bonfires were made, and the bells ſet a ringing in ſeveral towns and ſteeples; and next morning above ſeven hundred people were aſſembled at the gate, with muſic, flags, and ſtreamers, to welcome their young ſquire, and accompany

accompany him to the borough of Aſhenton. He ſet out on foot with his retinue, and entered one end of the town juſt as Mr Darnel's men had come in at the other. Both arrived about the ſame time at the market-place; but Mr Darnel, mounting firſt into the balcony of the town houſe, made a long ſpeech to the people in favour of his own pretenſions, not without ſome invidious reflections glanced at Sir Everhard, his competitor.

We did not much mind the acclamations of his party, which we knew had been hired for the purpoſe; but we were in ſome pain for Mr Greaves, who had not been uſed to ſpeak in public. He took his turn, however, in the balcony; and, uncovering his head, bowed all round with the moſt engaging courteſy. He was dreſſed in a green frock trimmed with gold; and his own dark hair flowed about his ears in natural curls, while his face was overſpread with a bluſh, that improved the glow of youth to a deeper crimſon, and, I dare ſay, ſet many a tender heart a palpitating. When he made his firſt appearance, there was juſt ſuch a humming and clapping of hands as you may have heard when the celebrated Garrick comes upon the ſtage in King Lear, or King Richard, or any other top character. But how agreeably were we diſappointed, when our young gentleman made ſuch an oration as would not have diſgraced a Pitt, an Egmont, or a Murray! While he ſpoke, all was huſhed in admiration and attention---you could almoſt have heard a feather drop to the ground. It would have charmed you to hear with what modeſty he recounted the ſervices which his father and grandfather had done to the corporation; with what eloquence he expatiated on the ſhameful infraction of the treaty ſubſiſting between the two families; and with what keen and ſpirited ſtrokes of ſatire he retorted the ſarcaſms of Darnel.

'He no ſooner concluded his harangue, than there was ſuch a burſt of applauſe, as ſeemed to rend the very ſky. Our muſic immediately ſtruck up; our people advanced with their enſigns, and, as every man had a good cudgel, broken heads would have enſued, had not Mr Darnel and his party thought proper to retreat with uncommon diſpatch. He never offered to make another public entrance; as he ſaw the torrent ran ſo violently againſt him; but ſat down with his lofs, and withdrew his oppoſition, though at bottom extremely mortified and incenſed. Sir Everhard was unanimouſly elected, and appeared to be the happieſt man upon earth; for, beſides the pleaſure ariſing from his victory over his competitor, he was now fully ſatisfied that his ſon inſtead of diſgracing, would do honour to his family. It would have moved a heart of ſtone to ſee with what tender tranſports of paternal joy he received his dear Launcelot, after having heard of his deportment and ſucceſs at Aſhenton; where, by the bye

he gave a ball to the ladies, and displayed as much elegance and politeness as if he had been bred at the court of Versailles.

'This joyous season was of short duration: in a little time all the happiness of the family was overcast by a sad incident, which hath left such an unfortunate impression upon the mind of the young gentleman, as I am afraid will never be effaced. Mr Darnel's niece and ward, the great beauty, whose name is Aurelia, was the most celebrated beauty of the whole country; if I said the whole kingdom, or indeed all Europe, perhaps I should barely do her justice. I don't pretend to be a limner, gemmen; nor does it become me to delineate such excellence; but surely I may presume to repeat from the play—

"O! she is all that painting can express,
"Or youthful poets fancy when they love!"

'At that time she might be about seventeen; tall and fair, and so exquisitely shaped—you may talk of your Venus de Medicis, your Dians, your Nymphs and Galateas; but if Praxiteles, and Roubilliac, and Wilton, were to lay their heads together, in order to make a compleat pattern of beauty, they would hardly reach her model of perfection—As for complexion, poets will talk of blending the lilly with the rose; and bring in a parcel of families of cowslips, carnations, pinks, and daisies—There's Dolly, now, has got a very good complexion—indeed, she's the very picture of health and innocence—you are, indeed, my pretty lass—but, *parva componere magnis*.—Miss Darnel is all amazing beauty, delicacy, and dignity! Then the softness and expression of her fine blue eyes; her pouting lips of coral hue; her neck, that rises like a tower of polished alabaster between two mounts of snow.—I tell you what, gemmen, it don't signify talking; if e'er a one of you was to meet this young lady alone, in the midst of a heath or common, or any unfrequented place, he would down on his knees, and think he kneeled before some supernatural being. I'll tell you more: she not only resembles an angel in beauty, but a saint in goodness, and an hermit in humility.—to void of all pride and affectation; so soft, and sweet, and affable, and humane!—Lord! I could tell such instances of her charity!

'Sure enough, she and Sir Launcelot were formed by nature for each other; howsoever, the cruel hand of fortune hath intervened, and severed them for ever. Every soul that knew them both, said it was a thousand pities but they should come together, and extinguish in their happy union, the mutual animosity of the two families, which had so often embroiled the whole neighbourhood. Nothing was heard but the praises of Miss Aurelia

rella Daniel and Mr Lancelot Greaves; and no doubt the parties were prepossessed, by this appearance, in favour of each other. At length, Mr Greaves went one Sunday to her parish church; but, though the greater part of the congregation watched their looks, they could not perceive that she took the least notice of him, or that he seemed to be struck with her appearance. Afterwards he had an opportunity of seeing her more at leisure, at the York assembly, during the races; but this opportunity was productive of no good effect, for she had that time only quarrelled with her uncle on the turf.

'An old grudge, you know, gentlemen, is soon inflamed to a fresh rupture. It was thought Mr Daniel came on purpose to renew his resentment. They differed about a bet upon Miss Waverleys; and, in the course of the dispute, Mr Daniel called him a pettifogging boy. The young squire, who was naturally no quarreller, told him he was man enough to answer him for his insolence; and would do it on the spot, if he thought it would not interrupt the diversion. In all probability they would have come to blows immediately, had not the gentlemen interposed; for that nothing for her pallet but a purchase of coal by stage on the part of Mr Anthony, and a repartee [illegible] on the part of Mr Daniel.

'Mr Greaves, making [illegible] in the evening danced at the assembly with [illegible] from the hospital, seeking [illegible] any words with Mr Daniel, [illegible] married he visited [illegible] about [illegible] when they were [illegible] who [illegible] ble [illegible] their [illegible] remonstrances [illegible] fill sickle [illegible] three months after this [illegible] mother, having been [illegible] long young gentlemen [illegible] ing [illegible] with the [illegible] from the [illegible] Greaves [illegible] fure, which he [illegible] knew the [illegible] run [illegible] a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

saw such a fine young lady, in the flower of her age, just plunging into eternity; when he saw the lovely Aurelia on the brink of being precipitated among rocks, where her delicate limbs must be mangled and tore asunder; when he perceived, that before he could ride round by the gate, the tragedy would be finished. The fence was so thick and high, flanked with a broad ditch on the outside, that he could not hope to clear it, although he was mounted on Scipio, bred out of Miss Cowslip, the sire Muley, and his grandsire the famous Arabian Mustapha. Scipio was bred by my father, who would not have taken a hundred guineas for him from any other person but the young squire-----Indeed, I have heard my poor father say-----'

By this time Ferret's impatience was become so outrageous, that he exclaimed in a furious tone-----'Damn your father, and his horse, and his colt into the bargain!'

Tom made no reply; but began to strip with great expedition. Captain Crowe was so choaked with passion that he could utter nothing but [illegible] sentences; he rose from his seat, brandished his horse-whip and seizing his nephew by the collar, cried-----'[illegible] I have a good mind---Devil fire your [illegible], you land-lubber! can't you steer without all this [illegible] and thither, and the lord knows whither?-----'Nimbly my block! I'd give thee a rope's end for thy supper, if it want-----'

[illegible] a sneaking kindness for the young lawyer; and [illegible] of being [illegible] flew to [illegible] in Crowe's neck [illegible] without [illegible]-----'Shut [illegible] tell thee old eager. Who [illegible]?'

[illegible] the face, and run the risque of [illegible] Mr Clarke [illegible] advances, [illegible] offence, towards the infantry; [illegible] from the chimney corner, [illegible] in expectation of [illegible] more than once already cur-[illegible] of this chapter, we must postpone to the [illegible] the [illegible] that succeeded this denun-ciation of war.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

In which it appears that [illegible] in sir Sleeping [illegible].

IN all probability the [illegible] Line, from a domestic temple of [illegible] ship, would have been [illegible] of Tinguinary [illegible], had not Philos or [illegible] the person of Mr Fillet; and, with the [illegible] the combatants, not only of the [illegible] Fillet [illegible].

The [illegible] of Mr Clarke [illegible] at the sight of the [illegible] which Ferret [illegible] with [illegible] the company were upon [illegible] he plunged into the sea [illegible] into the character of that [illegible] your itinerant physicians, under the [illegible] of Merry Andrew or Jack-Pudding, and on a wooden [illegible] with a solo on the fat-bone, or a [illegible] gridiron. Be that as it may, the young lawyer seemed to be a little discomposed at the glancing of this extraordinary weapon of offence, which the fair hands of Dolly had scoured up to it shone as bright as the shield of Achilles; or as the emblem of good old English fire, which hangs by a red riband round the neck of that thrice humoured sage's head, in a velvet bonnet cased, who presides by rotation at the [illegible] board, and [illegible] guilfied by the title of the Beef Stake Club: where the delicate rumps irresistibly attract the stranger's eye; and while they seem to cry—'Come cut me—come cut me!' constrain by wondrous sympathy each mouth to overflow; where the obliging and humorous Jimmy B—t, the gentle Billy H—d, replete with human kindness; and the generous Jimmy B—d, respected and beloved by all the world, attend as the priests and ministers of mirth, good cheer, and jollity, and afford with culinary art the raw, unpractised, bukward guest.

But to return from this digressive simile; the [illegible] no sooner stepped between those menacing antagonists, than Tom Clarke very quietly resumed his cloaths, and Mr Ferret resigned the gridiron without further question. The doctor did not find it quite so easy to release the throat of Captain Crowe from the masculine grasp of the virago Dolly, whose fingers could not be disengaged until the honest seaman was almost at the last gasp. After some pause, during which he panted for breath, and [illegible] his neckcloth—'Damn thee for a brimestone gallow,' cried he; 'I was never so grappled with all since I knew a card from a compass.—Adzooks! the jade has so taughtened my rigging, d'ye

ſe, that I—ſtretch my bowſlings, if I come athwart thy hawſer, I'll turn thy keel upwards—or may ſap ſet thee a driving under thy bare poles—I will—I will, you bell-ſire, fancy—I will.'

Dolly made no reply; but ſeeing Mr Clarke ſit down again with great compoſure, took her ſtation likewiſe at the oppoſite ſide of the apartment. Then Mr Fillet requeſted the lawyer to proceed with his ſtory; which after three hems, he accordingly proſecuted in theſe words.

'I told you, gemmen, that Mr Greaves was mounted on Scipio, when he ſaw Miſs Darnel and her mother in danger of being hurried over a precipice. Without reflecting a moment, he gave Scipio the ſpur, and at one ſpring he cleared five and twenty feet, over hedge and ditch, and every obſtruction. Then he rode full ſpeed in order to turn the coach horſes; and finding them quite wild and furious, endeavoured to drive againſt the counter of the hither horſe, which he miſſed, and ſtaked poor Scipio on the pole of the coach. The ſhock was ſo great, that the coach-horſes made a full ſtop within ten yards of the quarry; and Mr Greaves was thrown forwards towards the coach box, which mounting with admirable dexterity, he ſeized the reins before the horſes could recover of their fright. At that inſtant the coachman came running up, and looſed them from the traces with the utmoſt diſpatch. Mr Greaves had now time to give his attention to the ladies, who were well nigh diſtracted with fear. He no ſooner opened the chariot-door, than Aurelia, with a wildneſs of look, ſprung into his arms; and, claſping him round the neck, fainted away. I leave you to gueſs, gemmen, what were his feelings at this inſtant. The mother was not ſo diſcompoſed, but that ſhe could contribute to the recovery of her daughter, whom the young ſquire ſtill ſupported in his embrace. At length ſhe retrieved the uſe of her ſenſes; and perceiving the ſituation in which ſhe was, the blood revilted her face with redoubled glow, while ſhe deſired him to ſet her down upon the turf.

'Mrs Darnel, far from being ſlow or reſerved in her compliments of acknowledgements, kiſſed Mr Launcelot without ceremony, the tears of gratitude running down her cheeks. She called him her dear ſon, her generous deliverer, who at the hazard of his own life, had ſaved her and her child from the moſt diſmal fate that could be imagined.

'Mr Greaves was ſo much tranſported on this occaſion, that he could not hem diſcloſing a paſſion which had hitherto induſtriouſly concealed. "What I have done," ſaid he, "was but a common office of humanity, which I would have performed for any of my fellow-creatures; and, for the preſervation of Miſs Aurelia Darnel, I would at any time ſacrifice my life with pleaſure." The young lady did not hear this declaration unmoved;

her face was again flushed, and her eyes sparkled with pleasure; nor was the youth's confession disagreeable to the good lady her mother, who at one glance perceived the advantages of such an union between the two families.

'Mr Greaves proposed to send the coachman to his father's stable for a pair of sober horses, that could be depended upon, to to draw the ladies home to their own habitation: but they declined the offer, and chose to walk, as the distance was not great. He then insisted upon his being their conductor; and each taking him under the arm, he supported them to their own gate, where such an apparition filled all the domestics with astonishment. Mrs Darnel, taking him by the hand, led him into the room where she welcomed him with another affectionate embrace, and indulged him with an ambrosial kiss of Aurelia; saying—"But for you, we had both been by this time in eternity. Sure it was Heaven that sent you as an angel to our assistance!" She kindly enquired if he had himself sustained any damage in administering that desperate remedy to which they owed their lives. She entertained him with a small collation; and, in the course of the conversation, lamented the animosity which had so long divided two neighbouring families of such influence and character. He was not slow in signifying his approbation of her remarks, and expressing the most eager desire of seeing all those differences removed: in a word, they parted with mutual satisfaction.

'Just as he advanced from the outward gate, on his return to Greavesbury-hall, he was met by Anthony Darnel on horseback; who riding up to him with marks of surprize and resentment, saluted him with—"Your servant, Sir.—Have you any commands for me?" The other replying with an air of indifference, "None at all;" Mr Darnel asked, what had procured him the honour of a visit. The young gentleman perceiving, by the manner in which he spoke, that the old quarrel was not yet extinguished, answered, with equal disdain, that the visit was not intended for him; and that if he wanted to know the cause of it, he might inform himself by his own servants. "So I shall," cried the uncle of Aurelia; "and perhaps let you know my sentiments of the matter!"—"Hereafter as it may be!" said the youth; who, turning out of the avenue, walked home, and made his father acquainted with the particulars of this adventure.

'The old gentleman chid him for his rashness, but seemed pleased with the success of his attempt; and still more so, when he understood his sentiments of Aurelia, and the deportments of the ladies.

'Next day the son sent over a servant with a compliment, to enquire about their health; and the messenger being seen by Mr Darnel, was told that the ladies were indisposed, and did not

chuse

chuse to be troubled with messages. The mother was really seized with a fever, produced by the agitation of her mind, which every day became more and more violent, until the physicians despaired of her life. Believing that her end approached, she sent a trusty servant to Mr Greaves, desired that she might see him without delay; and he immediately set out with the messenger, who introduced him in the dark.

'He found the old lady in bed, almost exhausted; and the fair Aurelia sitting by her, overwhelmed with grief; her lovely hair in the utmost disorder, and her charming eyes inflamed with weeping. The good lady beckoning Mr Launcelot to approach, and directing all the attendants to quit the room, except a favourite maid, from whom I learned the story, she took him by the hand, and fixing her eyes upon him with all the fondness of a mother, shed some tears in silence, while the same marks of sorrow trickled down his cheeks. After the sleeping pause,—"My dear son," said she, "that I could have lived to see you indeed! You find me hastening to the good of life."

'Here the tender-hearted Aurelia, being unable to contain herself longer, broke out into a violent passion of grief, and wept aloud. The mother, waiting patiently till she had this given vent to her anguish, calmly entreated her to resign herself submissively to the will of heaven: then turning to Mr Launcelot—"I had indulged," said she, "a fond hope of seeing you allied to my family.—This is no time for me to insist upon the ceremonies and forms of a vain world.—Aurelia looks upon you with the eyes of tender prepossession." No sooner had she pronounced these words, than he threw himself on his knees before the young lady, and pressing her hand to his lips, breathed the fortunate expressions which the most delicate love could suggest. "I know," resumed the mother, "that your passion is mutually sincere; and I should die satisfied if I thought your union would not be opposed; but that violent man, my brother-in-law, who is Aurelia's sole guardian, will thwart her wishes with every obstacle that brutal resentment and implacable malice can contrive. Mr Greaves, I have long admired your virtues, and am confident that I can depend upon your honour.—You shall give me your word that, when I am gone, you will take no steps in this affair without the concurrence of your father; and endeavour, by all fair and honourable means, to vanquish the prejudices and obtain the consent of her uncle: the rest we must leave to the dispensation of providence."

'The squire promised in the most solemn and fervent manner, to obey all her injunctions, as the last dictates of a parent whom he should never cease to honour. Then she favoured them both with a great deal of salutary advice touching their conduct before

fore and after marriage; and presented him with a ring, as a memorial of her affection. At the same time he pulled another off his finger, and made a tender of it as a pledge of his love to Aurelia, whom her mother permitted to receive this token. Finally, he took a last farewell of the good matron, and returned to his father with the particulars of this interview.

'In two days Mrs Darnel departed this life; and Aurelia was removed to the house of a relation, where her grief had liked to have proved fatal to her constitution.

'In the mean time, the mother was no sooner committed to the earth, than Mr Greaves, mindful of her exhortations, began to take measures for a reconciliation with the guardian. He engaged several gentlemen to interpose their good offices, but they always met with the most mortifying repulses; and at last Anthony Darnel declared that his hatred to the house of Greaves was hereditary, habitual, and unconquerable. He swore he would spend his heart's blood to perpetuate the quarrel; and that, sooner than his niece should match with young Launcelot, he would sacrifice her with his own hand.

'The young gentleman finding his prejudice so rancorous and invincible, left off making any further advances: and, since he found it impossible to obtain his consent, resolved to cultivate the good graces of Aurelia, and wed her in despite of her implacable guardian. He found means to establish a literary correspondence with her as soon as her grief was a little abated, and even to effect an interview after her return to her own house. But he soon had reason to repent of this indulgence; the uncle entertained spies upon the young lady, who gave him an account of this meeting; in consequence of which she was suddenly hurried to some distant part of the country which we never could discover.

'It was then we thought Mr Launcelot a little disordered in his brain, his grief was so wild, and his passion so impetuous. He refused all sustenance; neglected his person; renounced his amusements; rode out in the rain, some times bare-headed; strolled about the fields all night; and became so peevish that none of the domestics durst speak to him without the hazard of broken bones. Having played these pranks for about three weeks, to the unspeakable chagrin of his father, and the astonishment of all who knew him, he suddenly grew calm, and his good humour returned. But this, as your sea-faring people say, was a deceitful calm that soon ushered in a dreadful storm.

'He had long sought an opportunity to tamper with some of Mr Darnel's servants, who might inform him of the place where Aurelia was confined; but there was not one about the family who could give him that satisfaction; for the persons who accompanied

accompanied her remained as a watch upon her motions, and none of the other domenics were privy to the transaction. All attempts proving fruitless, he could no longer restrain his impatience; but throwing himself in the way of the uncle, upbraided him in such harsh terms, that a formal challenge ensued. They agreed to decide their difference without witnesses; and one morning, before sun-rise, met on that very common where Mr Greaves had saved the life of Aurelia. The first pistol was fired on each side without any effect: but Mr Darnel's second wounded the young squire in the flank; nevertheless having a pistol in reserve, he desired his antagonist to ask his life. The other, instead of submitting, drew his sword; and Mr Greaves, firing his pistol into the air, followed his example. The contest became very hot, though of short continuance. Darnel being disarmed at the first onset, our young squire gave him his sword, which he was base enough to use a second time against his conqueror. Such an instance of repeated ingratitude and brutal ferocity divested Mr Greaves of his temper and forbearance. He attacked Mr Anthony with great fury, and at the first lounge ran him up to the hilt; at the same time seizing with his left hand the shell of his enemy's sword, which he broke in disdain. Mr Darnel having fallen, the other immediately mounted his horse, which he had tied to a tree before the engagement; and riding full speed to Ashenton, sent a surgeon, to Anthony's assistence. He afterwards ingeniously confessed all these particulars to his father, who was overwhelmed with consternation, for the wounds of Darnel were judged mortal; and, as no person had seen the particulars of the duel, Mr Launcelot might have been convicted of murder.

'On these considerations, before a warrant could be served upon him, the old knight, by dint of the most eager intreaties, accompanied with marks of horror and despair, prevailed upon his son to withdraw himself from the kingdom, until such time as the storm should be overblown. Had his heart been unengaged, he would have chosen to travel! but at this period, when his whole soul was engrossed, and so violently agitated by his passion for Aurelia, nothing but his fear of seeing the old gentleman distracted would have induced him to desist from the pursuit of that young lady, far less quit the kingdom where she resided.

'Well, then, [illegible], he repaired to Harwich, where he embarked for Holland, from whence he proceeded to Brussels, where he procured a passport from the French King, by virtue of which he travelled to Marseilles and there took a tartar for Genoa. The first letter Sir Everhard received from him was dated at Florence. Mean while the surgeon's prognostic was not altogether

gether verified. Mr Darnel did not die immediately of his wounds; but he lingered a long time, as it were, in the arms of death, and even partly recovered: yet, in all probability, he will never be wholly restored to the enjoyment of his health, and is obliged every summer to attend the hot-wells at Briſtol. As his wounds began to heal, his hatred to Mr Greaves ſeemed to revive with augmented violence; and he is now, if poſſible, more than ever determined againſt all reconciliation.

'Mr Launcelot, after having endeavoured to amuſe his imagination with a ſucceſſion of curious objects in a tour of Italy, took up his reſidence at a town called Piſa; and there fell into a deep melancholy, from which nothing could rouze him but the news of his father's death.

'The old gentleman (God reſt his ſoul!) never held up his head after the departure of his darling Launcelot; and the dangerous condition of Darnel kept up his apprehenſion; this was reinforced by the obſtinate ſilence of the youth, and certain accounts of his diſordered mind which he had received from ſome of thoſe perſons who take pleaſure in communicating diſagreeable tidings. A complication of all theſe grievances, co-operating with a ſevere fit of the gout and gravel, produced a fever, which in a few days brought Sir Everhard to his long home, after he had ſettled his affairs with Heaven and Earth, and made his peace with God and man. I'll aſſure you, gentlemen, he made a moſt edifying and Chriſtian end; he died regretted by all his neighbours except Anthony; and might be ſaid to be embalmed by the tears of the poor, to whom he was always a bounteous benefactor.

'When the ſon, now Sir Launcelot, came home, he appeared ſo meagre, wan, and hollow-eyed, that the ſervants hardly knew their young maſter. His firſt care was to take poſſeſſion of his fortune, and ſettle accounts with the ſteward, who had ſucceeded my father. Theſe affairs being diſcuſſed, he ſpared no pains to get intelligence concerning Miſs Darnel, and ſoon learned more of that young lady than he deſired to know; for it was become the common talk of the country, that a match was agreed upon between her and young Squire Sycamore, a gentleman of a very great fortune. Theſe tidings were probably confirmed under her own hand, in a letter which ſhe wrote to Sir Launcelot. The contents were never exactly known but to the parties themſelves; nevertheleſs, the effects were too viſible; for, from that fatal moment, he ſpake not one word to any living creature for the ſpace of three days; but was ſeen ſometimes to ſhed a flood of tears, and ſometimes to burſt out into a fit of laughing. At laſt he broke ſilence, and ſeemed to awake from his diſorder. He became more fond than ever of the exerciſe of riding, and began to amuſe himſelf again with acts of benevolence.

'One

'One inſtance of his generoſity and juſtice deſerves to be recorded in braſs or marble. You muſt know, gemmen, the rector of the pariſh was lately dead, and Sir Everard had promiſed the preſentation to another clergyman. In the mean time, Sir Launcelot chancing one ſunday to ride through a lane, perceived a horſe, ſaddled and bridled, feeding on the ſide of a fence; and caſting his eyes around, beheld on the other ſide of the hedge an object lying extended on the ground, which he took to be the body of a murdered traveller. He forthwith alighted; and leaping into the field, deſcried a man at full length wrapped in a great coat, and writhing in agony. Approaching nearer, he found it was a clergyman in his gown and caſſock. When he enquired into the caſe, and offered his aſſiſtance, the ſtranger roſe up, and thanked him for his courteſy, and declared that he was now very well. The knight, who thought there was ſomething myſterious in this incident, expreſſed a deſire to know the cauſe of his rolling in the graſs in this manner; and the clergyman, who knew his perſon, made no ſcruple in gratifying his curioſity. "You muſt know, Sir," ſaid he, "I ſerve the curacy of your own pariſh, for which the late incumbent paid me twenty pounds a year; but this ſum being ſcarce ſufficient to maintain my wife and children, who are five in number, I agreed to read prayers in the afternoon at another church about four miles from hence; and for this additional duty I receive ten pounds more. As I keep a horſe, it was formerly an agreeable exerciſe rather than a toil; but of late years I have been afflicted with a rupture, for which I have conſulted the moſt eminent operators in the kingdom, but I have no cauſe to rejoice in the effects of their advice, though one of them aſſured me I was completely cured. The malady is now more troubleſome than ever, and often comes upon me ſo violently while I am on horſeback, that I am forced to alight, and lie down upon the ground, until the cauſe of this diſorder can, for the time, be reduced.

'Sir Launcelot not only condoled with him upon his misfortune, but deſired him to throw up the ſecond cure, and he would pay him ten pounds a year out of his own pocket. "Your generoſity confounds me good Sir," replied the clergyman; "and yet I ought not to be ſurprized at any inſtance of benevolence in Sir Launcelot Greaves; but I will check the fulneſs of my heart. I ſhall only obſerve, that your good intentions towards me can hardly take effect. The gentleman who is to ſucceed the late incumbent had given me notice to quit the premiſes, as he hath provided a friend, of his own, for the curacy."—"What!" cried the knight, "does he mean to take your bread from you without aſſigning any other reaſon?"—"ſurely, Sir," replied the

the eccleſiaſtic, "I know of no other reaſon. I hope my morals are irreproachable, and that I have done my duty with a conſcientious regard; I may venture to appeal to the pariſhioners; among whom I have lived theſe ſeventeen years. After all, it is natural for every man to favour his own friends in preference to ſtrangers. As for me, I propoſe to try my fortune in the great city; and I doubt not but Providence will provide for me and my little ones."

'To this declaration Sir Launcelot made no reply; but riding home, ſet on foot a ſtrict enquiry into the character of this man, whoſe name was Jenkins. He found that he was a reputed ſcholar, equally remarkable for his modeſty and good life; that he viſited the ſick, aſſiſted the needy, compriſed diſputes among his neighbours, and ſpent his time in ſuch a manner as would have done honour to any chriſtian divine. Thus informed, the knight ſent for the gentleman to whom the living had been promiſed, and accoſted him to this effect'——"Mr Tootle, I have a favour to aſk of you. The perſon who ſerves the cure of this pariſh is a man of good character, beloved by the people, and has a large family; I ſhall be obliged to you if you will continue him in the curacy." The other told him he was ſorry he could not comply with his requeſt, being that he had already promiſed the curacy to a friend of his own. "No matter," replied Sir Launcelot; ſince I have not intereſt with you, I will endeavour to provide for Mr Jenkins in ſome other way.

'That ſame afternoon he walked over to the curate's houſe, and told him that he had ſpoken in his behalf to Mr Tootle, but the curacy was pre-engaged'. The good man made a thouſand acknowledgments for the trouble his honour had taken—"I have not intereſt ſufficient to make you curate," ſaid the knight, "I can give you the living itſelf and that you ſhall have." So ſaying, he retired, leaving Mr Jenkins incapable of uttering one ſyllable, ſo powerfully was he ſtruck with this unexpected turn of fortune. The preſentation was immediately made out; and in a few days Mr Jenkins was put in poſſeſſion of his benefice to the inexpreſſible joy of the congregation.

"Hitherto every thing went right, and every unprejudiced perſon commended the knight's conduct. But in a little time his generoſity ſeemed to overleap the bounds of diſcretion; and even in ſome caſes, might be thought tending to a breach of the king's peace. For example, he compelled, *vi et armis*, a rich farmer's ſon to marry the daughter of a cottager, whom the young fellow had debauched. Indeed it ſeems there was a promiſe of marriage in the caſe, though it could not be legally aſcertained. The wench took on diſmally; and her parents

had recourſe to Sir Launcelot; who ſending for the delinquent expoſtulated with him ſeverely on the injury he had done the young woman, and exhorted him to ſave her life and reputation by performing his promiſe; in which caſe he (Sir Launcelot) would give her three hundred pounds to her portion. Whether the farmer thought there was ſomething intereſted in this uncommon offer, or was a little elevated by the conſciouſneſs of his father's wealth, he rejected the propoſal with ruſtic diſdain; and ſaid, if ſo be as how the wench would ſwear the child to him, he would ſettle it with the pariſh; but declared that no ſquire in the land ſhould oblige him to buckle with ſuch a cracked pitcher. This reſolution, however, he could not maintain; for in leſs than two hours the rector of the pariſh had direction to publiſh the banns, and the ceremony was performed in due courſe.

'Now, though we know not preciſely the nature of the arguments that were uſed with the farmer, we may ſuppoſe they were of the minatory ſpecies; for the young fellow could not, for ſome time, look any perſon in the face.'

'The knight acted as the general redreſſer of grievances. If a woman complained to him of being ill-treated by her huſband, he firſt enquired into the foundation of the complaint, and, if he found it juſt, catechiſed the defendant. If the warning had no effect, and the man proceeded to freſh acts of violence, then his judge took the execution of the law in his own hand, and horſe-whipped the party. Thus he involved himſelf in ſeveral law ſuits that drained him of pretty large ſums of money. He ſeemed particularly incenſed at the leaſt appearance of oppreſſion, and ſupported poor tenants againſt the extortion of their landlords. Nay, he has been known to travel two hundred miles as a volunteer to offer his aſſiſtance in the cauſe of a perſon who, he heard, was by chicanery and oppreſſion wronged of a conſiderable eſtate. He accordingly took her under his protection, relieved her diſtreſſes, and was at a vaſt expence in bringing the ſuit to a determination; which being unfavourable to his client, he reſolved to bring an appeal into the Houſe of Lords; and certainly would have executed his purpoſe, if the gentlewoman had not died in the interim.'

At this period Ferret interrupted the narrator, by obſerving that the ſaid Greaves was a common nuiſance, and ought to be proſecuted on the ſtatute of barretry.

'No, Sir,' reſumed Mr Clarke, 'he cannot be convicted of barretry, unleſs he is always at variance with ſome perſon or other; a mover of ſuits and quarrels, who diſturbs the peace under colour of law. Therefore he is in the indictment ſtiled, *Communis malefactor, calumniator, et ſeminator litium.*'

Pr'ythee,

'Prythee, truce with thy definitions,' cried Ferret, 'and make an end of thy long-winded ſtory. Thou haſt no title to be ſo tedious, until thou comeſt to have a coif in the court of Common Pleas.'

Tom ſmiled contemptuous; and had juſt opened his mouth to proceed, when the company were diſturbed by a hideous repetition of groans, that ſeemed to iſſue from the chamber in which the body of the ſquire was depoſited. The landlady ſnatched the candle, and ran into the room, followed by the doctor and the reſt; and this accident naturally ſuſpended the narration. In like manner we ſhall conclude the chapter, that the reader may have time to breathe, and digeſt what he has already heard.

CHAP. V.

In which this Recapitulation draws to a Cloſe.

WHEN the landlady entered the room from whence the groaning proceeded, ſhe found the ſquire lying on his back, under the dominion of the night mare; which rode him ſo hard, that he not only groaned and ſnorted, but the ſweat ran down his face in ſtreams. The perturbation of his brain, occaſioned by this preſſure, and the fright he had lately undergone, gave riſe to a very terrible dream, in which he fancied himſelf apprehended for a robbery. The horror of the gallows was ſtrong upon him, when he was ſuddenly awaked by a violent ſhock from the doctor; and the company broke in upon his view, ſtill perverted by fear, and bedimmed by ſlumber. His dream was now realized by a full perſuaſion that he was ſurrounded by the conſtable and his gang. The firſt object that preſented itſelf to his diſordered view was the figure of Ferret, who might very well have paſſed for the finiſher of the law; againſt him therefore the firſt effort of his deſpair was directed. He ſtarted upon the floor; and ſeizing a certain utenſil that ſhall be nameleſs, launched it at the miſanthrope with ſuch violence, that, had he not cautiouſly ſlipped his head aſide, it is ſuppoſed that actual fire would have been produced from the colliſion of two ſuch hard and ſolid ſubſtances. All future miſchief was prevented by the ſtrength and agility of Captain Crowe, who ſpringing upon the aſſailant, pinioned his arms to his ſides, crying---'O! damn ye, if you are for running a-head, I'll ſoon bring you to your bearings.'

The ſquire, thus reſtrained, ſoon recollected himſelf; and ga-

zing upon every individual in the apartment--'Wounds!' faid he, 'I've had an ugly dream. I thought, for all the world, they were carrying me to Newgate, and that there was Jack Ketch coom to vetch me before my taim.'

Ferret, who was the perfon he had thus diftinguifhed, eyeing Him with a look of the moft emphatic malevolence, told him it was very natural for a knave to dream of Newgate; and that he hoped to fee the day when this dream would be found a true prophecy, and the commonwealth purged of all fuch rogues and vagabonds; but it could not be expected that the vulgar would be honeft and conficientious, while the great were diftinguifhed by profligacy and corruption. The fquire was difpofed to make a practical reply to this infinuation, when Mr Ferret prudently withdrew himfelf from the fcene of altercation. The good woman of the houfe perfuaded his antagonift to take out his nap, afluring him that the eggs and bacon, with a mug of excellent ale, fhould be forthcoming in due feafon. The affair being thus fortunately adjufted, the guefts returned to the kitchen, and Mr Clarke refumed his ftory to this effect.

'You'll pleafe to take notice, gemmen, that befides the inftances I have alledged of Sir Launcelot's extravagant benevolence, I could recount a great many others of the fame nature, and particularly the laudable vengeance he took of a country lawyer---I'm forry that any fuch mifcreant fhould belong to the profeffion. He was clerk to the aflize, gemmen, in a certain town not a great way diftant; and having a blank pardon left by the judges for fome criminals whofe cafes were attended with favourable circumftances, he would not infert the name of one who could not procure a guinea for the fee; and the poor fellow, who had only ftole an hour-glafs, out of a fhoemaker's window, was actually executed, after a long refpite, during which he had been permitted to go abroad and earn his fubfiftence by his daily labour.

'Sir Launcelot being informed of this barbarous act of avarice, and having fome ground that bordered on the lawyer's eftate, not only rendered him contemptible and infamous, by expofing him as often as they met on the grand jury; but alfo, being veffed with the property of the great tythes, proved fuch a troublefome neighbour, fometimes by making waffe among his hay and corn, and fometimes by inftituting fuits againft him for petty trefpaffes, that he was fairly obliged to quit his habitation, and remove into another part of the kingdom.

'All thefe avocations could not divert Sir Launcelot from the execution of a wild fcheme, which has carried his extravagance to fuch a pitch, that I am afraid if a ftatute---you underftand me, gemmen---were fued, the jury would---I don't chufe

to

to explain myself farther on this circumstance. Be that as it may, the servants at Greavesbury Hall were not a little confounded when their master took down from the family armoury a compleat suit of armour, which had belonged to his great-grand-father, Sir Marmaduke Greaves, a great warrior, who lost his life in the service of his king. This armour being scoured, repaired, and altered, so as to fit Sir Launcelot; a certain knight, whom I don't chuse to name, because I believe he cannot be proved *compos mentis*, came down, seemingly on a visit, with two attendants; and, on the eve of the festival of St George, the armour being carried into the chapel, Sir Launcelot (Lord have mercy upon us!) remained all night in that dismal place alone and without light, though it was confidently reported all over the country that the place was haunted by the spirit of his great-great uncle, who, being lunatic, had cut his throat from ear to ear, and was found dead on the communion-table.'

It was observed, that while Mr Clarke rehearsed this circumstance, his eyes began to stare, and his teeth to clatter; while Dolly, whose looks were fixed invariably on this narrator, growing pale, and hitching her joint-stool nearer the chimney, exclaimed in a frightened tone---'Mooster, mooster, in the neame of God, look to'un! how a quakes! as I'm a precious saoul, a looks as if a saw something.' Tom forced a smile, and thus proceeded---

'While Sir Launcelot tarried within the chapel, with the doors all locked, the other knight stalked round and round it on the outside with his sword drawn, to the terror of divers persons who were present at the ceremony. As soon as day broke, he opened one of the doors; and going in to Sir Launcelot, read a book for some time, which we did suppose to be the constitutions of knight-errantry; then we heard a loud clap, which echoed through the whole chapel, and the stranger pronounced with an audible and solemn voice---"In the name of God, St Michael, and St George, I dub thee knight---be faithful, bold, and fortunate."---You cannot imagine, gemmen, what an effect this strange ceremony had upon the people who were assembled: they gazed at one another in silent horror; and, when Sir Launcelot came forth compleatly armed, took to their heels in a body, and fled with the utmost precipitation. I myself was overturned in the crowd; and this was the case with that very individual person who now serves him as a squire. He was so frightened, that he could not rise, but lay roaring in such a manner, that the knight came up and gave him a thwack with his launce across the shoulder, which rouzed him with a vengeance. For my own part, I freely own I was not

altogether unmoved at seeing such a figure come stalking out of a church in the grey of the morning: for it recalled to my remembrance the idea of the ghost in Hamlet, which I had seen acted in Drury Lane when I made my first trip to London, and I had not yet got rid of the impression.

'Sir Launcelot, attended by the other knight, proceeded to the stable; from whence, with his own hands, he drew forth one of his best horses, a fine mettlesome sorrel, who had got blood in him, ornamented with rich trappings. In a trice the two knights, and the other two strangers, who now appeared to be trumpeters, were mounted. Sir Launcelot's armour was lacquered black; and on his shield was represented the moon in her first quarter, with the motto, *impleat orbem*. The trumpets having sounded a charge, the stranger pronounced with a loud voice—"God preserve this gallant knight in all his honourable atchievements; and may he long continue to press the sides of his now adopted steed; which I denominate Bronzomarte; hoping that he will rival, in swiftness and spirit, Bayardo, Brigliadoro, or any other steed of past or present chivalry:' 'After another flourish of the trumpets, all four clapped spurs to their horses. Sir Launcelot couching his lance; and galloped to and fro as if they had been mad, to the terror and astonishment of all the spectators.'

'What should have induced our knight to chuse this here man for his squire, is not easy to determine; for, of all the servants about the house he was the least likely either to please his master, or engage in such an undertaking. His name is Timothy Crabshaw and he acted in the capacity of whipper-in to Sir Everhard. He afterwards married the daughter of a poor cottager, by whom he has several children, and was employed about the house as a dry ploughman and carter. To be sure, the fellow has a dry sort of humour about him; but he was universally hated among the servants for his abusive tongue and perverse disposition, which often brought him into trouble; for though the fellow is as strong as an elephant, he has no more courage naturally than a chicken—I say, naturally, because, since his being a member of knight-errantry, he has done some things that appear altogether incredible and preternatural.

'Timothy kept such a bawling, after he had received the blow from Sir Launcelot, that every body on the field thought some of his bones were broken; and his wife, with five bantlings, came driveling to the knight, who ordered her to send her husband directly to his house. Tim accordingly went thither, groaning piteously all the way, creeping along with his body bent like a Greenland canoe. As soon as he entered the court, the out-

ward

ward door was ſhut; and Sir Launcelot coming down ſtairs with a horſewhip in his hand, aſked what was the matter with him that he complained ſo diſmally? To this queſtion he replied, that it was as common as a duck weed in his country for a man to complain when his bones were broke.—"What ſhould have broke your bones?" ſaid the knight. "I cannot gueſs," anſwered the other, "unleſs it was that delicate ſwitch that your honour, in your mad pranks, handled ſo dexterouſly upon my carcaſe." Sir Launcelot then told him, there was nothing ſo good for a bruiſe as a ſweat, and he had the remedy in his hand. Timothy eyeing the horſewhip aſkance, obſerved that there was another ſtill more ſpeedy, to wit, a moderate pill of lead, with a ſufficient doſe of gunpowder. "No, raſcal," cried the knight, "that muſt be reſerved for your betters." So ſaying he employed the inſtrument ſo effectually, that Crabſhaw ſoon forgot his fractured ribs, and capered about with great agility.

'When he had been diſciplined in this manner to ſome purpoſe, the knight told him he might retire; but ordered him to return next morning, when he ſhould have a repetition of the medicine, provided he did not find himſelf capable of walking in an erect poſture. The gate was no ſooner thrown open, than Timothy ran home with all the ſpeed of a greyhound, and and corrected his wife, by whoſe advice he had pretended to be ſo grievouſly damaged in his perſon.

'Nobody dreamed that he would next day preſent himſelf at Greaveſbury Hall; nevertheleſs, he was there very early in the morning, and even cloſeted a whole hour with Sir Launcelot. He came out making wry faces, and ſeveral times ſlapped himſelf on the forehead, crying—"Bodikins! thof he be crazy, I an't that I an't!" When he was aſked what was the matter; he ſaid, he believed the devil had got in him, and he ſhould never be his own man again.

'That ſame day, the knight carried him to Aſhenton, where he beſpoke thoſe accoutrements which he now wears; and while theſe were making, it was thought the poor fellow would have run diſtracted. He did nothing but growl, and curſe, and ſwear to himſelf, run backwards and forwards between his own hut and Greaveſbury Hall, and quarrel with the horſes in the ſtable. At length his wife and family were removed into a ſnug farm-houſe that happened to be empty, and care taken that they ſhould be comfortably maintained.

'Theſe precautions being taken, the knight, one morning at day-break, mounted Bronzomarte; and Crabſhaw, as his ſquire aſcended the back of a clumſy cart-horſe, called Gilbert. This again was looked upon as an inſtance of inſanity in the ſaid

Crabſhaw;

Crabſhaw; for, of all the horſes in the ſtable, Gilbert was the moſt ſtubborn and vicious and had often like to have done miſchief to Timothy while he drove the cart and plough. When he was out of humour, he would kick and plunge as if the devil was in him. He once thruſt Crabſhaw into the middle of a quickſet hedge, where he was terribly torn; another time he canted him over his head into a quagmire, where he ſtuck with his heels up, and muſt have periſhed, if people had not been paſſing that way; a third time he ſeized him in the ſtable with his teeth by the rim of the belly, and ſwung him off the ground, to the great danger of his life: and I'll be hanged if it was not owing to Gilbert that Crabſhaw was now thrown into the river.

'Thus mounted and accoutred, the knight and his ſquire ſet out on his firſt excurſion. They turned off from the common highway, and travelled all that day without meeting with any thing worth recounting; but, in the morning of the ſecond day, they were favoured with an adventure. The hunt was upon a common through which they travelled, and the hounds were in full cry after a fox; when Crabſhaw, prompted by his own miſchievous diſpoſition, and neglecting the order of his maſter, who called aloud to him to deſiſt, rode up to the hounds, and croſſed them at full gallop. The huntſman, who was not far off, running towards the ſquire, beſtowed upon his head ſuch a momento with his pole, as made the landſcape dance before his eyes; and in a twinkling he was ſurrounded by all the fox-hunters, who plied their whips about his ears with infinite agility. Sir Launcelot advancing at an eaſy pace, inſtead of aſſiſting the diſaſtrous ſquire, exhorted his adverſaries to puniſh him ſeverely for his inſolence, and they were not ſlow in obeying his injunction. Crabſhaw finding himſelf in this diſagreeable ſituation, and that there was no ſuccour to be expected from his maſter, on whoſe proweſs he had depended, grew deſperate; and clubbing his whip, laid about him with great fury, wheeling about Gilbert, who was not idle; for he having received ſome of the favours intended for his rider, both bit with his teeth, and kicked with his heels; and at laſt made his way through the ring that encircled him, though not before he had broke the huntſman's leg, lamed one of the beſt horſes on the field, and killed half a ſcore of the hounds.

'Crabſhaw ſeeing himſelf clear of the fray, did not tarry to take leave of his maſter, but made the moſt of his way to Greaveſbury Hall, where he appeared hardly with any veſtage of the human countenance, ſo much had he been defaced in this adventure. He did not fail to raiſe a great clamour againſt Sir Launcelot, whom he curſed as a coward in plain terms, ſwearing he would never ſerve him another day: but whether he altered

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his mind in cooler reflection, or was lectured by his wife, who well underſtood her own intereſt, he aroſe with the cock, and went again in queſt of Sir Launcelot, whom he found on the eve of a very hazardous enterprize.

'In the midſt of a lane the knight happened to meet with a party of about forty recruits, commanded by a ſerjeant, a corporal, and a drummer, which laſt had his drum ſlung at his back; but ſeeing ſuch a ſtrange figure mounted on a high ſpirited horſe, he was ſeized with an inclination to divert his company. With this view he braced his drum; and hanging it in its proper poſition, began to beat a point of war, advancing under the very noſe of Bronzomarte; while the corporal exclaimed—"Damn my eyes, who have we got here? Old King Stephen, from the horſe-armoury, in the Tower; or the fellow that rides armed at my lord-mayor's ſhew?" The knight's ſteed ſeemed at leaſt as well pleaſed with the ſound of the drum as were the recruits that followed it; and ſignified his ſatisfaction in ſome curvetting and caprioles, which did not at all diſcompoſe the rider; who, addreſſing himſelf to the ſerjeant—"Friend," ſaid he, "you ought to teach your drummer better manners. I would chaſtiſe the fellow on the ſpot for his inſolence, were it not out of the reſpect I bear to his majeſty's ſervice."—"Reſpect mine a—!" cried this ferocious commander; "What d'ye think to frighten us with your pewter piſs-pot on your ſkull, and your lacquered pot lid on your arm? Get out of the way and be damned, or I'll raiſe with my halbert ſuch a blatter upon your target, that you'll remember it the longeſt day you have to live." At that inſtant Crabſhaw arriving upon Gilbert—"So raſcal!" ſaid Sir Launcelot, "you are returned. Go and beat in that ſcoundrel's drum-head."

'The ſquire, who ſaw no weapons of offence about the drummer but a ſword, which he hoped the owner durſt not draw; and being reſolved to exert himſelf in making atonement for his deſertion, advanced to execute his maſter's orders; but Gilbert, who liked not the noiſe, refuſed to proceed in the ordinary way. Then the ſquire turning his back to the drummer, he advanced in a retrograde motion, and with one kick of his heels not only broke the drum into a thouſand pieces, but laid the drummer in the mire; with ſuch a blow on his hip-bone, that he halted all the days of his life. The recruits, perceiving the diſcomfiture of their leader, armed themſelves with ſtones; the ſerjeant raiſed his halbert in a poſture of defence, and immediately a ſevere action enſued. By this time Crabſhaw had drawn his ſword, and begun to lay about him like a devil incarnate; but, in a little time he was ſaluted by a volley of ſtones, one of which knocked out two of his grinders, and brought him to the earth, where he had

had like to have found no quarter; for the whole company crowded about him, with their cudgels brandiſhed; and perhaps he owed his preſervation to their preſſing ſo hard, that they hindered one another from uſing their weapons.

'Sir Launcelot, ſeeing with indignation the unworthy treatment his ſquire had received, and ſcorning to ſtain his lance with the blood of plebeians, inſtead of couching it in the reſt, ſeized it by the middle; and fetching one blow at the ſerjeant, broke in twain the halbert, which he had raiſed as a quarter-ſtaff for his defence. The ſecond ſtroke encountered his pate; which being the hardeſt part about him, ſuſtained the ſhock without damage; but the third, lighting on his ribs, he honoured the giver with immediate proſtration. The general being thus overthrown, Sir Launcelot advanced to the relief of Crabſhaw, and handled his weapon ſo effectually, that the whole body of the enemy were diſabled or routed before one cudgel had touched the carcaſe of the fallen ſquire. As for the corporal, inſtead of ſtanding by his commanding officer, he had overleaped the hedge, and run to the conſtable of an adjoining village for aſſiſtance. Accordingly, before Crabſhaw could be properly remounted, the peace-officer arrived with his poſſe; and by the corporal was charged with Sir Launcelot and his ſquire, as two highwaymen. The conſtable, aſtoniſhed at the martial figure of the knight, and intimidated at the havoc he had made, contented himſelf with ſtanding at a diſtance, diſplaying the badge of his office, and reminding the knight that he repreſented his majeſty's perſon.

'Sir Launcelot ſeeing the poor man in great agitation, aſſured him that his deſign was to enforce, not violate the laws of his country; and that he and his ſquire would attend him to the next juſtice of peace; but, in the mean time, he, in his turn, charged the peace-officer with the ſerjeant and drummer, who had began the fray.

'The juſtice had been a pettyfogger, and was a ſycophant to a nobleman in the neighbourhood who had a poſt at court. He therefore thought he ſhould oblige his patron by ſhewing his reſpect for *the military*, and treated our knight with the moſt booriſh inſolence; but refuſed to admit him into his houſe until he had ſurrendered all his weapons of offence to the conſtable. Sir Launcelot and his ſquire being found the aggreſſors, the juſtice inſiſted on making out their mittimus, if they did not find bail immediately; and could hardly be prevailed upon to agree that they ſhould remain at the houſe of the conſtable; who being a publican, undertook to keep them in ſafe cuſtody until the knight could write to his ſteward. Meanwhile he was bound over to the peace; and the ſerjeant, with his drummer, were told

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they had a good action againſt him for aſſault and battery, either by information or indictment.

'They were not, however, ſo fond of the law as the juſtice ſeemed to be. Their ſentiments had taken a turn in favour of Sir Launcelot during the courſe of his examination, by which it appeared that he was really a gentleman of faſhion and fortune; and they reſolved to compromiſe the affair without the intervention of his worſhip. Accordingly, the ſerjeant repaired to the conſtable's houſe, where the knight was lodged; and humbled himſelf before his honour, proteſting, with many oaths, that if he had known his quality he would have beaten the drummer's brains about his ears for preſuming to give his honour or his horſe the leaſt diſturbance; thof the fellow, he believed, was ſufficiently puniſhed in being a cripple for life.

'Sir Launcelot admitted of his apologies; and taking compaſſion on the fellow who had ſuffered ſo ſeverely for his folly, reſolved to provide for his maintenance. Upon the repreſentation of the parties to the juſtice, the warrant was next day diſcharged, and the knight returned to his own houſe, attended by the ſerjeant and the drummer mounted on horſeback, the recruits being left to the corporal's charge.

The halberdier found the good effects of Sir Launcelot's liberality; and his companion being rendered unfit for his majeſty's ſervice by the heels of Gilbert, is now entertained at Greaveſbury Hall, where he will probably remain for life.

'As for Crabſhaw, his maſter gave him to underſtand, that if he did not think him pretty well chaſtiſed for his preſumption and flight by the diſcipline he had undergone in the laſt two adventures, he would turn him out of his ſervice with diſgrace. Timothy ſaid, he believed it would be the greateſt favour he could do him to turn him out of a ſervice in which he knew he ſhould be rib-roaſted every day, and murdered at laſt.

'In this ſituation were things at Greaveſbury Hall about a month ago, when I croſſed the country to Ferrybridge, where I met my uncle: probably, this was the firſt incident of their ſecond excurſion; for the diſtance between this here houſe and Sir Launcelot's eſtate does not exceed fourſcore or ninety miles.'

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

In which the Reader will perceive that in ſome Caſes Madneſs is catching.

MR Clarke having made an end of his narrative, the ſurgeon thanked him for the entertainment he had received, and Mr Ferret ſhrugged up his ſhoulders in ſilent diſapprobation. As for Captain Crowe, who uſed at ſuch pauſes to pour in a broadſide of diſmembered remarks, linked together like chain-ſhot, he ſpoke not a ſyllable for ſome time; but, lighting a freſh pipe at the candle, began to roll ſuch voluminous clouds of ſmoke, as in an inſtant filled the whole apartment, and rendered himſelf inviſible to the whole company. Though he thus ſhrouded himſelf from their view, he did not long remain concealed from their hearing. They firſt heard a ſtrange diſſonant cackle, which the doctor knew to be a ſea-laugh; and this was followed by an eager exclamation of—'Rare paſtime, ſtrike my yards and top-maſts!—I've a good mind—why ſhouldn't—many a loſing voyage I've—ſmite my taffrel but I wool—'

By this time had relaxed ſo much in his fumigation, that the tip of his noſe and one eye re-appeared; and as he had drawn his wig forwards ſo as to cover his whole forehead, the figure that now ſaluted their eyes was much more ferocious and terrible than the fire-breathing chimæra of the ancients. Notwithſtanding this dreadful appearance, there was no indignation in his heart; but, on the contrary, an agreeable curioſity, which he was determined to gratify.

Addreſſing himſelf to Mr Fillet—'Pr'ythee, doctor,' ſaid he, 'canſt tell whether a man, without being rated a lord or a baron, or what-d'ye call um, d'ye ſee, mayn't take to the highway in the way of a frolic, d'ye ſee?—Adad! for my own part, brother, I'm reſolved as how to cruize a bit in the way of an arrant—if ſo be as I can't at once be commander, mayhap I may be bore upon the books as a petty officer, or the like, d'ye ſee.'

'Now, the Lord forbid!' cried Clarke, with the tears in his eyes. 'I'd rather ſee you dead than brought to ſuch a dilemma.'—'Mayhap thou wouldſt,' anſwered the uncle; 'for then, my lad, there would be ſome picking—aha! doſt thou tip me the traveller, my boy?' Tom aſſured him he ſcorned any ſuch mercenary views; 'I am only concerned,' ſaid he, 'that you ſhould take any ſtep that might tend to the diſgrace of yourſelf

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or your family; and I say again, I had rather die than live to see you reckoned any otherwise than *compos.*'---'Die and be damned! you shambling, half-timber'd son of a ---,' cried the choleric Crowe; 'dost talk to me of keeping a reckoning and compass!---I could keep a reckoning, and box my compass, long enough before thy keel-stone was laid---Sam Crowe is not come here to ask thy counsel how to steer his course.'---'Lord, Sir,' resumed the nephew, 'consider what people will say---all the world will think you mad.'---'Set thy heart at ease, Tom,' cried the seaman; 'I'll have a trip to and again in this here channel. Mad! what then? I think, for my part, one half of the nation is mad---and the other not very sound---I don't see why I han't as good a right to be mad as another man---But doctor, as I was saying, I'd be bound to you, if you would direct where I can buy that same tackle that an arrant must wear; as for the matter of the long pole headed with iron, I'd never desire a better than a good boat-hook, and I could make a special good target of that there tin sconce that holds the candle---mayhap any blacksmith will hammer me a skull-cap, d'ye see, out of an old brass kettle; and I can call my horse by the name of my ship, which, was Mufti.'

The surgeon was one of these wags who can laugh inwardly, without exhibiting the least outward mark of mirth or satisfaction. He at once perceived the amusement which might be drawn from this strange disposition of the sailor, together with the most likely means which could be used to divert him from such an extravagant pursuit. He therefore tipp'd Clarke the wink with one side of his face, while the other was very gravely turned to the captain, whom he addressed to this effect.--'It is not far from hence to Sheffield, where you might be fitted completely in half a day---then you must wake your armour in church or chapel, and be dubbed. As for this last ceremony, it may be performed by any person whatsoever. Don Quixotte was dubbed by his landlord; and there are many instances of record of errants obliging and compelling the next person they met to cross their shoulders, and dub them knights. I myself would undertake to be your godfather, and I have interest enough to procure the keys of the parish church hard by; besides this is the eve of St Martin, who was himself a knight-errant, and therefore a proper patron for a noviciate. I wish we could borrow Sir Launcelot's armour for the occasion.

Crowe being struck with this hint, started up; and laying his fingers upon his lips to enjoin silence, walked off softly on his tiptoes, to listen at the door of our knights apartment, and judge whether or not he was asleep. Mr Fillet took this opportunity to tell his nephew that it was in vain for him to combat

this humour with reaſon and argument; but the moſt effectual way of diverting him from the plan of knight-errantry, would be to frighten him heartily while he ſhould keep his vigil in the church; towards the accompliſhment of which purpoſe he craved the aſſiſtance of the miſanthrope as well as the nephew. Clarke ſeemed to reliſh the ſcheme; and obſerved that his uncle, though endued with courage enough to face any human danger, had at bottom a ſtrong fund of ſuperſtition, which he had acquired, or at leaſt improved in the courſe of a ſea-life. Ferret, who perhaps would not have gone ten paces out of his road to ſave Crowe from the gallows, nevertheleſs engaged as an auxiliary, merely in hopes of ſeeing a fellow creature miſerable; and and even undertook to be the principal agent in this adventure. For this office, indeed, he was better qualified than they could have imagined: in the bundle which he kept under his great coat there was with divers noſtrums, a ſmall phial of liquid phoſphorus, ſufficient, as he had already obſerved, to frighten a whole neighbourhood out of their ſenſes.

In order to concert the previous meaſures without being overheard, theſe confederates retired with a candle and lanthorn into the ſtable; and their backs were ſcarce turned, when Captain Crowe came in loaded with pieces of the knight's armour, which he had conveyed from the apartment of Sir Launcelot, whom he had left faſt aſleep.

Underſtanding that the reſt of the company were gone out for a moment, he could not reſiſt the inclination he felt of communicating his intention to the landlady, who, with her daughter, had been too much engaged in preparing Crabſhaw's ſupper, to know the purport of their converſation. The good woman, being informed of the captain's deſign to remain alone all night in the church, began to oppoſe it with all her rhetoric. She ſaid it was ſetting his Maker at defiance, and a wilful running into temptation. She aſſured him that all the country knew that the church was haunted by ſpirits and hobgoblins; that lights had been ſeen in every corner of it; and a tall woman in white had one night appeared upon the top of the tower; that dreadful ſhrieks were often heard to come from the ſouth aiſle, where a murdered man had been buried; that ſhe herſelf had ſeen the croſs on the ſteeple all a-fire; and one evening, as ſhe paſſed aboriſeback cloſe by the ſtile at the entrance into the church-yard, the horſe ſtood ſtill ſweating and trembling, and had no power to proceed until ſhe had repeated the Lord's Prayer.

Theſe remarks made a ſtrong impreſſion on the imagination of Crowe; who aſked, in ſome confuſion, if ſhe had got the ſame prayer in print. She made no anſwer, but reaching the prayer book from a ſhelf, and turning up the leaf, put it into his hand; them

then the captain, having adjusted his ſpectacles, began to read, or rather ſpell, aloud, with great eagerneſs and ſolemnity. He refreſhed his memory ſo well as to remember the whole, when the doctor, returning with his companions, gave him to underſtand that he had procured the key of the chancel, where he might watch his armour as well as in the body of the church; and that he was ready to conduct him to the ſpot. Crowe was not now quite ſo forward as he had appeared before to atchieve this adventure; he began to ſtart objections with reſpect to the borrowed armour; he wanted to ſtipulate the comforts of a can of flip, and a candle's end, during his vigil; and hinted ſomething of the damage he might ſuſtain from your malicious imps of darkneſs.

The doctor told him, the conſtitutions of chivalry abſolutely required that he ſhould be left in the dark alone, and faſting, to ſpend the night in pious meditations; but if he had any fears which diſturbed his conſcience; he had much better deſiſt, and give up all thoughts of knight-errantry, which could not conſiſt with the leaſt ſhadow of apprehenſion. The captain, ſtung by this remark, replied not a word; but gathering the armour into a bundle, threw it on his back, and ſet out for the place of probation, preceded by Clarke with the lanthorn. When they arrived at the church, Fillet, who had procured the key from the ſexton, who was his patient, opened the door and conducted our novice into the middle of the chancel, where the armour was depoſited. Then bidding Crowe draw his hanger, committed him to the protection of Heaven, aſſuring him he would come back, and find him either dead or alive by day-break, and perform the remaining part of the ceremony. So ſaying he and the other aſſociates ſhook him by the hand, and took their leave, after the ſurgeon had tilted up the lanthorn to take a view of his viſage which was pale and haggard.

Before the door was locked upon him, he called aloud—'Hilloa, doctor! hip——another word, d'ye ſee——.' They forthwith returned, to know what he wanted, and found him already in a ſweat. 'Heark ye, brother,' ſaid he, wiping his face, 'I do ſuppoſe as how one may paſs away the time in whiſtling the Black Joke, or ſinging Black-ey'd Suſan, or ſome ſuch ſorrowful ditty,'—'By no means,' cried the doctor, 'ſuch paſtimes are neither ſuitable to the place, nor the occaſion, which is altogether a religious exerciſe. If you have got any pſalms by heart, you may ſing a ſtave or two, or repeat the Doxology.'—'Would I had Tom Laverick here,' replied our novice; he would ſing you anthems like a ſea-mew——a had been a clerk aſhore——many's the time and often I've given him a rope's end for ſinging pſalms in the larboard watch——would I had hired the ſon of a

bitch to have taught me a caſt of his office-----but it cannot be help, brother----- if we can't go large, we muſt haul upon a wind as the ſaying is---if we can't ſing, we muſt pray.' The company again left him to his devotion, and returned to the public-houſe, in order to execute the eſſential part of their project.

CHAP. VII.

In which the Knight reſumes his importance.

DOCTOR Fillet having borrowed a couple of ſheets from the landlady, dreſſed the miſanthrope and Tom Clarke in ghaſtly apparel, which was reinforced by a few drops of liquid phoſphorus, from Ferret's phial, rubbed on the foreheads of the two adventurers. Thus equipped, they returned to the church with their conductor, who entered with them ſoftly at an aiſle which was oppoſite to a place where the novice kept watch. They ſtole unperceived through the body of the church; and though it was ſo dark that they could not diſtinguiſh the captain with the eye, they heard the ſound of his ſteps, as he walked backwards and forwards on the pavement with uncommon expedition, and an ejaculation now and then eſcape in a murmur from his lips.

The triumvirate having taken their ſtation, with a large pew in their front, the two ghoſts uncovered their heads, which, by the help of the phoſphorus, exhibited a pale and lambent flame, extremely diſmal and ghaſtly to the view; then Ferret, in a ſqueaking tone, exclaimed---'Samuel Crowe! Samuel Crowe!' The captain hearing himſelf accoſted in this manner, at ſuch a time, and in ſuch a place, replied---'Hilloa!' and turning his eyes towards the quarter whence the voice ſeemed to proceed, beheld the terrible apparition. This no ſooner ſaluted his view, than his hair bridled up, his knees began to knock, and his teeth to chatter, while he cried aloud---'In the name of God, where are you bound, ho?' To this the miſanthrope anſwered---'We are the ſpirits of thy grandmother Jane and thy aunt Bridget.'

At mention of theſe names, Crowe's terrors began to give way to his reſentment; and he pronounced, in a quick tone of ſurprize, mixed with indignation---'What d'ye want? what d'ye want, ho?' The ſpirit replied---'We are ſent to warn thee of thy fate.'---'From whence, ho?' cried the captain, whoſe choler had by this time well nigh triumphed over his fear. 'From heaven,' ſaid the voice. 'Ye lye, ye b---s of hell!' did our novice exclaim; 'ye are damned for heaving me out of my right five fathom and a half by the lead, in burning brimſtone. Don't

Don't I see the blue flames come out of your hawse-holes—may-hap you may be the devil himself, for aught I know—but I trust in the Lord, d'ye see—I never disrated a kinsman, d'ye see, so don't come along side of me—put about on the other tack, d'ye see—you need not clap hard a-weather, for you'll soon get to hell again with a flowing sail.'

So saying, he had recourse to his Paternoster; but perceiving the apparitions approach, he thundered out—'Avast—avast—sheer off, ye babes of hell, or I'll be foul of your fore-lights.' He accordingly sprung forwards with his hanger, and very probably would have set the spirits on their way to the other world, had he not fallen over a pew in the dark, and entangled himself so much among the benches, that he could not immediately recover his footing. The triumvirate took this opportunity to retire; and such was the precipitation of Ferret in his retreat, that he encountered a post, by which his right eye sustained considerable damage; a circumstance which induced him to inveigh bitterly against his own folly, as well as the impertinence of his companions, who had inveigled him into such a troublesome adventure. Neither he nor Clarke could be prevailed upon to revisit the novice. The doctor himself thought his disease was desperate; and mounting his horse, returned to his own habitation.

Ferret, finding all the beds in the public-house were occupied, composed himself to sleep in a Windsor chair at the chimney-corner; and Mr Clarke, whose disposition was extremely amorous, resolved to renew his practices on the heart of Dolly. He had reconnoitred the apartments in which the bodies of the knight and his squire were deposited; and discovered, close by the top of the stair-case, a sort of closet or hovel, just large enough to contain a truckle-bed, which, from some other particulars, he supposed to be the bed-chamber of his beloved Dolly, who had by this time retired to her repose. Full of this idea, and instigated by the demon of desire, Mr Thomas crept softly up stairs, and lifting the latch of the closet door, his heart began to palpitate with joyous expectation; but before he could breathe the gentle effusions of his love, the supposed damsel started up, and seizing him by the collar with an Herculean gripe, uttered in the voice of Crabshaw—'It wa'n't for nothing that I dreamed of Newgate, sirrah; but I'd have thee to know, an arrant quire is not to be robbed by such a peddling thief as thee—here I'll hold thee vast, and the devil were in thy doublet—help! murder! vire! help!

It was impossible for Mr Clarke to disengage himself, and equally impracticable to speak in his own vindication; so that here he stood trembling and half throttled, until the whole

houſe being alarmed, the landlady and her oſtler ran up ſtairs with a candle. When the light rendered objects viſible, an equal aſtoniſhment prevailed on all ſides; Crabſhaw was confounded at the ſight of Mr Clarke, whoſe perſon he well knew; and releaſing him inſtantly from his graſp--'Bodikins!' cried he, 'I believe as how this houſe is haunted--who thought to meet with Maſter Lawyer Clarke at midnight, and ſo far from hoam!' The landlady could not comprehend the meaning of this encounter; nor could Tom conceive how Crabſhaw had tranſported himſelf thither from the room below, in which he ſaw him quietly repoſed. Yet nothing was more eaſy than to explain this myſtery; the apartment below was the chamber which the hoſteſs and her daughter reſerved for their own convenience; and this particular having been intimated to the ſquire while he was at ſupper, he had riſqued the bed quietly, and had been conducted hither in the abſence of the company. Tom, recollecting himſelf as well as he could, profeſſed himſelf of Crabſhaw's opinion, that the houſe was haunted, declaring, that he could not well account for his being there in the dark; and leaving thoſe that were aſſembled to diſcuſs this knotty point, retired down ſtairs, in hope of meeting with his charmer, whom accordingly he found in the kitchen juſt riſen, and wrapped in a looſe diſhabille.

The noiſe of Crabſhaw's cries had awakened and aroused his maſter; who riſing ſuddenly in the dark, ſnatched up his ſword that lay by his bed ſide, and haſtened to the ſcene of tumult, where all their mouths were opened at once to explain the cauſe of their diſturbance, and make an apology for breaking his honour's reſt. He ſaid nothing; but taking the candle in his hand, beckoned to his ſquire to follow him into his apartment, reſolving to arm and take horſe immediately. Crabſhaw underſtood his meaning: and while he ſhuffled on his cloaths, yawning hideouſly all the while, wiſhed the lawyer at the devil for having viſited him ſo unſeaſonably; and even curſed himſelf for the noiſe he had made, in conſequence of which he foreſaw he ſhould now be obliged to forfeit his night's reſt, and travel in the dark, expoſed to the inclemencies of the weather. 'Pox rot thee, Tom Clarke, for a wicked lawyer!' ſaid he to himſelf; 'had'ſt thou been hanged at Bartlemy tide, I ſhould this night have ſlept in peace, that I ſhould--an' I would there was a bliſter on this plaguy tongue of mine for making ſuch a hallooing, that I do!--five gallons of cold water has my poor belly been drenched with ſince night fell, ſo as my reins and my liver are all one as if they were turned into ice, and my whole harſlet ſhakes and ſhivers like a phial of quickſilver. I have

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been dragged, half drowned, like a rotten ewe, from the bottom of a river; and who knows but I may be next dragged quite dead from the bottom of a coal-pit---if ſo be as I am, I ſhall go to hell, to be ſure for being conſarned like in my own moorder, that I will, ſo I will, for a plague on it. I had no buſineſs with vagaries of this crazy peated meaſter of mine; a pox on him, ſay I!

He had juſt finiſhed this ſoliloquy as he entered the apartment of his maſter, who deſired to know what was become of his armour. Timothy underſtanding that it had been left in the room when the knight undreſſed, began to ſcratch his head in great perplexity; and at laſt declared it was his opinion that it muſt have been carried off by witchcraft. Then he related his adventure with Tom Clarke; who, he ſaid, was conveyed to his bedſide he knew not how; and concluded with affirming they were no better than papiſtes who did not believe in witchcraft. Sir Launcelot could not help ſmiling at his ſimplicity; but aſſuming a peremptory air, he commanded him to fetch the armour without delay, that he might afterwards ſaddle the horſes, in order to proſecute their journey.

Timothy retired in great tribulation to the kitchen; where finding the miſanthrope, whom the noiſe had alſo diſturbed, and ſtill impreſſed with the notion of his being a conjuror, he offered him a ſhilling if he would caſt a figure, and let him know what was become of his maſter's armour.

Ferret, in hope of producing more miſchief, informed him him without heſitation that one of the company had conveyed it into the chancel of the church, where he would now find it depoſited; at the ſame time preſenting him with the key, which Mr Fillet had left in his cuſtody.

The ſquire, who was none of thoſe who ſet hobgoblins at defiance, being afraid to enter the church alone at theſe hours, bargained with the oſtler to accompany and light him with a lanthorn. Thus attended, he advanced to the place were the armour lay in a heap, and loaded it upon the back of his attendant without moleſtation, the launce being ſhouldered over the whole. In this equipage they were juſt going to retire, when the oſtler hearing a noiſe at ſome diſtance, wheeled about with ſuch velocity, that one end of the ſpear ſaluting Crabſhaw's pate, the poor ſquire meaſured his length on the ground; and cruſhing the lantern in his fall, the light was extinguiſhed. The other, terrified at theſe effects of his own ſudden motion, threw down his burden; and would have betaken himſelf to flight, had not Crabſhaw laid faſt hold on his leg, that he himſelf might not be deſerted. The ſound of the pieces clattering on

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the pavement, rouzed Captain Crowe from a trance or ſlumber, in which he had lain ſince the apparition vaniſhed; and he hallooed, or rather bellowed, with vaſt vociferation. Timothy and his friend were ſo intimidated by this terrific ſtrain, that they thought no more of the armour, but ran home arm in arm, and appeared in the kitchen with all the marks of horror and conſternation.

When Sir Launcelot came forth wrapped in his cloak, and demanded his arms, Crabſhaw declared that the devil had them in poſſeſſion; and this aſſertion was confirmed by the oſtler, who pretended to know the devil by his roar. Ferret ſat in his corner, maintaining the moſt mortifying ſilence, and enjoying the impatience of the knight, who in vain requeſted an explanation of this myſtery. At length his eyes began to lighten; when ſeizing Crabſhaw in one hand, and the oſtler in the other, he ſwore by Heaven he would daſh their ſouls out, and raze the houſe to the foundation, if they did not inſtantly diſcloſe the particulars of this tranſaction. The good woman fell on her knees, proteſting, in the name of the Lord, that ſhe was innocent as the child unborn, thof ſhe had lent the captain a prayer-book to learn the Lord's Prayer, a candle and lantern to light him to the church, and a couple of clean ſheets for the uſe of the other gentlemen. The knight was more and more puzzled by this declaration; when Mr Clarke coming into the kitchen, preſented himſelf with a low obeiſance to his old patron.

Sir Launcelot's anger was immediately converted into ſurprize. He ſet at liberty the ſquire and the oſtler; and ſtretching out his hand to the lawyer---'My good friend, Clarke,' ſaid he, 'how came you hither? Can you ſolve this knotty point which hath involved us all in ſuch confuſion?'

Tom forthwith began a very circumſtantial recapitulation of what had happened to his uncle; in what manner he had been diſappointed of the eſtate; how he had accidentally ſeen his honour, been enamoured of his character, and become ambitious of following his example. Then he related the particulars of the plan which had been laid down to divert him from his deſign; and concluded with aſſuring the knight, that the captain was a very honeſt man, though he ſeemed to be a little diſordered in his intellects. 'I believe it,' replied Sir Launcelot; 'madneſs and honeſty are not incompatible---indeed, I feel it by experience.'

Tom proceeded to aſk pardon, in his uncle's name, for having made ſo free with the knight's armour; and begged his

his honour, for the love of God, would uſe his authority with Crowe that he might quit all thoughts of knight-errantry, for which he was by no means qualified; for being totally ignorant of the laws of the land, he would be continually committing traſpaſſes, and bring himſelf into trouble. He ſaid, in caſe he ſhould prove refractory, he might be apprehended by virtue of a friendly warrant, for having feloniouſly carried off the knight's accoutrements. 'Taking away another man's moveables,' ſaid he, 'and perſonal goods, againſt the will of the owner, is *furtum*, and felony according to the ſtatute; different, indeed, from *robbery*, which implies putting in fear on the king's highway, *in alta via regia violenter et felonice captum et aſportatum, in magnum terrorem, &c.* for if the robbery be laid in the indictment as done *in quadam via pedeſtri*, in a foot-path, the offender will not be ouſted of his clergy. It muſt be *in alta via regia*; and your honour will pleaſe to take notice that robberies committed on the river Thames are adjudged as done *in alta via regia*; for the king's high-ſtream is all the ſame as the king's high way.'

Sir Launcelot could not help ſmiling at Tom's learned inveſtigation. He congratulated him on the progreſs he had made in the ſtudy of the law. He expreſſed his concern at the ſtrange turn the captain had taken, and promiſed to uſe his influence in perſuading him to deſiſt from the prepoſterous deſign he had formed.

The lawyer, thus aſſured, repaired immediately to the church, accompanied by the ſquire, and held a parley with his uncle; who, when he underſtood that the knight in perſon deſired a conference, ſurrendered up the arms quietly, and returned to the public-houſe.

Sir Launcelot received the honeſt ſeaman with his uſual complacency; and perceiving great diſcompoſure in his looks, ſaid, he was ſorry to hear he had paſſed ſuch a diſagreeable night to ſo little purpoſe. Crowe, having recruited his ſpirits with a bumper of brandy, thanked him for his concern, and obſerved, that he had paſſed many a hard night in his time, but ſuch another as this he would not be bound to weather for the command of the whole Britiſh navy. 'I have ſeen Davy Jones in the ſhape of a blue flame, d'ye ſee, hopping to and fro on the ſpritſail yard-arm; and I've ſeen your Jacks o' the Lanthorn and Wills o' the Wiſp, and many ſuch ſpirits, both by ſea and land; but to-night I've been boarded by all the devils and damned ſouls in hell, ſqueaking and ſqualling, and glimmering and glaring. Bounce went the door---crack went the pew---craſh came the tackle---white-ſheeted ghoſts dancing in one corner by the glow-worm's light---black devils hoobling in another---Lord

--Lord have mercy upon us !--and I was hailed, Tom---I was--- by my grandmother Jane, and my aunt Bridget, d,ye ſee-- a couple of damn'd- ---: but they're roaſting; that's one comfort, my lad.'

When he had thus diſburdened his conſcience, Sir Launcelot introduced the ſubject of the new occupation at which he aſpired. 'I underſtand,' ſaid he, 'that you are deſirous of treading in the paths of errantry, which, I aſſure you, are thorny and troubleſome. Nevertheleſs, as your purpoſe is to exerciſe your humanity and benevolence, ſo your ambition is commendable. But towards the practice of chivalry there is ſomething more required than the virtues of courage and generoſity. A knight-errant ought to underſtand the ſciences, to be maſter of ethics or morality, to be well verſed in theology, a complete caſuiſt, and minutely acquainted with the laws of his country. He ſhould not only be patient of cold, hunger, and fatigue; righteous, juſt, and valiant; but alſo chaſte, religious, temperate, polite, and converſable; and have all his paſſions under the rein, except love, whoſe empire he ſhould ſubmiſſively acknowledge.' He ſaid, this was the very eſſence of chivalry; and no man had ever made ſuch a profeſſion of arms without having firſt placed his affection upon ſome beauteous object, for whoſe honour, and at whoſe command, he would chearfully encounter the moſt dreadful perils.

He took notice that nothing could be more irregular than the manner in which Crowe had attempted to keep not prepared himſelf with abſtinence and prayer---he had his vigil, for he had never ſerved his noviciate---he had not provided a qualified godfather for the ceremony of dubbing---he had no armour of his own to wake; but, on the very threſhold of chivalry, which is the perfection of juſtice, had unjuſtly purloined the arms of another knight; that this was a mere mockery of a religious inſtitution, and therefore unpleaſing in the ſight of Heaven; witneſs the dæmons and hobgoblines that were permitted to diſturb and torment him in his trial.

Crowe having liſtened to theſe remarks with earneſt attention, replied, after ſome heſitation---'I am bound to you, brother, for your kind and Chriſtian counſel--I doubt as how I've ſteered by a wrong chart, d'ye-ſee-- As for the matter of the ſciences, to be ſure, I know plain-ſailing and Mercator; and am an indifferent good ſeaman, thof I ſay it that ſhould not ſay it: but as to all the reſt, no better than the viol-block or the geercapſtan. Religion I han't much overhauled; and we tars laugh at your polite converſation---thof, mayhap, we can chaunt a few ballads to keep the hands awake in the night-watch; then for chaſtity, brother, I doubt that's not to be expected

expected in a ſailor juſt come aſhore after a long voyage--ſure all thoſe poor hearts won't be damned for ſteering in the wake of nature. As for a ſweetheart, Bet Mizen, of St Catharine's, would fit me to a hair--ſhe and I are old meſſmates; and--what ſignifies talking, brother; ſhe knows already the trim of my veſſel, d'ye ſee!' He concluded with ſaying, he thought he wa'n't too old to learn; and if Sir Launcelot would take him in tow, as his tender, he would ſtand by him all weathers, and it ſhould not coſt his conſort a farthing's expence.

The knight ſaid, he did not think himſelf of conſequence enough to have ſuch a pupil, but ſhould always be ready to give him his beſt advice; as a ſpecimen of which, he exhorted him to weigh all the circumſtances, and deliberate calmly and leiſurely before he actually engaged in ſuch a boiſterous profeſſion; aſſuring him, that if, at the end of three months, his reſolution ſhould continue, he would take upon himſelf the office of his inſtructor. In the mean time, he gratified the hoſteſs for his lodging; put on his armour; took leave of the company; and, mounting Bronzomarte, proceeded ſouthernly, being attended by his ſquire, Crabſhaw, grumbling on the back of Gilbert.

CHAP. VIII.

Which is within a Hair's Breadth of proving highly intereſting.

LEAVING Captain Crowe and his nephew for the preſent, though they, and even the miſanthrope, will re-appear in due ſeaſon; we are now obliged to attend the progreſs of the knight, who proceeded in a ſouthernly direction, inſenſible of the ſtorm that blew, as well as of the darkneſs, which was horrible. For ſome time Crabſhaw ejaculated curſes in ſilence; till at length his anger gave way to his fear, which waxed ſo ſtrong upon him, that he could no longer reſiſt the deſire of alleviating it, by entering into a converſation with his maſter. By way of introduction, he gave Gilbert the ſpur, directing him towards the flank of Bronzomarte, which he encountered with ſuch a ſhock, that the knight was almoſt diſmounted. When Sir Launcelot, with ſome warmth, aſked the reaſon of this attack, the ſquire replied in theſe words:--'The devil (God bleſs us) muſt be playing his pranks with Gilbert too, as ſure as I'm a living ſoul!--I'ſe wage a teaſter, the foul fiend has left

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the ſeaman, and got into Gilbert, that he has---when a has paſſed through an aſs and a horſe, I'ſe marvel what beaſt a will will get into next.'---'Probably into a mule,' ſaid the knight: 'in that caſe, you will be in ſome danger--but I can at any time diſpoſſeſs you with a horſewhip.'--'Aye, aye,' anſwered Timothy, 'your honour has a mortal good hand at giving a ſlap with a fox's tail, as the ſaying is---'tis a wonderment you did not try your hand on that there wiſeacre that ſtole your honour's harneſs, and wants to be an arrant, with, a murrain to 'un---Lord help his fool's head, it becomes him as a ſow doth a cart-ſaddle.'---'There is no guilt in infirmity,' ſaid the knight; 'I puniſh the vicious only.'---'I would your honour would puniſh Gilbert, then,' cried the ſquire, 'for 'tis the moſt vicious tuoad that ever I lai' a 'eg over--but as to that ſame ſea-faring man, what may his diſtemper be?'---'Madneſs,' anſwered Sir Launcelot. 'Bodikins!' exclaimed the ſquire; 'I doubt as how other volks are leame of the ſame leg--but a'n't vor ſuch ſmall gentry as he to be mad; they mun leave that to their betters.'--'You ſeem to hint at me, Crabſhaw: do you really think I am mad?'---'I may ſay as how I have looked your honour in the mouth; and a ſorry cog ſhould I be, if I did not know your humours as well as I know e'er a beaſt in the ſtable at Greaveſbury Hall.'---'Since you are ſo well acquainted with my madneſs,' ſaid the knight, 'what opinion have you of yourſelf, who ſerve and follow a lunatic?'---'I hope I ha'n't ſerved your honour for nothing, but I ſhall inherit ſome of your caſt vagaries---when your honour is pleaſed to be mad, I ſhould be very ſorry to be found right in my ſenſes. Timothy Crabſhaw will never eat the bread of unthankfulneſs---it ſhall never be ſaid of him, that he was wiſer than his meaſter: as for the matter of following a madman, we may ſee your honour's face is made of a fiddle; every one that looks on you, loves you.' This compliment the knight returned by ſaying---'If my face is a fiddle, Crabſhaw, your tongue is a fiddleſtick that plays upon it---yet your muſic is very diſagreeable--you can't keep time.'---'Nor you neither, meaſter,' cried Timothy, 'or we ſhou'n't be here wandering about under cloud of night, like ſheep-ſtealers, or evil ſpirits with troubled conſciences.'

Here the diſcourſe was interrupted by a ſudden diſaſter, in conſequence of which the ſquire uttered an inarticulate roar that ſtartled the knight himſelf, who was very little ſubject to the ſenſation of fear; but his ſurprize was changed into vexation when he perceived Gilbert without a rider, paſſing by, and kicking his heels with great agility. He inſtantly turned his ſteed; and riding back a few paces, found Crabſhaw riſing fro

the ground. When he asked what was become of his horse, he answered, in a whimpering tone--' Horse! would I could once see him fairly carrion for the hounds--for my part, I believe as how 'tis no horse, but a devil incarnate; and yet I've been worse mounted, that I have--I'd like to have rid a horse that was foaled of an acorn.'

This accident happened in a hollow way overshadowed with trees, one of which the storm had blown down, so that it lay over the road; and one of its boughs projecting horizontally encountered the squire as he trotted along in the dark. Chancing to hitch under his long chin, he could not disengage himself, but hung suspended like a flitch of bacon; while Gilbert, rushing forward, left him dangling, and, by his awkward gambols, seemed to be pleased with the joke. This capricious animal was not retaken without the personal endeavours of the knight; for Crabshaw absolutely refusing to budge a foot from his honour's side, he was obliged to alight, and fasten Bronzomarte to a tree; then they set out together, and, with some difficulty found Gilbert, with his neck stretched over a five-barred gate, snuffing up the morning air. The squire, however, was not remounted, without having first undergone a severe reprehension from his master, who upbraided him with his cowardice, threatened to chastise him on the spot, and declared that he would divorce his dastardly soul from his body, should he ever be incommoded or affronted with another instance of his ill-born apprehension.

Though there was some risque in carrying on the altercation at this juncture, Timothy having bound up his jaws, could not withstand the inclination he had to confute his master. He therefore, in a muttering accent, protested, that if the knight would give him leave, he should prove that his honour had tied a knot with his tongue which he could not untie with all his teeth. 'How, caitiff,' cried Sir Launcelot, 'presume to contend with me in argument!'--' Your mouth is scarce shut,' said the other, 'since you declared that a man was not to be punished for madness, because it was a distemper: now I will maintain, that cowardice is a distemper as well as madness; for nobody would be afraid if he could help it.'--'There's more logic in that remark,' returned the knight, 'than I expected from your clod-pate, Crabshaw: but I must explain the difference between cowardice and madness. Cowardice, though sometimes the effect of natural imbecility, is generally a prejudice of education, or bad habit contracted from misinformation or misapprehension, and may certainly be cured by experience and the exercise of reason: but this remedy cannot be applied in madness, which is a privation or disorder of reason

itſelf.'---'So is cowardice, as I'm a living ſoul,' exclaimed the ſquire; 'don't you ſay a man is frightened out of his ſenſes? for my peart, maſter, I can neither ſee nor hear, much leſs argufy, when I'm in ſuch a quandary; wherefore, I do believe, odds bodikins! that cowardice and madneſs are both diſtempers, and differ no more than the hot and cold fits of an ague. When it teakes your honour, you're all heat and fire and fury, Lord bleſs us! but when it catches poor Tim, he's cold and dead-hearted; he ſhcakes and ſhivers like an aſpen leaf, that he does.'--'In that caſe,' anſwered the knight, 'I ſhall not puniſh you for the diſtemper which you cannot help, but for engaging in a ſervice expoſed to peril, when you knew your own infirmity; in the ſame manner as a man deſerves puniſhment who offers himſelf for a ſoldier while he labours under any ſecret diſeaſe.'--'At that rate,' ſaid the ſquire, 'my bread is likely to be rarely buttered o' both ſides, I faith! But I hope, as by the bleſſing of God I have run mad, ſo I ſhall in good time grow valiant, under your honour's precept and example.'

By this time a very diſagreeable night was ſucceeded by a fair, bright morning, and a market-town appeared at the diſtance of three or four miles? when Crabſhaw, having no longer the fear of hobgoblins before his eyes, and being moreover cheared by the ſight of a place where he hoped to meet with comfortable entertainment, began to talk big, to expatiate on the folly of being afraid, and finally ſet all danger at defiance; when all of a ſudden he was preſented with an opportunity of putting in practice thoſe new-adopted maxims. In an opening between two lanes, they perceived a gentleman's coach ſtopped by two highwaymen on horſeback, one of whom advanced to reconnoitre and keep the coaſt clear, while the other exacted contribution from the travellers in the coach. He who acted as centinel no ſooner ſaw our adventurer appearing from the lane, than he rode up with a piſtol in his hand, and ordered him to halt on pain of immediate death.

To this peremptory mandate the knight made no other reply than charging him with ſuch impetuoſity, that he was unhorſed in a twinkling, and lay ſprawling on the ground, ſeemingly ſore bruiſed with his fall. Sir Launcelot commanding Timothy to alight and ſecure the priſoner, couched his launce, and rode full ſpeed at the other highwayman, who was not a little diſturbed at ſight of ſuch an apparition. Nevertheleſs, he fired his piſtol without effect; and, clapping ſpurs to his horſe, fled away at full gallop. The knight purſued him with all the ſpeed that Bronzomarte could exert; but the robber being mounted on a ſwift hunter, kept him at a diſtance; and,

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after a chace of several miles, escaped through a wood so entangled with coppice, that Sir Launcelot thought proper to desist. He then, for the first time, recollected the situation in which he had left the other thief; and remembering to have heard a female shriek as he passed by the coach-window, resolved to return with all expedition, that he might make a proffer of his service to the lady, according to the obligation of knight-errantry. But he had lost his way; and after an hour's ride, during which he traversed many a field, and circled divers hedges, he found himself in the market-town before mentioned. Here the first object that presented itself to his eyes was Crabshaw on foot, surrounded by a mob, tearing his hair, stamping with his feet, and roaring out in manifest distraction—'Shew me the mayor, (for the love of God!) shew me the mayor!—O Gilbert, Gilbert! a murrain take thee, Gilbert! fore thou wast foaled for my destruction!'

From these exclamations, and the antic dress of the squire, the people, not without reason, concluded that the poor soul had lost his wits; and the beadle was just going to secure him, when the knight interposed, and at once attracted the whole attention of the populace. Timothy, seeing his master, fell down on his knees, crying—'The thief has run away with Gilbert—you may pound me into a pease, as the saying is: but now I'm as mad as your worship, ain't afeard of the devil and all his works.' Sir Launcelot desiring the beadle to forbear, was instantly obeyed by that officer, who had no inclination to put the authority of his place in competition with the power of such a figure, armed at all points, mounted on a fiery steed, and ready for the combat. He ordered Crabshaw to attend him to the next inn, where he alighted; then taking him into a separate apartment, demanded an explanation of the unconnected words he had uttered.

The squire was in such agitation, that, with infinite difficulty, and by dint of a thousand different questions, his master learned the adventure to this effect. Crabshaw, according to Sir Launcelot's command, had alighted from his horse, and drawn his cutlass, in hope of intimidating the circumstanced robber into a tame surrender, though he did not at all relish the nature of the service; but the thief was neither so much hurt, nor so tame as Timothy had imagined. He started on his feet, with his pistol still in his hand; and presenting it to the squire, swore with dreadful imprecations, that he would blow his brains out in an instant. Crabshaw, unwilling to hazard the trial of this experiment, turned his back, and fled with great precipitation; while the robber, whose horse had run away, mounted Gilbert, and rode off across the country. It was at this period

that two footmen belonging to the coach, who had ſtaid behind to take their morning's whet at an inn where they lodged, came up to the aſſiſtance of the ladies, armed with blunderbuſſes; and the caval cade proceeded, leaving Timothy alone in diſtraction and deſpair. He knew not which way to turn; and was afraid of remaining on the ſpot, leſt the robbers ſhould come back and revenge themſelves upon him for the diſappointment they had undergone. In this diſtreſs, the firſt thought that occurred was to make the beſt of his way to the town, and demand the aſſiſtance of the civil magiſtrate, towards the retrieval of what he had loſt; a deſign which he executed in ſuch a manner, as juſtly entailed upon him the imputation of lunacy.

While Timothy ſtood fronting the window, and anſwering the interrogations of his maſter, he ſuddenly exclaimed---'Diddikins! there's Gilbert!' and ſprung into the ſtreet with incredible agility. There finding his ſtrayed companion brought back by one of the footman who attended the coach, he imprinted a kiſs on his forehead; and hanging about his neck, with the tears in his eyes, hailed his return with the following ſalutation---'Art thou come back my darling! Ah! Gilbert, Gilbert! A pize upon thee! Thou haaſt like to have been a dear Gilbert to me. How couldſt thou break the heart of thy old friend, who has known thee from a colt? Seven years next graſs have I fed thee and bred thee; provided thee with ſweet hay, delicate corn, and freſh litter, that thou mought be warm, dry, and comfortable. Ha'n't I curry-combed thy caroſſe till it was as ſleek as a floe, and cheriſhed thee as the apple of mine eye? For all that thou haſt played me an hundred dog's tricks; biting, and kicking, and plunging, as if the devil was in thy body; and now thou couldſt run away with a thief, and leave me to be flayed alive by meaſter. What canſt thou ſay for thyſelf, thou cruel, hard-hearted, unchriſtian tuoad?' To this tender expoſtulation, which afforded much entertainment to the boys, Gilbert anſwered not one word; but ſeemed altogether inſenſible to the careſſes of Timothy, who forthwith led him into the ſtable. On the whole, he ſeems to have been an unſocial animal; for it does not appear that ever he contracted any degree of intimacy, even with Bronzomarte, during the whole courſe of their acquaintance and fellowſhip: on the contrary, he has been more than once known to ſignify his averſion by throwing out behind, and other eruptive marks of contempt for that elegant charger, who excelled him as much in perſonal merit as his rider Timothy was outſhone by his all-accompliſhed maſter.

While

While the squire accommodated Gilbert in the ſtable, the knight ſent for the footman who had brought him back; and having preſented him with a liberal acknowledgment, deſired to know in what manner the horſe had been retrieved.

The ſtranger ſatisfied him in this particular, by giving him to underſtand, that the highwayman, perceiving himſelf purſued acroſs the country, plied Gilbert ſo ſeverely with whip and ſpur, that the animal reſented the uſage; and being, beſides, perhaps a little ſtruck with remorſe for having left his old friend Crabſhaw, furiouſly kalked, and ſtood ſtock ſtill, notwithſtanding all the ſtripes and tortures he underwent! or, if he moved at all, it was in a retrograde direction. The thief, finding all his endeavours ineffectual, and himſelf in danger of being overtaken, wiſely quitted his acquiſition, and fled into the boſom of a neighbouring wood.

Then the knight enquired about the ſituation of the lady in the coach, and offered himſelf as her guard and conductor; but was told that ſhe was already ſafely lodged in the houſe of a gentleman at ſome diſtance from the road. He likewiſe learned that ſhe was a perſon diſordered in her ſenſes, under the care and tuition of a widow lady her relation, and that in a day or two they ſhould purſue their journey northward to the place of her habitation.

After the footman had been ſometime diſmiſſed, the knight recollected that he had forgot to aſk the name of the perſon to whom he belonged; and began to be uneaſy about this omiſſion, which indeed was more intereſting than he could imagine: for an explanation of this nature would, in all likelihood, have led to a diſcovery, that the lady in the coach was no other than Miſs Aurelia Darnel, who ſeeing him unexpectedly in ſuch an equipage and attitude as he paſſed the coach (for his helmet was off) had ſcreamed with ſurprize and terror, and fainted away. Nevertheleſs, when ſhe recovered from her ſwoon, ſhe concealed the real cauſe of her agitation, and none of her attendants were acquainted with the perſon of Sir Launcelot.

The circumſtances of the diſorder under which ſhe was ſaid to labour ſhall be revealed in due courſe. In the mean time our adventurer, though unaccountably affected, never dreamed of ſuch an occurrence; but being very much fatigued, reſolved to indemnify himſelf for the loſs of laſt night's repoſe; and this happened to be one of the few things in which Crabſhaw felt an ambition to follow his maſter's example.

CHAP. IX.

Which may ſerve, to ſhew, that true Patriotiſm is of no Party.

THE knight had not enjoyed his repoſe above two hours, when he was diſturbed by ſuch a variety of noiſes as might have diſcompoſed a brain of the fineſt texture. The rumbling of carriages, and the rattling of horſes feet upon the pavement, were interminglèd with loud ſhouts, and the noiſe of fiddle, French-horn, and bagpipe. A loud peal was heard ringing in the church tower at ſome diſtance, while the inn reſounded with clamour, confuſion, and uproar.

Sir Launcelot being thus alarmed, ſtarted from his bed; and running to the window, beheld a cavalcade of perſons well mounted, and diſtinguiſhed by blue cockades. They were generally attired like jockies, with gold laced hats and buckſkin breeches: and one of them bore a ſtandard of blue ſilk, inſcribed, in white letters, with—'LIBERTY AND THE LANDED INTEREST.' He who rode at their head was a jolly figure, of a florid complexion and round belly, ſeemingly turned of fifty, and, in all appearance, of a choleric diſpoſition. As they approached the market-place, they waved their hats, huzza'd, and cried aloud 'NO FOREIGN CONNECTIONS!—OLD ENGLAND FOR EVER!' This acclamation, however, was not ſo loud or univerſal, but that our adventurer could diſtinctly hear a counter-cry from the populace, of—'NO SLAVERY—NO POPISH PRETENDER.' An inſinuation ſo ill-reliſhed by the cavaliers, that they began to ply their horſe-whips among the multitude; and were, in their turn, ſaluted with a diſcharge or volley of ſtones, dirt and dead cats; in conſequence of which ſome teeth were demoliſhed, and many ſurtouts defiled.

Our adventurer's attention was ſoon called off from this ſcene to contemplate another proceſſion of people on foot, adorned with bunches of orange ribands, attended by a regular band of muſic, playing—'*God ſave great George our king;*' and headed by a thin, ſwarthy perſonage, of a ſallow aſpect and large goggling eyes, arched over with two thick ſemicircles of hair, or rather briſtles, jet black, and frowzy. His apparel was very gorgeous, though his addreſs was very awkward: he was accompanied by the mayor, recorder, and heads of the corporation, in their formalities. His enſigns were known

known by the inſcription---*Liberty of Conſcience, and the Proteſtant Succeſſion*;' and the people ſaluted him as he paſſed with repeated cheers, that ſeemed to prognoſticate ſucceſs. He had particularly ingratiated himſelf with the good women who lined the ſtreet, and ſent forth many ejaculatory petitions in his favour.

Sir Launcelot immediately comprehended the meaning of this ſolemnity: he perceived it was a prelude to the election of a member to repreſent the county in parliament: and was ſeized with an eager deſire, to know the names and characters of the competitors.

In order to gratify this deſire, he made repeated application to the bell rope that depended from the ceiling of his apartment; but this produced nothing except the repetition of the words---'Coming, ſir,' which echoed from three or four different corners of the houſe. The waiters were ſo diſtracted by a variety of calls, that they ſtood motionleſs, in the caſe of the ſchoolman's aſs between two bundles of hay, incapable of determining where they ſhould firſt offer their attendance.

Our knight's patience was almoſt exhauſted, when Crabſhaw entered the room in a very ſtrange equipage: one half of his face appeared cloſe ſhaved, and the other covered with lather, while the blood trickled in two rivulets from his noſe, upon a barber's cloth that was tucked under his chin; he looked grim with indignation; and, under his left arm carried his cuiraſs, unſheathed. Where he had acquired ſo much of the profeſſion of knight-errantry, we ſhall not pretend to determine; but, certain it is, he fell on his knees before Sir Launcelot, crying, with an accent of grief and diſtraction---'In the name of St George for England, I beg a boon, Sir Knight, and thy compliance I demand, before the peacock and the ladies.'

Sir Launcelot, aſtoniſhed at this addreſs, replied, in a lofty ſtrain---'Valiant ſquire, thy boon is granted, provided it con not contravene the laws of the land, and the conſtitutions of chivalry.'---'Then I crave leave,' anſwered Crabſhaw, 'to challenge and defy to mortal combat that caitiff barber, who hath left me in this piteous condition; and I vow by the peacock, that I will not ſhave my beard until I have ſhaved his head from his ſhoulders: ſo may I thrive in the occupation of an arrant ſquire.'

Before his maſter had time to enquire into particulars, they were joined by a decent man in boots, who was likewiſe a traveller, and had ſeen the riſe and progreſs of Timothy's diſaſter. He gave the knight to underſtand that Crabſhaw had ſent for a barber,

a barber, and already undergone one half of the operation, when the operator received the long-expected meſſage from both the gentlemen who ſtood candidates at the election. The double ſummons was no ſooner intimated to him than he threw down his baſon, and retired with precipitation, leaving the ſquire in the ſuds. Timothy, incenſed at this deſertion, followed him with equal celerity into the ſtreet, where he collared the ſhaver, and inſiſted upon being entirely trimmed, on pain of the baſtinado. The other finding himſelf thus arreſted, and having no time to ſpare for altercation, lifted up his fiſt, and diſcharged it upon the ſnout of Crabſhaw with ſuch force, that the unfortunate aggreſſor was fain to bite the ground; while the victor haſtened away, in hope of touching the double wages of corruption.

The knight being informed of theſe circumſtances, told Timothy, with a ſmile, that he ſhould have liberty to defy the barber; but, in the mean time, he ordered him to ſaddle Bronzomarte, and prepare for immediate ſervice. While the ſquire was thus employed, his maſter engaged in converſation with the ſtranger, who happened to be a London dealer travelling for orders, and was well acquainted with the particulars which our adventurer wanted to know.

It was from this communicative tradeſman he learned that the competitors were Sir Valentine Quickſet and Mr Iſaac Vanderpelſt; the firſt a mere fox hunter, who depended for ſucceſs in this election upon his intereſt among the high-flying gentry; the other a ſtock jobber and contractor, of foreign extract, not without a mixture of Hebrew blood, immenſely rich, who was countenanced by his Grace of——, and ſuppoſed to have diſtributed large ſums in ſecuring a majority of votes among the yeomanry of the county poſſeſſed of ſmall freeholds, and copy holders, a great number of which laſt reſided in this borough. He ſaid theſe were generally diſſenters and weavers; and that the mayor, who was himſelf a manufacturer, had received a very conſiderable order for exportation; in conſequence of which it was believed he would ſupport Mr Vanderpelſt with all his influence and credit.

Sir Launcelot, rouzed at this intelligence, called for his armour; which being buckled on in a hurry, he mounted his ſteed, attended by Crabſhaw on Gilbert, and rode immediately into the midſt of the multitude by which the huſtings were ſurrounded, juſt as Sir Valentine Quickſet began to harangue the people from an occaſional theatre formed of a plank ſupported by the upper-board of the public ſtocks: and an inferior tier of a wooden cage, pitched alſo for the accommodation of petty delinquents.

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Though the ſingular appearance of Sir Launcelot at firſt attracted the eyes of all the ſpectators, yet they did not fail to yield attention to the ſpeech of his brother knight, Sir Valentine, which ran in the following ſtrain.---'Gentlemen vreeholders of this here county, I don't pretend to make a vine flouriſhing ſpeech---I'm a plain ſpoken man, as you all know. I hope I ſhall always ſpeak my mind without vear or vavour, as the zaying is. 'Tis the way of the Quickſets---we are no upſtarts, nor vorreigners, nor have we any Jewiſh blood in our veins---we have lived in this here neighbourhood time out of mind, as you all know: and poſſeſs an eſtate of vive thouſand clear, which we ſpend at whom, among you, in old Engliſh hoſpitality---All my vorevathers have been parliament-men, and I can prove that ne'er a one o'um gave a ſingle vote for the court, ſince the Revolution. Vor my own peart, I value not the miniſtry tinee ſkips of a louſe, as the zaying is---I ne'er knew but one miniſter that was an honeſt man; and vor all the reſt I care not if they were hanged as high as Haman, with a pox to 'em---I am, thank God, a vree-born, ture-hearted Engliſhman, and a loyal, thof unworthy, ſon of the church---vor all they have done vor H---r, I'd fain know what they have done vor the church, with a vengeance---vor my own peart, I hate all vorreigners, and vorreign meaſures; whereby this poor nation is broken-backed with a dismal load of debt; and taxes riſe ſo high that the poor cannot get bread. Gentlemen vreeholders of this county, I value no miniſter a vig's end d'ye ſee; if you will vavour me with your votes and intereſt, whereby I may be returned, I'll engage one half of my eſtate that I never cry yea to your ſhillings in the pound, but will croſs the miniſter in every thing, as in duty bound, and as becomes an honeſt vreeholder in the ould intereſt---but, if you ſell your votes and your country vor hire, you will be deteſted in this here world, and damned in the next to all eternity; ſo I leave every man to his own conſcience.'.

This eloquent oration was received by his own friends with loud peals of applauſe; which, however, did not diſcourage his competitor, who, confident of his own ſtrength, aſcended the roſtrum, or in other words, an old caſk ſet upright for the purpoſe. Having bowed all round to the audience with a ſmile of gentle condeſcenſion, he told them how ambitious he was of the honour to repreſent this county in parliament; and how happy he found himſelf in the encouragement of his friends, who had ſo unanimouſly agreed to ſupport his pretenſions. He ſaid, over and above the qualification he poſſeſſed among them, he had fourſcore thouſand pounds in his pocket,

when

which he had acquired by commerce, the ſupport of the nation under the preſent happy eſtabliſhment, in defence of which he was ready to ſpend the laſt farthing. He owned himſelf a faithful ſubject to his majeſty King George; ſincerely attached to the Proteſtant ſucceſſion, in deteſtation and defiance of a Popiſh, an abjured, an out-lawed pretender; and declared that he would exhauſt his ſubſtance, and his blood, if neceſſary, in maintaining the principles of the glorious Revolution. 'This,' cried he, 'is the ſolid baſis and foundation upon which I ſtand.'

Theſe laſt words had ſcarce proceeded from his mouth, when the head of the barrel or puncheon on which he ſtood, being frail and unfirm, gave way; ſo that down he went with a crath, and in a twinkling diſappeared from the eyes of the aſtoniſhed beholders. The fox hunters perceiving his diſaſter, exclaimed, in the phraſe and accent of the chace--'Stole away! ſtole away!' and, with hideous vociferation, joined in the ſylvan chorus which the hunters halloo when the hounds are at fault.

The diſaſter of Mr Vanderpelſt was ſoon repaired by the aſſiduity of his friends, who diſengaged him from the barrel in a trice, hoiſted him on the ſhoulders of four ſtrong weavers; and reſenting the unmannerly exultation of their antagoniſt, began to form themſelves in the order of battle.

An obſtinate fray would have undoubtedly enſued, had not their mutual indignation given way to their curioſity, at the motion of our knight who had advanced into the middle between the two fronts; and waving his hand as a ſignal for them to give attention, addreſſed himſelf to them with graceful demeanor, in theſe words----'Countrymen, friends, and fellow citizens, you are this day aſſembled to determine a point of the utmoſt conſequence to you and yourſelves poſterity, a point that ought to be determined by far other weapons than brutal force and factious clamour. You, the freemen of England, are the baſis of that excellent conſtitution which hath long flouriſhed the object of envy and admiration. To you belongs the ineſtimable privilege of chuſing a delegate properly qualified to repreſent you in the high court of parliament. This is your birth-right, inherited from your anceſtors, obtained by their courage, and ſealed with their blood. It is not only your birth right, which you ſhould maintain in defiance of all anger, but alſo a ſacred truſt, to be executed with the moſt ſcrupulous care and fidelity. The perſon whom you truſt ought not only to be endued with the moſt inflexible integrity, but ſhould likewiſe poſſeſs a fund of knowledge that may enable him to act as a part of the legiſlature.

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He muſt be well acquainted with the hiſtory, the conſtitution, and the laws of his country; he muſt underſtand the forms of buſineſs; the extent of the royal prerogative, the privilege of parliament, the detail of government, the nature and regulation of the finances, the different branches of commerce, the politics that prevail, and the connections that ſubſiſt among the different powers of Europe; for on all theſe ſubjects the deliberations of a Houſe of Commons occaſionally turn: but theſe great purpoſes will never be anſwered by electing an illiterate ſavage, ſcarce qualified, in point of underſtanding, to act as a country juſtice of peace; a man who has ſcarce ever travelled beyond the excurſion of a fox chace; whoſe converſation never rambles further than his ſtable, his kennel, and his barn-yard; who rejects decorum as degeneracy; miſtakes ruſticity for independence; aſcertains his courage by leaping over gates and ditches, and founds his triumph in feats of drinking; who holds his eſtate by a factious tenure; profeſſes himſelf the blind ſlave of a party, without knowing the principles that gave it birth, or the the motives by which it is actuated; and thinks that all patriotiſm conſiſts in railing indiſcriminately at miniſters, and obſtinately oppoſing every meaſure of the adminiſtration. Such a man, with no evil intentions of his own, might be uſed as a dangerous tool in the hands of a deſperate faction, by ſcattering the ſeeds of diſaffection, embarraſſing the wheels of government, and reducing the whole kingdom to anarchy.'

Here the knight was interrupted by the ſhouts and acclamations of the Vanderpelſites, who cried aloud--' Hear him! hear him! Long life to the iron-caſed orator.' This clamour ſubſiding, he proſecuted his harangue to the following effect.

Such a man as I have deſcribed may be dangerous from ignorance; but is neither ſo miſchievous nor ſo deteſtable as the wretch who knowingly betrays his truſt, and ſues to be the hireling and proſtitute of a weak and worthleſs miniſter; a ſordid knave, without honour or principle; who belongs to no family, whoſe example can reproach him with degeneracy; who has no country to command his reſpect, no friends to engage his affection, no religion to regulate his morals, no conſcience to reſtrain his iniquity, and who worſhips no God but Mammon. An inſinuating miſcreant, who undertakes for the dirtieſt work of the vileſt adminiſtration; who practiſes national uſury, receiving by wholeſale the rewards of venality, and diſtributing the wages of corruption by retail.'

In this place our adventurer's ſpeech was drowned in the acclamations of the fox-hunters, who now triumphed in their turn, and hoickſed the ſpeaker, exclaiming--' Well opened, Jowler--

to

to 'un to 'un again. Sweet-lips! hey, Merry, Whitefoot!' After a ſhort interruption, he thus reſumed his diſcourſe.

'When ſuch a caitiff preſents himſelf to you, like the devil, with a temptation in his hand, avoid him as if he were in fact the devil---it is not the offering of diſintereſted love: for what ſhould induce him, who has no affections, to love you, to whoſe perſons he is an utter ſtranger? Alas! it is not a benevolence, but a bribe. He wants to buy you at one market, that he may ſell you at another. Without doubt, his intention is to make an advantage of his purchaſe: and this aim he cannot accompliſh, but by ſacrificing, in ſome ſort, your independency to the wicked deſigns of a miniſter, as he can expect no gratification for the faithful diſcharge of his duty. But, even if he ſhould not find an opportunity of ſelling you to advantage, the crime, the ſhame, the infamy, will ſtill be the ſame in you, who, baſer than the moſt abandoned proſtitutes, have ſold yourſelves and your poſterity for---for a paultry price, to be refunded with intereſt by ſome miniſter, who will indemnify himſelf out of your own pockets; for, after all, you are bought and ſold with your own money---the miſerable pittance you may now receive is no more than a pitcher full of water thrown in to moiſten the ſucker of that pump which will drain you to the bottom. Let me therefore adviſe and exhort you, my country men, to avoid the oppoſite extremes of the ignorant clown and the deſigning courtier; and chuſe a man of honeſty, intelligence, and moderation who will----'

The doctrine of moderation was a very unpopular ſubject in ſuch an aſſembly; and accordingly they rejected it as one man. They began to think the ſtranger wanted to ſet up for himſelf, a ſuppoſition that could not fail to incenſe both ſides equally, as they were both zealouſly engaged in their reſpective cauſes. The whigs and the tories joined againſt this intruder, who being neither, was treated like a monſter, or chimæra in politics. They hiſſed, they hooted, and they hallooed; they annoyed him with miſſiles of dirt, ſticks, and ſtones; they curſed, they threatened, and reviled, till at length his patience was exhauſted.

'Ungrateful and abandoned miſcreants!' he cried, 'I ſpoke to you as men and Chriſtians, as free-born Britons and fellow citizens; but I perceive you are a pack of venal, infamous ſcoundrels, and I will treat you accordingly.' So ſaying, he brandiſhed his launce; and riding into the thickeſt of the concourſe, laid about him with ſuch dexterity and effect, that the multitude was immediately diſperſed, and he retired without farther moleſtation.

The ſame good fortune did not attend Squire Crabſhaw in his retreat. The ludicrous ſingularity of his features, and the half-

mown

mown crop of hair that briſtled from one ſide of his countenance, invited ſome wags to make merry at his expence. One of them clapped a furze buſh under the tail of Gilbert; who feeling himſelf thus ſtimulated *a poſteriori*, kicked, and plunged and capered, in ſuch a manner, that Timothy could hardly keep the ſaddle. In this commotion he loſt his cap and periwig, while the rabble pelted him in ſuch a manner, that, before he could join his maſter, he looked like a pillar, or rather a pillory of mud.

CHAP. X.

Which ſheweth that he who plays at Bowls will ſometimes meet with Rubbers.

SIR Launcelot, boiling with indignation at the venality and faction of the electors, whom he had harangued to ſo little purpoſe, retired with the moſt deliberate ſpeed in towards one of the gates of the town, on the outſide of which his curioſity was attracted by a concourſe of people, in the midſt of whom ſtood Mr Ferret, mounted upon a ſtool, with a kind of ſatchel hanging round his neck, and a phial diſplayed in his right-hand; while he held forth to the audience in a very vehement ſtrain of elocution.

Crabſhaw thought himſelf happily delivered when he reached the ſuburbs, and proceeded without halting; but his maſter mingled with the crowd, and heard the orator expreſs himſelf to this effect.

'Very likely, you may undervalue me and my medicine, becauſe I don't appear upon a ſtage of rotten boards, in a ſhabby velvet coat and tye-periwig, with a fooliſh fellow in a motley coat, to make you laugh, by making wry faces; but I ſcorn to uſe theſe dirty arts by engaging your attention. Theſe poultry tricks, *ad captandum vulgus*, can have no effect but on idiots, and if you are idiots, I don't deſire you ſhould be my cuſtomers. Take notice, I don't addreſs you in the ſtile of a mountebank, or a High German Doctor; and yet the kingdom is full of mountebanks, empyrics and quacks. We have quacks in religion, quacks in phyſic, quacks in law, quacks in politics, quacks in patriotiſm, quacks in government; High German quacks, that have bliſtered, ſweated, bled, and plumed the nations into an atrophy. But this is not all; they have not only evacuated her into a conſumption, but they have intoxicated her brain until ſhe is become delirious: ſhe can no longer purſue her own intereſt, or, indeed, rightly diſtinguiſh it: like the people of Nineveh, ſhe can hardly tell her right hand from her left: but, as a changeling, is dazzled and delighted by the *ignis fatuus*, a Will o'the Wiſp, an exhalation

from the vileſt materials in nature, that leads her aſtray through Weſtphalian bogs and deſerts, and will one day break her neck over ſome barren-rocks, or leave her ſticking in ſome H---n pit or quagmire. For my part, if you have a mind to betray your country, I have no objection. In ſelling yourſelves and your fellow citizens, you only diſpoſe of a pack of raſcals who deſerve to be ſold. If you ſell one another, why ſhould I not ſell this here elixir of long life, which, if properly uſed, will protract your days till you ſhall have ſeen your country ruined? I ſhall not pretend to diſtract your underſtandings, which are none of the ſtrongeſt, with a horſe-pond of unintelligible terms, ſuch as Ariſtotle's four principles of generation, unformed matter, privation, efficient and final cauſe. Ariſtotle was a pedantic blockhead, and ſtill more knave than fool. The ſame cenſure we may ſafely put on that wiſe man Dioſcorides, with his faculties of ſimples, his ſeminal, ſpecific, and primeval virtues; and that crazy commentator Galen, with his four elements, elementary qualities, his eight compoſitions, his harmonies and diſcords. Nor ſhall I expatiate on the nakedneſs of that mad ſcoundrel Paracelſus, with which he pretended to reduce ſalts into ſalt; nor the *archæus*, or *ſpiritus rector*, of that viſionary Van Helmont, his ſimple, elementary water, his *gas*, ferments, and tranſmutations; nor ſhall I enlarge upon the ſalt, ſulphur and oil, the *acidum vagum*, the mercury of metals, and the volatilized vitriol of other modern chymiſts; a pack of ignorant, conceited, knaviſh raſcals, that puzzle your weak heads with ſuch jargon, juſt as a Germaniz---r throws duſt in your eyes, by lugging in and ringing the changes on the balance of power, the proteſtant religion, and your allies on the continent; acting like the juggler, who picks your pockets while he dazzles your eyes, and amuſes your fancy with twirling his fingers, and reciting the gibberiſh of *hocus pocus*; for, in fact, the balance of power is a mere chimera: as for the proteſtant religion, nobody gives himſelf the leaſt trouble about it; and allies on the continent we have none, or at leaſt none that would raiſe an hundred men to ſave us from perdition, unleſs we paid an extravagant price for their aſſiſtance. But to return to this here elixir of long life; I might embelliſh it with a great many high ſounding epithets; but I diſdain to follow the example of every illiterate vagabond, that from idleneſs turns quack, and advertiſes his noſtrum in the public papers. I am neither a felonious dry-ſalter returned from exile, an hoſpital ſtump-turner, a decoyed ſtay-maker, a bankrupt printer, or inſolvent debtor releaſed by act of parliament. I did not pretend to adminiſter medicines without the leaſt tincture of letters, or ſuborn wretches to perjure themſelves in falſe affidavits of cures that were never performed; nor employ a let of ſedcaptains

captains to harangue in my praise at all public places. I was bred regularly to the profession of chymistry, and have tried all the processes of alchemy; and I may venture to say, that this here elexir is, in fact, the *chrusεon pepuromenon ek puros*, the visible, glorious, spiritual body, from whence all other beings derive their existence, as proceeding from their father the sun, and their mother the moon; from the sun, as from a living and spiritual gold, which is mere fire; consequently, the common and universal first created mover, from whence all moveable things have their distinct and particular motions; and also from the moon, as from the wife of the sun, and the common mother of all sublunary things: and for as much as man is, and must be the comprehensive end of all creatures, and the microcosm, he is enjoined in the Revelations to buy gold that is thoroughly fired, or rather pure fire, that he may become rich, and like the sun: as, on the contrary, he becomes poor when he abuses the artificial poison; so that his silver by the fire, must be declined to a *caput mortuum*, which happens when he will hold and retain the menstruum, out of which he partly exists, for his own property, and doth not daily offer up the same in the fire of the sun, that the woman may be cloathed with the sun, and become a sun and thereby rule over the moon; that is to say, that he may get the moon under his feet. Now this here elexir, sold for no more than sixpence a phial, contains the essence of the alkaheft, the archæus, the catholicon the menstruum, the sun, moon: and, to sum up all in one word, is the true, genuine, unadulterated, unchangeable, immaculate, and specific *chrusεon pepuromenon ek puros*.'

The auditors were variously affected by this learned oration. Some of those who favoured the pretensions of the whig candidate, were of opinion that he ought to be punished for his presumption in reflecting so scurrilously on ministers and measures. Of this sentiment was our silversmith; though he could not help admiring the courage of the orator, and owning within himself that he had mixed some melancholy truths with his scurrility.

Mr Ferret would not have stood so long in his rostrum unmolested, had not he cunningly chosen his station immediately without the jurisdiction of the town, whose magistrates therefore could not take cognizance of his conduct; but application was made to the constable of the other parish, while our nostrum-monger proceeded in his speech, the conclusion of which produced such an effect upon his hearers, that his whole cargo was immediately exhausted. He had just stepped down from his stool, when the constable, with his staff, arrived, and took him under his guidance. Mr Ferret on this occasion attempted to interest the people in his behalf, by exhorting them to vindicate

the liberty of the ſubject againſt ſuch an act of oppreſſion; but finding them deaf to the tropes and figures of his elocution, he addreſſed himſelf to our knight, reminding him of his duty to protect the helpleſs and the injured, and earneſtly ſoliciting his interpoſition.

Sir Launcelot, without making the leaſt reply to his entreaties reſolved to ſee the end of this adventure; and, being joined by his ſquire, followed the priſoner at a diſtance, meaſuring back the ground he had travelled the day before, until he reached another ſmall borough, where Ferret was houſed in the common priſon.

While he ſat a-horſeback, deliberating on the next ſtep he ſhould take, he was accoſted by the voice of Tom Clarke; who called, in a whimpering tone, through a window grated with iron—'For the love of God, Sir Launcelot! do, dear Sir, be ſo good as to take the trouble to alight and come up ſtairs—I have ſomething to communicate of conſequence to the community in general, and you in particular—Pray, do, dear Sir Knight. I beg a boon in the name of St Michael and St George for England.'

Our adventurer, not a little ſurprized at this addreſs diſmounted without heſitation, and being admitted to the common goal, there found not only his old friend Tom, but alſo the uncle, ſitting on a bench with a woollen night cap on his head, and a pair of ſpectacles on his noſe, reading very earneſtly in a book, which he afterwards underſtood was intituled—'The Life and Adventures of Valentine and Orſon.' The captain no ſooner ſaw his great pattern enter, than he aroſe and received him with the ſalutation of—'What cheer, brother?' and before the knight could anſwer, added theſe words—'You ſee how the land lies—here have Tom and I been faſt aſhore theſe four and twenty hours; and this birth we have got by attempting to tow your galley, brother, from the enemy's harbour. Adds bobbs! if we had this here fellow whoreſon for a conſort with all our tackle in order, brother, we'd ſoon ſhew'em the topſail flap our cable, and down with their barricadoes. But, howſomever, it don't ſignify talking—patience is a good ſtream-anchor, and will hold, as the ſaying is—but, damn my—as for the matter of my boltſprit.—Hearkye, hearkye, brother, damn'd hard to engage with three at a time, one upon my bow, one upon my quarter, and one right a-head, rubbing and grubbing, lying athwart hawſe, raking fore and aft, battering and grappling, and lathing and claſhing—adds heart, brother; crash went the boltſprit—down came the round top—up with the dead lights ——I ſaw nothing but the ſtars and moon, loſt the helm of my ſeven ſenſes, and down I broached upon my broadſide.'

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As Mr Clarke rightly conceived that his uncle would need an interpreter, he began to explain these hints by giving a circumstantial detail of his own and the captains disaster.

He told Sir Lancelot, that notwithstanding all his persuasion and remonstrances, Captain Crowe insisted upon appearing in the character of a knight-errant; and with that view had set out from the public house on the morning that succeeded his vigil in the church; that upon the highway they had met with a coach, containing two ladies, one of whom seemed to be under great agitation; for, as they passed, she struggled with the other, thrust out her head at the window, and said something which he could not distinctly hear; that Captain Crowe was struck with admiration at her unequalled beauty; and he (Tom) no sooner informed him who she was, than he resolved to set her at liberty, on the supposition that she was under restraint, and in distress: that he accordingly unsheathed his cutlass, and riding after the coach commanded the driver to bring too, on pain of death: that one of the servants believing the captain to be an highwayman, presented a blunderbuss, and in all probability would have shot him on the spot, had not he (the nephew) rode up, and assured them the gentleman was *non compos*; that, notwithstanding his intimation, all the three attacked him with the butt ends of their horse-whips, while the coach drove on; and although he laid about him with great fury, at last brought him to the ground by a stroke on the temple; that Mr Clarke himself then interposed in defence of his kinsman, and was also severely beaten; that two of the servants, having applied to a justice of the peace residing near the field of battle, he had granted a warrant, against the captain and his nephew, and, without examination, committed them as idle vagrants after having seized their horses and their money, on pretence of their being suspected for highwaymen. 'But, as there was no just cause of suspicion,' added he, 'I am of opinion the justice is guilty of a trespass, and may be sued for *falsum imprisonamentum*, and considerable damages obtained; for you will please to observe, Sir, no justice has a right to commit any person till after due examination; besides, we were not committed for an assault and battery, *audita querela*, nor as wandering lunatics by the statute; who, to be sure, may be apprehended by a justice's warrant, and locked up, and chained if necessary, or be sent to their last legal settlement; but we were committed as vagrants and suspected highwaymen. Now we do not fall under the description of vagrants; nor did any circumstance appear to support the suspicion of robbery: for, to constitute robbery, there must be something taken; but here nothing was taken but blows,

and they were upon compulſion. Even an attempt to rob, without any taking, is not felony, but a miſdemeanor. To be ſure, there is a taking in deed and a taking in law; but ſtill the robber muſt be in poſſeſſion of a thing ſtolen; and we only attempted to ſteal ourſelves away---My uncle indeed would have releaſed the young lady *vi et armis*, had his ſtrength been equal to his indignation; and in ſo doing, I would have willingly lent my aſſiſtance, both for a deſire to ſerve ſuch a beautiful young creature, and alſo in regard to your honour, for I thought I heard her call upon your name.'

'Ha! how! what! whoſe name? ſay, ſpeak--heaven and earth! cried the knight, with marks of the moſt violent emotion. Clarke, terrified at his looks, replied---'I beg your pardon a thouſand times; I did not ſay poſitively ſhe did ſpeak thoſe words; but I apprehend ſhe did ſpeak them. Words, which may be taken or interpreted by law in a general or common ſenſe, ought not to receive a ſtrained, or unuſual conſtruction; and ambiguous words---'--'Speak, or be dumb for ever! exclaimed Sir Launcelot in a terrific tone, laying his hand on his ſword--'What young lady, ha! What name did ſhe call upon? Clarke, falling upon his knees, anſwered, not without ſtammering---'Miſs Aurelia Darnel; to the beſt of my recollection, ſhe called upon Sir Launcelot Greaves.'--------'Sacred powers!' cried our adventurer. 'which way did the carriage proceed?'

When Tom told him that the coach quitted the poſt-road, and ſtruck away to the right at full ſpeed, Sir Launcelot was ſeized with a penſive fit; his head ſunk upon his breaſt, and he muſed in ſilence for ſeveral minutes, with the moſt melancholy expreſſion on his countenance; then recollecting himſelf, he aſſumed a more compoſed and chearful air, and aſked ſeveral queſtions with reſpect to the arms on the coach, and the liveries worn by the ſervants. It was in the courſe of this interrogation that he diſcovered he had actually converſed with one of the footmen who had brought back Crabſhaw's horſe; a circumſtance that filled him with anxiety and chagrin, as he had omitted to enquire the name of his maſter, and the place to which the coach was travelling; though in all probability, had he made theſe inquiries, he would have received very little ſatisfaction, there being reaſon to think the ſervants were enjoyed ſecreſy.

The knight, in order to meditate on this unexpected adventure, ſat down by his old friend, and entered into a reverie, which laſted about a quarter of an hour, and might have continued longer, had it not been interrupted by the voice of Crabſhaw; who bawled aloud--'Look to it, my maſters---as you brew

brew you must drink---this shall be a dear day's work to some of you; for my part, I say nothing----the braying ass eats a little grass---one barber shaves not so close, but another finds a few stubble---you wanted to catch a capon, and you've stole a cat---he that takes up his lodgings in a stable, must be contented to lie upon litter.'

The knight, desirous of knowing the cause that prompted Timothy to apothegmatize in this manner, looked through the grate, and perceived the squire fairly set in the stocks, surrounded by a mob of people. When he called to him, and asked the reason of this disgraceful restraint, Crabshaw replied---'There's no cake, but there's another of the same make--------who never climbed, never fell---after clouds comes clear weather. 'Tis all along of your honour I've met with this preferment; no deservings of my own, but the interest of my master. Sir Knight, if you will slay the justice, hang the constable, release your squire, and burn the town, your name will be famous in story; but if you are content I am thankful. Two hours are soon spent in such good company. In the mean time, look to'un, gaoler, there's a frog in the stocks.'

Sir Launcelot, incensed at this affront offered to his servant, advanced to the prison-door, but found it fast locked; and when he called to the turnkey, he was given to understand that he himself was prisoner. Enraged at this intimation, he demanded at whose suit; and was answered through the wicket---- 'At the suit of the king, in whose name I will hold you fast, with God's assistance.'

The knight's looks now began to lighten, he rolled his eyes around, and snatching up an oaken bench, which three ordinary men could scarce have lifted from the ground, he, in all likelihood, would have shattered the door in pieces, had not he been restrained by the interposition of Mr Clarke, who intreated him to have a little patience, assuring him he would suggest a plan that would avenge himself amply on the justice, without any breach of the peace. 'I say, the justice,' added Tom, because it must be his doing. He is a little petulant sort of a fellow, ignorant of the law, guilty of numberless irregularities; and, if properly managed, may for this here act of arbitrary power, be not only cast in a swinging sum, but even turned out of the commission with disgrace.'

This was a very seasonable hint; in consequence of which the bench was softly replaced, and Captain Crowe deposited the poker, with which he had armed himself to second the efforts of Sir Launcelot. They now, for the first time, perceived that Ferret had disappeared; and, upon enquiry, found that he was

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in fact the occaſion of the knight's detention and the ſquire's diſgrace.

CHAP. XI.

Deſcription of a modern Magiſtrate.

BEFORE the knight would take any reſolution for extricating himſelf from his preſent embarraſſment, he deſired to be better acquainted with the character and circumſtances of the juſtice by whom he had been confined, and likewiſe to underſtand the meaning of his own detention. To be informed in this laſt particular, he renewed his dialogue with the turnkey; who told him through the grate, that Ferret no ſooner perceived him in the gaol, without his offenſive arms, which he had left below: than he deſired to be carried before the juſtice, where he had given information againſt the knight, as a violater of the public peace, who ſtrolled about the country with unlawful arms, rendering the highways unſafe, encroaching upon the freedom of elections, putting his majeſty's liege ſubjects in fear of their lives, and, in all probability, harbouring more dangerous deſigns under an affected cloak of lunacy. Ferret, upon this information, had been releaſed and entertained as an evidence for the king; and Crabſhaw was put into the ſtocks, as an idle ſtroller.

Sir Launcelot being ſatisfied in theſe particulars, addreſſed himſelf to his fellow-priſoners, and begged they would communicate what they knew reſpecting the worthy magiſtrate, who had been ſo premature in the execution of his office. This requeſt was no ſooner ſignified, than a crew of naked wretches crouded around him; and, like a congregation of rooks, opened their throats all at once, in accuſation of Juſtice Gobble. The knight was moved at this ſcene, which he could not help comparing in his own mind to what would appear upon a much more awful occaſion, when the cries of the widow and the orphan, the injured and oppreſſed, would be uttered at the tribunal of an unerring Judge, againſt the villainous and inſolent authors of their calamity.

When he had with ſome difficulty, quieted their clamours, and confined his interrogation to one perſon of a tolerably decent appearance, he learned that Juſtice Gobble, whoſe father was a taylor, had for ſome time ſerved as a journeyman hoſier in London, where he had picked up ſome law-terms, by converſing with hackney-writers and attorney's clerks of the loweſt or-

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der; that, upon the death of his master, he had insinuated himself into the good graces of the widow, who took him for her husband; so that he became a person of some consideration, and saved money apace; that his pride increasing with his substance, was reinforced by the vanity of his wife, who persuaded him to retire from business, that they might live genteely in the country; that his father dying, and leaving a couple of houses in this town, Mr Gobble had come down with his lady to take possession, and liked the place so well, as to make a more considerable purchase in the neighbourhood; that a certain peer being indebted to him in the large way of his business, and either unwilling, or unable to pay the money, had compounded the debt by inserting his name in the commission: since which period, his own insolence, and his wife's ostentation, had exceeded all bounds; that, in the exertion of his authority, he had committed a thousand acts of cruelty and injustice against the poorer sort of people, who were unable to call him to a proper account; that his wife domineered with a more ridiculous, though less pernicious usurpation, among the females of the place; that, in a word, he was the subject of continual mirth, and he the object of universal detestation.

Our adventurer, though extremely well disposed to believe what was said to the prejudice of Gobble, would not give entire credit to this discription, without first enquiring into the particulars of his conduct. He therefore asked the speaker, what was the cause of his particular complaint. 'For my own part, Sir,' said he, 'I lived in repute, and kept a shop in this here town, well furnished with a great variety of articles. All the people in the place were my customers; but what I and many others chiefly depended upon, was the extraordinary sale at two annual customary fairs, to which all the country people in the neighbourhood resorted to lay out their money. I had employed all my stock, and even engaged my credit, to procure a large assortment of goods for Lammas Market; but having given my vote, in the election of a vestry-clerk, contrary to the interest of Justice Gobble, he resolved to work my ruin. He suppressed the annual fairs, by which a great many people, especially publicans, earned the best part of their subsistence. The country people resorted to another town. I was overstocked with a load of perishable commodities; and found myself deprived of the best part of my home-customers by the ill-nature and revenge of the justice, who employed all his influence among the common people, making use of threats and promises, to make them desert my shop and give their custom to another person, whom he settled in the same business under my nose. Being thus disabled from making punctual payments, my commodi-

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ties ſpoiling, and my wife breaking her heart. I grew negligent and careleſs, took to drinking, and my affairs went to wreck. Being one day in liquor, and provoked by the ſneers and taunt of the man who had ſet up againſt me, I ſtruck him at his own door; upon which I was carried before the juſtice, who treated me with ſuch inſolence, that I became deſperate, and not only abuſed him in the execution of his office, but alſo made an attempt to lay violent hands upon his perſon. You know, Sir, when a man is both drunk and deſperate, he cannot be ſuppoſed to have any command of himſelf. I was ſent hither to gaol. My creditors immediately ſeized my effects; and, as they were not ſufficient to diſcharge my debts, a ſtatute of bankruptcy was taken out againſt me; ſo that here I muſt lie until they think proper to ſign my certificate, or the parliament ſhall pleaſe to paſs an act for the relief of inſolvent debtors.'

The next perſon who preſented himſelf in the croud of accuſers was a meagre figure, with a green apron: who told the knight that he had kept a public-houſe in the town for a dozen years, and enjoyed a good trade; which was, in a great meaſure, owing to a ſkittle-ground, in which the beſt people of the place diverted themſelves occaſionally; that Juſtice Gobble being diſobliged at his refuſing to part with a gelding which he had bred for his own uſe, firſt of all ſhut up the ſkittle ground; but finding the publican ſtill kept his houſe open, he took care that he ſhould be deprived of his licence, on pretence that the number of ale-houſes was too great and that this man had been bred to another employment. The poor publican, being thus deprived of his bread, was obliged to try the ſtay-making buſineſs, to which he had ſerved an apprenticeſhip; but being very ill qualified for this profeſſion, he ſoon fell to decay, and contracted debts; in conſequence of which he was now in priſon, where he had no other ſupport but what aroſe from the labour of his wife who had gone to ſervice.

The next perſon who preferred his complaint againſt the unrighteous judge was a poacher, at whoſe practices Juſtice Gobble had for ſome years connived, ſo as even to ſcreen him from puniſhment, in conſideration of being ſupplied with game gratis, till at length he was diſappointed by accident. His lady had invited gueſts to an entertainment, and beſpoke a hare which the poacher undertook to furniſh. He laid his ſnares accordingly over night, but they were diſcovered and taken away by the gamekeeper of the gentleman to whom the ground belonged. All the excuſes the poacher could make proved ineffectual in appeaſing the reſentment of the juſtice and his wife at being thus diſconcerted. Meaſures were taken to detect the delinquent

quent in the exerciſe of his illicit occupation; he was committed to ſafe cuſtody; and his wife, with five bantlings, was paſſed to her huſband's ſettlement in a different part of the country.

A ſtout, ſquat fellow, rattling with chains, had juſt taken up the ball of accuſation, when Sir Launcelot was ſtartled with the appearance of a woman, whoſe looks and equipage indicated the moſt piteous diſtreſs. She ſeemed to be turned of the middle age, was of a lofty carriage, tall, thin, weather beaten, and wretchedly attired; her eyes were inflamed with weeping, and her looks diſplayed that wildneſs and peculiarity which denote diſtraction. Advancing to Sir Launcelot, ſhe fell upon her knees; and cliſping her hands together, uttered the following rhapſody, in the moſt vehement tone of affliction.

'Thrice potent, generous, and auguſt emperor, here let my knees cleave to the earth, until thou ſhalt do me juſtice on that inhuman caitiff Gobble. Let him reſtore my ſubſtance which he hath devoured; let him reſtore to my widowed arms my child, my boy, the delight of my eyes, the prop of my life, the ſtaff of my ſuſtenance, whom he hath torn from my embrace, ſtolen, betrayed, ſent into captivity, and murdered!---Behold theſe bleeding wounds upon his lovely breaſt! See how they mangle his lifeleſs corſe! Horror! give me my child, barbarians! his head ſhall lie upon his mother's boſom---ſhe will embalm him with her tears.------Ha! plunge him in the deep! ſhall my boy then float in a watery tomb!------Juſtice, moſt mighty emperor! juſtice upon the villain who hath ruined us all!--- May Heaven's dreadful vengeance overtake him! May the keen ſtorm of adverſity ſtrip him of all his leaves and fruit! May peace forſake his mind, and reſt be baniſhed from his pillow; ſo that all his days ſhall be filled with reproach and ſorrow, and all his nights be haunted with horror and remorſe! May he be ſtung by jealouſy without cauſe, and maddened by revenge without the means of execution! May all his offspring be blighted and conſumed, like the mildewed ears of corn, except one that ſhall grow up to curſe his old age, and bring his hoary head with ſorrow to the grave, as he himſelf has proved a curſe to me and mine!'

The reſt of the priſoners, perceiving the knight extremely ſhocked at her miſery and horrid imprecation, removed her by force from his preſence, and conveyed her to another room; while our adventurer underwent a violent agitation, and could not for ſome minutes, compoſe himſelf ſo well as to enquire into the nature of this wretched creature's calamity.

The ſhopkeeper, of whom he demanded this ſatisfaction gave him to underſtand that ſhe was born a gentlewoman, and, had

had been well educated; that she married a curate, who did not long survive his nuptials; and afterwards became the wife of one Oakley, a farmer in opulent circumstances; that, after twenty years cohabitation with her husband, he sustained such losses by the distemper among the cattle, as he could not repair, and that this reverse of fortune was supposed to have hastened his death; that the widow being a woman of spirit, determined to keep up and manage the farm, with the assistance of an only son, a very promising youth, who was already contracted in marriage with the daughter of another wealthy farmer. Thus the mother had a prospect of retrieving the affairs of her family, when all her hopes were disturbed and destroyed by a ridiculous pique which Mrs Gobble conceived against the young farmer's sweet heart, Mrs Susan Sedgmore. This young woman dancing to be at a country assembly where the grave-digger of the parish acted as master of the ceremonies, was called out to dance before Miss Gobble, who happened to be there present also with her mother. The circumstance was construed into an unpardonable affront by the justice's lady, who abused the director in the most approbrious terms for his insolence and ill manners; and, retiring in a storm of passion, vowed revenge against the saucy minx who had presumed to vie in gentility with Miss Gobble. The justice entered into her resentment. The grave-digger lost his place; and Suky's lover, young Oakley, was pressed for a soldier. Before his mother could take any steps for his discharge, he was hurried away to the East Indies by the industry and contrivance of the justice. Poor Suky wept and pined until she fell into a consumption. The forlorn widow, being thus deprived of her son, was overwhelmed with grief to such a degree, that she could no longer manage her concerns. Every thing went backward; she ran in arrears with her landlord; and the prospect of bankruptcy aggravated her affliction, while it added to her incapacity. In the midst of these disastrous circumstances, news arrived that her son Greaves had lost his life in a sea-engagement with the enemy; and these tidings almost instantly deprived her of reason. The unfeeling landlord seized for his rent, and she was arrested at the suit of Justice Gobble, who had bought up one of her debts in order to distress her, and now pretended that her income was forfeited.

When the name of Greaves was mentioned, our adventurer started and changed colour, and now the story was ended, asked, with marks of eager emotion, if the name of the woman's first husband was not Wilford. When the prisoner answered in the affirmative, he rose up, and striking his breast — 'Good Heaven!' cried he, 'the very woman who watched over my infancy, and, even nourished me with her milk! — She was my mother's humble

ble friend.—Alas! poor Dorothy! how would your old miſtreſs grieve to ſee her favourite in this miſerable condition?' While he pronounced theſe words, to the aſtoniſhment of the hearers, a tear ſtole ſoftly down each cheek. Then he deſired to know if the poor lunatic had any intervals of reaſon; and was given to underſtand that ſhe was always quiet, and generally ſuppoſed to have the uſe of her ſenſes, except when ſhe was diſturbed by ſome extraordinary noiſe, or when any perſon touched upon her misfortune, or mentioned the name of her oppreſſor; in all which caſes ſhe ſtarted out into extravagance and frenzy. They likewiſe imputed great part of the diſorder to the want of quiet, proper food, and neceſſaries, with which ſhe was but poorly ſupplied by the cold hand of chance-charity. Our adventurer was exceedingly affected by the diſtreſs of this woman, whom he reſolved to relieve; and in proportion as his commiſeration was excited, his reſentment aroſe againſt the miſcreant, who ſeemed to have inſinuated himſelf into the commiſſion of the peace on purpoſe to harraſs and oppreſs his fellow-creatures.

Thus animated, he entered into conſultation with Mr Thomas Clarke concerning the ſteps he ſhould take, firſt for their deliverance; and then for proſecuting and puniſhing the juſtice. In reſult of this conference, the knight called aloud for the gaoler, and demanded to ſee a copy of his commitment, that he might know the cauſe of his impriſonment, and offer bail; or, in caſe that he ſhould be refuſed, move for a writ of Habeas Corpus. The gaoler told him the copy of the writ ſhould be forthcoming; but after he had waited ſome time, and repeated the demand before witneſſes, it was not yet produced. Mr Clarke then, in a ſolemn tone, gave the gaolor to underſtand, that an officer refuſing to deliver a true copy of the commitment warrant was liable to the forfeiture of one hundred pounds for the firſt offence, and for the ſecond to a forfeiture of twice that ſum, beſides being diſabled from executing his office.

Indeed, it was no eaſy matter to comply with Sir Launcelot's demand; for no warrant had been granted, nor was it now in the power of the juſtice to remedy this defect, as Mr Ferret had taken himſelf away privately, without having communicated the name and deſignation of the priſoner: a circumſtance the more mortifying to the gaoler, as he perceived the extraordinary reſpect which Mr Clarke and the captain paid to the knight, and and was now fully convinced that he would be dealt with according to law. Diſordered with theſe reflections, he imparted them to the juſtice, who had in vain cauſed ſearch to be made for Ferret, and was now extremely well inclined to ſet the knight and his friends at liberty, though he did not at all ſuſpect the quality and importance of our adventurer. He could

not, however, refift the temptation of difplaying the authority of his office, and therefore ordered the prifoners to be brought before his tribunal, that, in the capacity of a magiftrate, he might give them a fevere reproof, and proper caution with refpect to their future behaviour.

They were accordingly led through the ftreet in proceffion, guarded by the conftable and his gang, followed by Crabfhaw, who had by this time been releafed from the ftocks, and furrounded by a crowd of people attracted by curiofity. When they arrived at the juftice's houfe, they were detained for fome time in the paffage; then a voice was heard, commanding the conftable to bring in the prifoners, and they were introduced to the hall of audience, where Mr Gobble fat in judgment, with a crimfon velvet night-cap on his head; and on his right hand appeared his lady, puffed up with the pride and infolence of her hufband's office, fat, frowzy, and not over-clean, well ftricken in years, without the leaft veftige of an agreeable feature, having a rubicond nofe, ferret eyes, and imperious afpect. The juftice himfelf was a little affected, pert prig, who endeavoured to folemnize his countenance by affuming an air of confequence, in which pride, impudence, and folly were ftrangely blended. He afpired at nothing fo much as the character of an able fpokefman; and took all opportunities of holding forth at veftry and quarter-feffions, as well as in the adminiftration of his office in private. He could not, therefore, let flip this occafion of exciting the admiration of his hearers; and, in an authoritative tone, thus addreffed our adventurers.

'The laws of this land has provided——I fays as how provifion is made by the laws of this here land, in reverence to the delinquems manefactors, whereby the king's peace is upholden by we magiftrates, who repreferits his majefty's perfon, better than in e'er a contagious nation under the fun; but, howfomever, that there king's peace, and this here magiftrate's authority, cannot be adequably and indemnifically upheld, if fo be as how criminals efcape unpunifhed. Now, friend, you muft be confidentious in your own mind, as you are a notorious criminal, who have trefpaffed againft the laws on divers occafions and importunities; if I had a mind to exercife the rigour of the law according to the authority wherewith I am veffed, you and your companions in iniquity would be fewerely punifhed by the ftatue; but we magiftrates has a power to litigate the fewerity of juftice; and fo I am contented that you fhould be mercifully dealt withal, and even difmiffed.'

To this harangue the knight replied, with folemn and deliberate accent——'If I underftand your meaning aright, I am ac-

accuſed of being a notorious criminal, but, nevertheleſs, you are contented to let me eſcape with impunity. If I am a notorious criminal, it is the duty of you, as a magiſtrate, to bring me to condign puniſhment; and if you allow a criminal to eſcape unpuniſhed, you are not only unworthy of a place in the commiſſion, but become acceſſary to his guilt, and, to all intents and purpoſes, *ſocius criminis*. With reſpect to your profered mercy, I ſhall decline the favour; nor do I deſerve any indulgence at your hands; for, depend upon it, I ſhall ſhew no mercy to you in the ſteps I intend to take for bringing you to juſtice. I underſtand that you have been long hackneyed in the ways of oppreſſion, and I have ſeen ſome living monuments of your inhumanity---of that hereafter. I myſelf have been detained in priſon without cauſe aſſigned. I have been treated with indignity, and inſulted by goalers and conſtables; led through the ſtreets like a felon, as a ſpectacle to the multitude; obliged to dance attendance in your paſſage, and afterwards branded with the name of notorious criminal---I now demand to ſee the information in conſequence of which I was detained in priſon, the copy of the warrant of commitment or detainer, and the face of the perſon by whom I was accuſed. I inſiſt upon a compliance with theſe demands, as the privileges of a Britiſh ſubject; and, if it is refuſed, I ſhall ſeek redreſs before a higher tribunal.'

The juſtice ſeemed to be not a little diſturbed at this peremptory declaration; which, however, had no other effect upon his wife but that of enraging her choler and enflaming her countenance. 'Sirrah! ſirrah! cried ſhe, do you dares to inſult a worſhipful magiſtrate on the bench?---Can you deny that you are a vagram, and dilatory ſort of a perſon? Han't the man with the latchel made an affidavit of it?---If I was my huſband, I'd lay you faſt by the heels for your reſumption; and ſerk you with a primmeery into the bargain, unleſs you could give a better account of yourſelf---I would.'

Gobble, encouraged by this ſillip, reſumed his petulance, and proceeded in this manner: 'Heark ye, friend, I might, as Mrs Gobble juſtly obſerves, trounce you for your audacious behaviour; but I ſcorn to take ſuch advantages: howſomever I ſhall make you give an account of yourſelf and companions: for I believes as how you are in a gang, and all in a ſtore, and perhaps you may be found one day in a cord.---What are you, friend? What is your ſtation and degree?---'I am a gentleman,' replied the knight.---'Aye, that is Engliſh for a ſorry fellow,' ſaid the juſtice. 'Every idle vagabond, who has neither home nor habitation, traſſe nor profeſſion, deſigns himſelf a gentleman. But I muſt know how you live?' 'Upon my means,'---What are

your means?'---'My eſtate.'---'Whence doth it ariſe?'---'From inheritance.'---'Your eſtate lies in brafs, and that you have inherited from nature; but do you inherit lands and tenements?'---'Yes.'---'But they are neither here nor there, I doubt. Come come, friend, I ſhall bring you about preſently.' Here the examination was interrupted by the arrival of Mr Fillet the ſurgeon; who chancing to paſs, and ſeeing a crowd about the door, went in to ſatisfy his curioſity.

CHAP. XII.

Which ſhews there are more Ways to kill a Dog than hanging.

MR Fillet no ſooner appeared in the judgment chamber of juſtice Gobble, than Captain Crowe ſeizing him by the hand, exclaimed---'Body o'me! Doctor, thou'rt come up in the nick of time to lend us a hand in putting about. We're a little in the ſtays here---but, howſomever, we've a good pilot who knows the coaſt, and can weather the point, as the ſaying is. As for the enemies veſſel, ſhe has had a ſhot or two already athwart her fore-foot; the next, I do ſuppoſe, will ſtrike the maſt, and then you'll ſee her taken all a-back.' The doctor, who perfectly underſtood his dialect, aſſured him he might depend upon his aſſiſtance; and, advancing to the knight, accoſted him in theſe words: 'Sir Launcelot Greaves, your moſt humble ſervant.---When I ſaw a crowd at the door, I little thought of finding you within, treated with ſuch indignity.---yet I can't help being pleaſed with an opportunity of proving the eſteem and veneration I have for your perſon and character---you will do me a particular pleaſure in commanding my beſt ſervices.'

Our adventurer thanked him for this inſtance of his friendſhip, which he told him he would uſe without heſitation; and deſired he would procure immediate bail for him and his two friends, who had been impriſoned contrary to law, without any cauſe alleged.

During this dialogue, the juſtice, who had heard of Sir Launcelot's family and fortune, though an utter ſtranger to his perſon, was ſeized with ſuch pangs of terror and compunction as a groveling mind may be ſuppoſed to have felt in ſuch circumſtances; and they ſeemed to produce the ſame unſavoury effects that are ſo humorouſly delineated by the inimitable Hogarth

garb in the print of Felix on his tribunal, done in the Dutch ſtyle. Nevertheleſs ſeeing Fillet retire to execute the knight's commands, he recollected himſelf ſo far as to tell the priſoners there was no occaſion to give themſelves any further trouble for he would releaſe them without bail or main-prize. Then diſcarding all the ferocity from his features, and aſſuming an aſpect of the moſt humble adulation, he begged the knight ten thouſand pardons for the freedoms he had taken, which were entirely owing to his ignorance of Sir Launcelot's quality. 'Yes, I'll aſſure you, Sir,' ſaid the wife, my huſband would have bit off his tongue, rather than ſay black is the white of your eye, if ſo be he had known your capacity.—Thank God, we have been uſed to deal with gentlefolks, and many's the good pound we have left by them; but what of that? Sure we know how to behave to our betters. Mr Gobble, thanks be to God, can defy the whole world to prove, that he ever ſaid an uncivil word, or did a rude thing to a gentleman. Knowing him to be a perſon of fortune. Indeed, as to your poor gentry and riff raff, your tag-rag and bobtail, or ſuch vulgar, ſcoundrelly people, he has always behaved like a magiſtrate, and treated them with the rigger of authority.'—'In other words,' ſaid the knight, 'he has tyrannized over the poor, and connived at the vices of the rich: your huſband is obliged to you for this confeſſion, woman.'——Woman!' cried Mrs Gobble, impurpled with wrath, and fixing her hands on her ſides, by way of defiance, 'I ſcorn your words——Marry come up, woman! quotha; no more a woman than your worſhip.' Then burſting into tears——'Huſband,' continued ſhe, 'if you had the ſoul of a louſe, you would not ſuffer me to be abuſed at this rate; you would not ſit ſtill on the bench, and hear your ſpouſe called ſuch contemptible epitaphs.——Who cares for his title and his knighthhip? You and I, huſband, knew a taylor that was made a knight; but, thank God, I have noblemen to ſtand by me with their privileges and beroguetiſs'

At this inſtant Mr Fillet returned with his friend, a practitioner in the law, who freely offered to join in bailing our adventurer and the other two priſoners for any ſum that ſhould be required. The juſtice perceiving the affair began to grow more and more ſerious, declared that he would diſcharge the warrants, and diſmiſs the priſoners.

Here Mr Clarke interpoſing, obſerved, that againſt the knight no warrant had been granted, nor any information ſworn to; conſequently, as the juſtice had not complied with the form of proceeding directed by ſtatute, the impriſonment was *coram non judice*, void. 'Right, Sir, ſaid the other lawyer, 'if a juſtice

comm'ts a felon for trial without binding over the profecutor t the aſſizes, he ſhall be fined.'----'And again,' c ied Clarke, : a juſtice iſſues a warrant for commitment where there is no accuſation, action will lie againſt the juſtice '------' Moreover,' rereplied the ſtranger, 'if a juſtice of peace is guilty of ny miſdemeanor in his office, information lies againſt him *in Banco Regis*, where he ſhall be puniſhed by fine and impriſonment.'—'And beſides,' reſume' the accurate Tom, the ſame court will grant an information againſt a juſtice of peace, on motion, for ſending even a ſervant to the houſe of correction or common gaol without ſufficient cauſe.----' True!' exclaimed the other limb of the law; 'and, for contempt of law, attachment may be had againſt juſtices of peace *in Banco Regis:* a juſtice of the peace was fined a thouſand marks for corrupt practices.'

With theſe words, advancing to Mr Clarke, he ſhook him by the hand, with the appellation of brother; ſaying---'I doubt the juſtice has got into a curſed *bevel.*' Mr Gobble himſelf ſeemed to be of the ſame opinion: he changed colour ſeveral times during the remarks which the lawyers had made; and now, declaring that the gentlemen were at liberty, begged, in the moſt humble phrase, that the company would eat a bit of mutton with him, and after dinner the affair might be amicably compromiſed. To this propoſal our adventurer replied, in a grave and reſolute tone---'If your acting in the commiſſion as a juſtice of the peace concerned my own particular only, perhaps I ſhould waive any farther enquiry, and reſent your inſolence no other way but by ſilent contempt. If I thought the errors of your adminiſtration proceeded from a good intention, defeated by want of underſtanding, I ſhould pity your ignorance, and, in compaſſion, adviſe you to deſiſt from acting a part for which you are ſo ill qualified; but the prepoſterous conduct of ſuch a man deeply affects the intereſt of the community, eſpecially that part of it, which, from it's helpleſs ſituation, is the more entitled to our protection and aſſiſtance. I am, moreover, convinced that your miſconduct is not ſo much the conſequence of an uninformed head, as the poiſonous iſſue of a malignant heart, devoid of humanity, inflamed with pride, and rankling with revenge. The common priſon of this little town is filled with the miſerable objects of your cruelty and oppreſſion. Inſtead of protecting the helpleſs, reſtraining the hands of violence, preſerving the public tranquility, and acting as a father to the poor, according to the intent and meaning of that inſtitution of which you are an unworthy member, you have diſtreſſed the widow and the orphan, given a looſe to all the inſolence of office, embroiled your neighbours by fomenting ſuits and animoſities,

and

and played the tyrant among the indigent and forlorn. You have abused the authority with which you were invested, entailed a reproach upon your office; and, instead of being revered as a blessing, you are detested as a curse among your fellow-creatures. This, indeed, is generally the case of low fellows, who are thrust into the magistracy without sentiment, education, or capacity. Among other instances of your iniquity, there is now in prison a unhappy woman, infinitely your superior in the advantages of birth, sense and education, whom you have, even without provocation, persecuted to ruin and distraction, after having illegally and inhumanly kidnapped her only child, and exposed him to a violent death in a foreign land. Ah, caitiff! if you were to forego all the comforts of life, distribute your means among the poor, and do the severest penance that ever priestcraft prescribed for the rest of your days, you could not atone for the ruin of that helpless family! a family through whose sides you cruelly and perfidiously stabbed the heart of an innocent young woman, to gratify the pride and diabolical malice of that wretched, low-bred woman, who now sits at your right hand as the associate of power and presumption. Oh! if such a despicable reptile shall annoy mankind with impunity; if such a contemptible miscreant shall have it in his power to do such deeds of inhumanity and oppression, what avails the law? Where is our admired constitution, the freedom, the security of the subject, the boasted humanity of the British nation? Sacred heaven! if there was no human institution to take cognizance of such atrocious crimes, I would listen to the dictates of eternal justice; and, arming myself with the right of nature, exterminate such villains from the face of the earth.'

These last words he pronounced in such a strain, while his eyes lightened with indignation, that Gobble and his wife underwent the most violent agitation; the constable's teeth chattered in his head, the gaoler trembled, and the whole audience was overwhelmed with consternation.

After a short pause, Sir Launcelot proceeded in a milder strain:—'Thank Heaven, the laws of this country have exempted me from the disagreeable task of such an execution. To them we shall have immediate recourse, in three separate actions against you for false imprisonment; and any other person who has been injured by your arbitrary and wicked proceedings, in me shall find a warm protector, until you shall be expunged from the commission with disgrace, and have made such retaliation as your circumstances will allow for the wrongs you have done the community.'

In order to compleat the mortification and terror of the justice, the lawyer, whose name was Fenton, declared that, to his

his certain knowledge, these actions would be reinforced with divers prosecutions for corrupt practices, which had lain dormant until some persons of courage and influence should take the lead against Justice Gobble; who was the more dreaded, as he acted under the patronage of Lord Sharpington. By this time fear had deprived the justice and his helpmate of the faculty of speech. They were, indeed, almost petrified with dismay, and made no effort to speak; when Mr Fillet, in the rear of the knight, as he retired with his company, took his leave of them in these words:--'And now, Mr Justice, *to dinner, with what appetite you may.*'

Our adventurer, though warmly invited to Mr Fenton's house, repaired to a public inn, where he thought he should be more at his ease; fully determined to punish and depose Gobble from his magistracy; to effect a general gaol-delivery of all the debtors whom he had found in confinement; and, in particular, to rescue poor Mrs Oakley from the miserable circumstances in which she was involved.

In the mean time, he insisted upon entertaining his friends at dinner; during which many sallies of sea-wit and good-humour passed between Captain Crowe and Doctor Fillet; which last had just returned from a neighbouring village, whether he was summoned to fish a man's yard-arm which had snapped in the slings. Their enjoyment, however, was suddenly interrupted by a loud scream from the kitchen; whither Sir Launcelot immediately sprung, with equal eagerness and agility. There he saw the landlady, who was a woman in years, embracing a man dressed in a sailor's jacket; while she exclaimed--'It is thy own flesh and blood, so sure as I'm a living soul. Ah! poor Greaves, poor Greaves; many a poor heart has grieved for thee!' To this salutation the youth replied---'I'm sorry for that, mistress. How does poor mother? How does Suky Sedgemore?'

The good woman of the house could not help shedding tears at these interrogations; while Sir Launcelot, interposing, said, not without emotion---'I perceive you are the son of Mrs Oakley. Your mother is in a bad state of health, but in me you will find a real parent.' Perceiving that the young man eyed him with astonishment, he gave him to understand that his name was Launcelot Greaves.

Oakley no sooner heard these words pronounced, than he fell upon his knees; and seizing the knight's hand, kissed it eagerly, crying---'God for ever bless your honour; I am your name-son, sure enough!---But what of that? I can earn my bread without being beholden to any man.'

When

When the knight raised him up, he turned to the woman of the house, crying---'I want to see mother; I'm afraid as how times are hard with her, and I have saved some money for her use.' This instance of filial duty brought tears into the eyes of our adventurer, who assured him his mother should be carefully attended, and want for nothing; but that it would be very improper to see her at present, as the surprize might shock her too much, considering that she believed him dead---'Ey, indeed! cried the landlady, we were all of the same opinion, being, as the report went, that poor Greaves Oakley was killed in battle.' ---'Lord! mistress,' said Oakley, 'there wa'n't a word of truth in't, I'll assure you. What d'ye think I'd tell a lie about the matter? Hurt I was, to be sure; but that don't signify; we gave 'em as good as they brought, and so parted. Well, if so be I can't see mother, I'll go and have some chat with Suky. What d'ye look so grim for? She an't married, is she?'---'No, no,' replied the woman, 'not married, but almost heart-broken. Since thou wast gone, she has done nothing but sighed, and wept, and pined herself into a decay. I'm afraid thou hast come too late to save her life.'

Oakley's heart was not proof against this information. Bursting into tears, he exclaimed---'O my dear, sweet, gentle Suky! Have I then lived to be the death of her whom I loved more than the whole world!' He would have gone instantly to her father's house, but was restrained by the knight and his company, who had now joined him in the kitchen.

The young man was seated at table; and gave them to understand, that the ship to which he belonged having arrived in England, he was indulged with a month's leave to see his relations; and that he had received about fifty pounds in wages and prize-money. After dinner, just as they began to deliberate upon the measures to be taken against Gobble, that gentleman arrived at the inn, and humbly craved admittance. Sir Feliz, struck with a sudden inspiration, retired to another apartment with the young farmer; while the justice, being admitted to the company, declared that he came to propose terms of accommodation. He accordingly offered to ask pardon of Sir Launcelot in the public papers, and pay fifty pounds to the poor of the parish, as an atonement for his misbehaviour, provided the knight and his friends would grant him a general release. Our adventurer told him, he would willingly waive all personal considerations; but, as the case concerned the community, he insisted on his leaving off acting in the commission, and making satisfaction to the parties he had injured and oppressed. This declaration introduced a dissertation, in the course of which the justice's petulance

lance began to revive; when Fillet, entering the room, told them he had a reconciling meaſure to propoſe, if Mr Gobble would for a few minutes withdraw. He roſe up immediately, and was ſhewn into the room which Fillet had prepared for his reception. While he ſat muſing on this untoward adventure, ſo big with diſgrace and diſappointment, young Oakley, according to the inſtructions he had received, appeared all at once before him, pointing to a ghaſtly wound which the doctor had painted on his forehead. The apparition no ſooner preſented itſelf to the eyes of Gobble, than, taking it for granted it was the ſpirit of the young farmer whoſe death he had occaſioned, he roared aloud—Lord have mercy upon us! and fell, inſenſible, on the floor. There being found by the company, to whom Fillet had communicated his contrivance, he was conveyed to bed, where he lay ſome time, before he recovered the perfect uſe of his ſenſes. Then he earneſtly deſired to ſee the knight; and aſſured him he was ready to comply with his terms, inaſmuch as he believed he had not long to live. Advantage was immediately taken of this ſalutary diſpoſition. He found himſelf not to act as a juſtice of the peace in any part of Great-Britain, under the penalty of five thouſand pounds. He burnt Mrs Oakley's note; paid the debts of the ſhop-keeper and cook to compound thoſe of the publican, and to ſet him in buſineſs; and, finally, diſcharged them all [illegible] paying the dues out of his own pocket. Theſe [illegible] with peculiar eagerneſs, he was removed to his [illegible] aſſured his wife he had ſeen a viſion that prognoſticated his death: and had immediately recourſe to the curate of the pariſh for ſpiritual conſolation.

The moſt intereſting part of the taſk that now remained was to make the widow Oakley acquainted with her good fortune, in ſuch a manner as might leaſt diſturb her ſpirits, already but too much diſcompoſed. For this purpoſe they choſe the landlady; who, after having received proper directions how to regulate her conduct, viſited her in perſon that ſame evening. Finding her quite calm, and her reflection quite reſtored, ſhe began with exhorting her to put her truſt in Providence, which would never forſake the cauſe of the injured widow and fatherleſs; ſhe promiſed to aſſiſt and befriend her on all occaſions, as far as her abilities would reach; ſhe gradually turned the converſation upon the family of the Greaves; and by degrees informed her, that Sir Lancelot, having learned her ſituation, was determined to extricate her from all her troubles. Perceiving her aſtoniſhed, and deeply affected at this intimation, ſhe artfully ſhifted the diſcourſe, recommended reſignation to the

Divine

Divine Will, and observed, that this circumstance seemed to be an earnest of farther happiness. 'O I'm incapable of receiving more!' cried the disconsolate widow, with streaming eyes. 'Yet I ought not to be surprized at any blessing that flows from that quarter. The family of Greaves were always virtuous, humane, and benevolent. This young gentleman's mother was my dear lady and benefactress--he himself was suckled at these breasts. O he was the sweetest, comliest, best conditioned babe!---I loved not my own Greaves with greater affection---but he alas! is now no more!'--'Have patience, good neighbour,' said the landlady of the White Hart; 'that is more than you have any right to affirm--all that you know of the matter is by common report, and common report is commonly false; besides, I can tell you I have seen a list of the men that were killed in admiral P---'s ship when he fought the French in the East Indies, and your son was not in the number.' To this intimation she replied, after a considerable pause--'Don't, my good neighbour, don't feed me with false hope. My poor Greaves too certainly perished in a foreign land--yet he is happy---Had he lived to see me in this condition, grief would soon have put a period to his days.'--'I tell you, then,' cried the visitant, 'he is not dead. I have seen a letter that mentions his being well since the battle. You shall come along with me; you are no longer a prisoner, but shall live at my house comfortably, till your affairs are settled to your wish.'

The poor widow followed her in silent astonishment, and was immediately accommodated with necessaries.

Next morning her hostess proceeded with her in the same cautious manner, until she was assured that her son had returned. Being duly prepared, she was blessed with the sight of poor Greaves, and fainted away in his arms.

We shall not dwell upon this tender scene, because it is but of a secondary concern in the history of our knight-errant: let it suffice to say, their mutual happiness was unspeakable. She was afterwards visited by Sir Launcelot; whom she no [illegible] beheld, than springing forwards with all the eagerness of maternal affection, she clasped him to her breast, crying [illegible] my Launcelot! my pride! my darling! my [illegible] benefactor! This is not the first time I have [illegible] O you are the very image of Sir [illegible] you; but you have got the eyes, the complexion, the sweetness and complacency, of my dear and ever honoured lady!' This was not in the strain of hireling praises but the genuine tribute of esteem and admiration: as such, it could not but be agreeable to our hero, who undertook to procure Oakley's discharge, and settle him in a comfortable farm on his own estate.

In

In the mean time, Greaves went with a heavy heart to the houſe of farmer Sedgemore, where he found Suky who had been prepared for his reception, in a tranſport of joy, though very weak, and greatly emaciated. Nevertheleſs, the return of her ſweetheart had ſuch an happy effect on her conſtitution, that in a few weeks her health was perfectly reſtored.

This adventure of our knight was crowned with every happy circumſtance that could give pleaſure to a generous mind. The priſoners were releaſed, and reinſtated in their former occupations. The juſtice performed his articles from fear, and afterwards turned over a new leaf from remorſe. Young Oakley was married to Suky, with whom he received a conſiderable portion. The new married couple found a farm ready ſtocked for them on the knight's eſtate; and the mother enjoyed a happy retreat in the character of the houſe-keeper at Greaveſbury Hall.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

THE

ADVENTURES

OF

SIR LAUNCELOT GREAVES.

VOL. II.

CHAP. I.

In which our Knight is tantalized with a tranſient Glimpſe of Felicity.

THE ſucceſs of our adventurer, which we have particularized in the laſt chapter, could not fail of enhancing his character, not only among thoſe who knew him, but alſo among the people of the town, to whom he was not an utter ſtranger. The populace ſurrounded the houſe, and teſtified their approbation in loud huzzas. Captain Crowe was more than ever inſpired with veneration for his admired patron, and more than ever determined to purſue his footſteps in the road of chivalry. Fillet, and his friend the lawyer, could not help conceiving an affection, and even a profound eſteem, for the exalted virtue, the perſon, and the accompliſhments of the knight, daſhed as they were with a mixture of extravagance and inſanity. Even Sir Launcelot himſelf was elevated to an extraordinary degree of ſelf-complacency on the fortunate iſſue of his adventure; and became more and more perſuaded that a knight errant's profeſſion might be exerciſed, even in England, to the advantage of the community. The only perſon of the company who ſeemed unanimated with the general ſatisfaction was Mr Thomas Clarke. He had, not without good reaſon, laid it down as a maxim, that knight-errantry and madneſs were ſynonimous terms; and that madneſs, though exhibited in the moſt advantageous and agreeable light, could not change its nature, but muſt continue a perverſion of ſenſe to the end of the chapter. He perceived the additional impreſſion which the brain of his uncle had ſuſtained from the happy manner in which the benevolence of Sir Launcelot had ſo lately operated; and began to fear it would be, in a little time, quite neceſſary

to have recourſe to a commiſſion of lunacy, which might not only diſgrace the family of the Crowes, but alſo tend to invalidate the ſettlement which the captain had already made in favour of our young lawyer.

Perplexed with theſe cogitations, Mr Clarke appealed to our adventurer's own reflection. He expatiated upon the bad conſequences that would attend his uncle's perſeverance in the execution of a ſcheme ſo foreign to his faculties; and entreated him, for the love of God, to divert him from his purpoſe, either by arguments or authority; as, of all mankind, the knight alone had gained ſuch an aſcendancy over his ſpirits, that he would liſten to his exhortations with reſpect and ſubmiſſion.

Our adventurer was not ſo mad, but that he ſaw and owned the rationality of theſe remarks. He readily undertook to employ all his influence with Crowe to diſſuade him from his extravagant deſign; and ſeized the firſt opportunity of being alone with the captain, to ſignify his ſentiments on this ſubject. 'Captain Crowe,' ſaid he, 'you are, then determined to proceed in the courſe of knight-errantry?——'I am,' replied the ſeaman, 'with God's help, d'ye ſee, and the aſſiſtance of wind and weather.'——'What, do'ſt thou talk of wind and weather!' cried the knight in an elevated tone of affected tranſport: without the help of Heaven, indeed, we are all vanity, imbecility, weakneſs, and wretchedneſs; but if thou art reſolved to embrace the life of an errant, let me not hear thee ſo much as whiſper a doubt, a wiſh, a hope, or ſentiment, with reſpect to any other obſtacle which wind or weather, fire or water, ſword or famine, danger or diſappointment, may throw in the way of thy career.——When the duty of thy profeſſion calls, thou muſt ſingly ruſh upon innumerable hoſts of armed men; thou muſt ſtorm the breach in the mouth of batteries loaded with death and deſtruction; while, every ſtep thou moveſt, thou art expoſed to the horrible explotion of ſubterranean mines, which, being ſprung, will whirl thee aloft in air, a mangled corſe, to feed the fowls of heaven: thou muſt leap into the abyſs of diſmal caves and caverns, replete with poiſonous toads and hiſſing ſerpents; thou muſt plunge into ſeas of burning ſulphur; thou muſt launch upon the ocean in a crazy bark, when the foaming billows roll mountains high, when the lightning flaſhes, the thunder roars, and the howling tempeſt blows, as if it would commix the jarring elements of air and water, earth and fire, and reduce all nature to the original anarchy of chaos. Thus involved, thou muſt turn thy prow full againſt the fury of the ſtorm, and ſtem the boiſterous ſurge to thy deſtined port, though at the diſtance of a thouſand leagues——thou muſt——'

'Avaſt! avaſt, brother!' exclaimed the impatient Crowe; 'you'v-

'you've got into the high latitude, d'ye see!--- If so be as you spank it away at that rate, adad, I cannot continue in tow----- we must cast off the rope, or 'ware timbers. ---As for your 'ots and breeches, and hurling aloft, d'ye see, your caves and caverns, whistling toads and serpents, burning brimstone and foaming billows, we must take our hap; I value 'em not a rotten ratline--- but, as for sailing in the wind's eye, brother, you must give me leave--no offence, I hope--- I pretend to be a thorough-bred seaman, d'ye see---and I'll be damned if you, or e'er an errant that broke biscuit, ever sailed in a three-mast vessel within five points of the wind, allowing for variation and --way.---No, no, brother, none of your tricks upon travell rs. I don't now to learn my compass.'---'Trick!' cried the knight, starting up, and laying his hand on the pummel of his sword, 'What! suspect my honour!'

Crowe, supposing him to be really incensed, interrupted him with great earnestness, saying--'Nay, d'ye see'---What a pize!---Adds timelines!---I didn't go to give you the lye, brother, smite my limbs: I only said as how to sail in the wind's eye was impossible-'---'And I say unto thee,' resumed the knight, 'nothing is impossible to a true knight errant inspired and animated by love.'---'And I say unto thee,' replied Crowe, 'If so be as how love pretends to turn the sawlmaides to the wind, he's no seaman, d'ye see, but a forecastle-notd, lubberly boy, that knows not a cat from a capstan a 't'

'He that does not believe that love is an infallible pilot, must not embark upon the ocean of life; for, next to the protection of Heaven, [illegible] knight derives all his prowess and [illegible] mistress invigorates his arm; the [illegible] dwells in his breast: the most heroic [illegible] the love or ever crafty hedges [illegible] are invulnerable to the sword [illegible] A knight without a mistress is a [illegible] a ship without nature, a pilot without compass, a ladder, on [illegible] must be driven to and fro upon [illegible] future [illegible]'

'[illegible] told you before as how I've [illegible] true a hearted girl as ever swung in canvas [illegible] may have [illegible] a hoop in rolling---that [illegible] warrant her tight as a nut-shell.'

'[illegible] a paragon either of beauty or virtue. Now, as [illegible] the lists you must uphold her charms unequalled [illegible] without a parallel.'---'I do, I do uphold [illegible] a parallel as well as e'er a frigate that was [illegible] sword of fire.'

'At that rate [illegible] whom I adore; but that, I say, is impossible [illegible] my Ar-

relia are altogether ſupernatural; and as two ſuns cannot ſhine together in the ſame ſphere with equal ſplendour, ſo I affirm, and will prove with my body; that your miſtreſs, in compariſon with mine, is as a glow-worm to the meridian ſun, a ruſhlight to the full-moon, or a ſtale mackarel's eye to a pearl of orient.' ---' Hearkye, brother, you might give good words, however: an we once fall a-jawing, d'ye ſee. I can heave out as much bilge-water as another; and ſince you beſpeak my ſweetheart Beſſelia, I can as well bedaub your miſtreſs Aurelia, whom I value no more than an old jack, pork ſhop, or ſtinking ſtock-fiſh.'

'Enough, enough---ſuch blaſphemy ſhall not paſs unchaſtiſed. In conſideration of our having ſed from the ſame table, and maintained together a friendly, though ſhort intercourſe, I will not demand the combat before you are duly prepared. Proceed to the firſt great town, where you can be furniſhed with horſe and harneſſing, with arms offenſive and defenſive; provide a truſty ſquire; aſſume a motto and device---declare yourſelf a ſon of chivalry; and proclaim the excellence of her who rules your heart. I ſhall fetch a compaſs; and whereſoever we may chance to meet, let us engage with equal arms in mortal combat; that ſhall decide and determine this diſpute.'

So ſaying, our adventurer ſtalked with great ſolemnity into another apartment; while Crowe, being ſufficiently irritated, ſnapped his fingers in token of defiance. Honeſt Crowe thought himſelf ſurely uſed by a man whom he had cultivated with ſuch humility and veneration; and, after an incoherent ejaculation of ſea-oaths, went in queſt of his nephew, in order to make him acquainted with this unlucky tranſaction.

In the mean time Sir Launcelot having ordered ſupper, retired into his own chamber; and gave a looſe to the moſt tender emotions of his heart. He recollected all the fond ideas which had been excited in the courſe of his correſpondence with the charming Aurelia. He remembered with horror the cruel letter he had received from that young lady, containing a formal renunciation of his attachment, ſo unſuitable to the whole tenor of her character and conduct. He revolved the late adventure of the coach, and the declaration of Mr Clarke, with equal eagerneſs and aſtoniſhment; and was ſeized with the moſt ardent deſire of unravelling a myſtery ſo intereſting to the predominant paſſion of his heart.---All theſe mingled conſiderations produced a kind of ferment in the oeconomy of his mind, which ſubſided into a profound reverie, compounded of hope and perplexity.

From this trance he was waked by the arrival of his ſquire, who entered the room with the blood trickling over his noſe, and ſtood before him without ſpeaking. When the knight aſked whoſe livery was that he wore? he replied---'His own honour's own

own fancy --I received it on your account, and hope as you will quit the score.' Then he proceeded to inform his master, that two officers of the army having come into the kitchen, insisted upon having for their supper the victuals which Sir Launcelot had bespoke; and that he, the squire, objecting to the proposal, one of them had seized the poker, and baited him with his own blood; that when he told them he belonged to a knight-errant, and threatened them with the vengeance of his master, they cursed and abused him, calling him Sancho Panza and such dog names; and bade him tell his master, Don Quixote, that, if he made any noise they would confine him to his cage, and he with his mistress Dulcinea. 'To be sure, Sir,' said he, they thought you as great a nincompoop as your squire--trim-tram; like master, like man --but I hope as how you will give them a Rowland for their Oliver.'

'Miserable!' cried the knight, 'you have provoked the gentleman with your impertinence, and they have chastised you as you deserve. I tell thee, Crabshaw, they have saved me the trouble of punishing thee with my own hands; and well it is for thee, sinner as thou art, that they themselves have performed the office; for, had they complained to me of thy insolence and rudeity, by Heaven, I would have made thee an example to all the impudent squires upon the face of the earth. Hence, then, avaunt, caitiff.---Let his majesty's officers, who perhaps are fatigued with hard duty in the service of their country, comfort themselves with the supper which was intended for me, and leave me, undisturbed, to my own meditations.'

Timothy did not require a repetition of this command, which he forthwith obeyed, growling within himself, thenceforward he should let every cuckold wear his own horns; but he could not help entertaining some doubts with respect to the courage of his master, who, he supposed, was one of those Hectors who have their fighting days, but are not at all times equally prepared for the combat.

The knight, having taken a slight repast, retired to his repose; and had for some time enjoyed a very agreeable slumber, when he was startled by a knocking at his chamber-door. 'I beg your honour's pardon,' said the landlady, 'but there are two uncivil persons in the kitchen, who have well-nigh turned my whole house topsy-turvy. Not contented with laying violent hands on your honour's supper, they want to be rude to two young ladies who are just arrived, and have called for a post-chaise to go on. They are afraid to open their chamber-door to get out---and the young lawyer is like to be murdered for taking the ladies part.'

Sir Launcelot, though he refuſed to take notice of the inſult which had been offered to himſelf, no ſooner heard of the diſtreſs of the ladies, than he ſtarted up, huddled on his cloaths, and, girding his ſword to his loins, advanced with a deliberate pace to the kitchen, where he perceived Thomas Clarke warmly engaged in altercation with a couple of young men dreſſed in regimentals, who, with a peculiar air of arrogance and ferocity, treated him with great inſolence and contempt. Tom was endeavouring to perſuade them, that, in the conſtitution of England, the military was always ſubſervient to the civil power; and that their behaviour to a couple of helpleſs young women was not only unbecoming gentlemen, but expreſsly contrary to the law, inaſmuch as they might be ſued for an aſſault on an action of damages.

To this remonſtrance the two heroes in red replied, by a volley of dreadful oaths, intermingled with threats, which put the lawyer in ſome pain for his ears.

While one thus endeavoured to intimidate honeſt Tom Clarke, the other thundered at the door of the apartment to which the ladies had retired, demanding admittance, but received no other anſwer than a loud ſhriek. Our adventurer advancing to this uncivil champion, accoſted him thus in a grave and ſolemn tone: —'Aſſuredly I could not have believed, except upon the evidence of my own ſenſes, that perſons who have the appearance of gentlemen, and bear his majeſty's honourable commiſſion in the army, could behave ſo wide of the decorum due to ſociety of a proper reſpect to the laws, of that humanity which we owe to our fellow creatures, and that delicate regard for the fair-ſex which ought to prevail in the breaſt of every gentleman, and which, in particular, dignifies the character of a ſoldier. To whom ſhall that weaker, though more amiable part of the creation fly for protection, if they are inſulted and outraged by thoſe whoſe more immediate duty it is to afford them ſecurity and defence from injury and violence? What right have you, or any man upon earth, to excite riot in a public inn, which may be deemed a temple conſecrated to hoſpitality: to diſturb the quiet of your fellow-gueſts, ſome of them perhaps exhauſted by fatigue, ſome of them invaded by diſtemper; to interrupt the king's liege in their courſes of journeying upon their lawful occaſions? Above all, what motive but wanton barbarity could prompt you to violate the apartment, and terrify the tender hearts of two helpleſs young ladies, travelling, no doubt, upon ſome cruel emergency, which compels them, unattended, to encounter in the night the dangers of the highway?

'Hearkye, Don Bethlem,' ſaid the captain, ſtrutting up, and

and cocking his hat in the face of our adventurer. 'you may be as mad as e'er a straw-crowned monarch in Moorfields, for aught I care; but damme! don't you be saucy, otherwise I shall dub your worship with a good flick across your shoulders.'---'How, petulant boy,' cried the knight, 'since you are so ignorant of urbanity, I will give you a lesson that you shall not easily forget.' So saying, he unsheathed his sword, and called upon the soldier to draw in his defence.

The reader may have seen the physiognomy of a stock-holder at Jonathan's, when the rebels were at Derby, or the features of a bird when accosted by a bailiff or the countenance of an alderman when his banker stops payment; if he has seen either of these phænomena, he may conceive the appearance that was now exhibited by the visage of the ferocious captain, when the naked sword of Sir Launcelot glanced before his eyes. Far from attempting to produce his own, which was of unconscionable length, he stood motionless as a statue, staring with the most ghastly look of terror and astonishment. His companion, who partook of his panic, seeing matters brought to a very serious crisis interposed with a crest fallen countenance, assuring Sir Launcelot they had no intention to quarrel, and what they had done was only for the sake of the frolic.

'By such frolics,' cried the knight, 'you become nuisances to society, bring yourselves into contempt, and disgrace the corps to which you belong. I now perceive the truth of the observation, that cruelty always resides with cowardice. My contempt is changed into compassion; and as you are probably of good families, I must insist upon this young man's drawing his sword, and acquitting himself in such a manner as may screen him from the most infamous censure which an officer can undergo.'---'Lack-a-day, Sir!' said the other 'we are no officers, but 'prentices to two London haberdashers, travellers for orders; Captain is a good travelling name, and we have dressed ourselves like officers, to procure more respect upon the road.'

The knight said he was very glad, for the honour of the service, to find they were impostors, though they deserved to be chastised for arrogating to themselves an honourable character which they had not spirit to sustain,

These words were scarce pronounced, when Mr Clarke approaching one of the bravadoes who had threatened to crop his ears, bestowed such a benediction on his jaw, as he could not receive without immediate humiliation; While Timothy Crabshaw, smarting from his broken head and his want of supper, saluted the other with a Yorkshire hug, that laid him across the body of his companion. In a word, the two pseudo-

officers

officers were very roughly handled for their presumption in pretending to act characters for which they were so ill qualified.

While Clarke and Crabshaw were thus laudably employed, the two young ladies passed through the kitchen so suddenly, that the knight had only a transient glimpse of their backs, and they disappeared before he could possibly make a tender of his services. The truth is, they dreaded nothing so much as their being discovered, and took the first opportunity of gliding into the chaise, which had been for some time waiting in the passage.

Mr Clarke was much more disconcerted than our adventurer by their sudden escape. He ran with great eagerness to the door; and perceiving they were flown, returned to Sir Launcelot, saying--'Lord bless my soul, Sir! didn't you see who it was?'--'Hah! how!' exclaimed the knight, reddening with alarm, 'who was it?'--'One of them,' replied the lawyer, 'was Dolly, our old landlady's daughter at the Black Lion.--I knew her when first she lighted, notwithstanding her being neatly dressed in a green joseph, which, I'll assure you, Sir, becomes her remarkably well--I'd never desire to see a prettier creature. As for the other, she's a very genteel woman, but whether old or young, ugly or handsome, I can't pretend to say, for she was masked.--I had just time to salute Dolly, and ask a few questions --but all she could tell me was, that the masked lady's name was Miss Meadows; and that she, Dolly, was hired as her waiting woman.'

When the name of Meadows was mentioned, Sir Launcelot, whose spirits had been in violent commotion, became suddenly calm and serene; and he began to communicate to Clarke the dialogue which had passed between him and Captain Crowe; when the hostess addressing herself to our errant--'Well,' said she, 'I have had the honour to accommodate many ladies of the first fashion at the White Hart, both young and old, proud and lowly, ordinary and handsome; but such a miracle as Miss Meadows I never yet did see. Lord! let me never thrive, but I think she is of something more than a human creature!--O had your honour but set eyes on her, you would have said it was a vision from heaven, a cherubim of beauty--for my part, I can hardly think it was any thing but a dream---then so sweet, so mild, so good-natured and generous! I say, blessed is the young woman who tends upon such a heavenly creature---and, poor dear young lady! she seems to be under grief and affliction, for the tears stole down her lovely cheeks, and looked, for all the world, like orient pearl.'

Sir

Sir Launcelot liſtened attentively to the deſcription, which reminded him of his dear Aurelia; and, ſighing bitterly, withdrew to his own apartment.

CHAP. II.

Which ſhews,
That a Man cannot always ſip
When the Cup is at his Lip.

THOSE who have felt the doubts, the jealouſies, the reſentments, the humiliations, the hopes, the deſpair, the impatience, and, in a word, the infinite diſquiets of love, will be able to conceive the ſea of agitation on which our adventurer was toſſed all night long, without repoſe or intermiſſion. Sometimes he reſolved to employ all his induſtry and addreſs in diſcovering the place in which Aurelia was ſequeſtered, that he might reſcue her from the ſuppoſed reſtraint to which ſhe had been ſubjected. But, when his heart beat high with the anticipation of this exploit, he was ſuddenly invaded, and all his ardour checked by the remembrance of that fatal letter, written and ſigned by her own hand, which had divorced him from all hope, and firſt unſettled his underſtanding. The emotions waked by this remembrance were ſo ſtrong, that he leaped from the bed: and, the fire being ſtill burning in the chimney, lighted a candle, that he might once more banquet his ſpleen by reading the original billet, which, together with the ring he had received from Miſs Darnel's mother, he kept in a ſmall box, carefully depoſited within his portmanteau. This being inſtantly unlocked, he unfolded the paper, and recited the contents in theſe words.

'SIR,

'OBLIGED as I am by the paſſion you profeſs, and the eagerneſs with which you endeavour to give me the moſt convincing proof of your regard, I feel ſome reluctance in making you acquainted with a circumſtance which, in all probability, you will not learn without ſome diſquiet. But the affair is become ſo intereſting, I am compelled to tell you, that however agreeable your propoſals may have been to thoſe whom I thought it my duty to pleaſe by every reaſonable conceſſion, and however you may have been flattered by the ſeeming complacency

placency with which I have heard your addreſſes, I now find it abſolutely neceſſary to ſpeak in a deciſive ſtrain, to aſſure you that, without ſacrificing my own peace, I cannot admit a continuation of your correſpondence; and that your regard for me will be beſt ſhewn by your deſiſting from a purſuit, which is altogether inconſiſtent with the happineſs of

AURELIA DARNEL.

Having pronounced aloud the words that compoſed this diſmiſſion, he haſtily replaced the cruel ſcroll; and being too well acquainted with the hand to harbour the leaſt doubt of it's being genuine, threw himſelf into his bed in a tranſport of deſpair mingled with reſentment; during the predominancy of which, he determined to proceed in the career of adventure, and endeavour to forget the unkindneſs of his miſtreſs amidſt the avocations of knight errantry.

Such was the reſolution that governed his thoughts. When he aroſe in the morning, he ordered Crabſnaw to ſaddle Bronzynante, and demanded a bill of his expence. Before theſe orders could be executed, the good woman of the houſe entering his apartment, told him with marks of concern, that the poor young lady, Miſs Meadows, had dropt her pocket-book in the next chamber, where it was found by the hoſteſs, who now preſented it unopened.

Our knight having called in Mrs Oakley and her ſon as witneſſes, unfolded the book without reading one ſyllable of the contents, and found in it five bank-notes, amounting to two hundred and thirty pounds. Perceiving at once that the loſs of this treaſure might be attended with the moſt embarraſſing conſequences to the owner, and reflecting that this was a caſe which demanded the immediate interpoſition and aſſiſtance of chivalry, he declared that he himſelf would convey it ſafely into the hands of Miſs Meadows; and deſired to know the road ſhe had purſued; that he might ſet out in queſt of her without a moment's delay. It was not without ſome difficulty, that this information was obtained from the poſt boy, who had been enjoined ſecrecy by the lady, and even gratified with a handſome reward for his promiſed diſcretion. The ſame method was uſed to make him diſgorge his truſt; he undertook to conduct Sir Launcelot, who hired a poſt-chaiſe for diſpatch, and immediately departed, after having directed his ſquire to follow his track with the horſes.

Yet, whatever haſte he made, it is abſolutely neceſſary, for the reader's ſatisfaction, that we ſhould outſtrip the chaiſe, and viſit the ladies before his arrival. We ſhall, therefore, without circumlocution, premiſe, that Miſs Meadows was no other than

that

that paragon of beauty and goodneſs the all-accompliſhed Miſs Aurelia Darnel. She had, with that meekneſs of reſignation peculiar to herſelf, for ſome years ſubmitted to every ſpecies of oppreſſion which her uncle's tyranny of diſpoſition could plan, and his unlimited power of guardianſhip execute, till at length it aroſe to ſuch a pitch of deſpotiſm as ſhe could not endure. He had projected a match between his niece and one Philip Sycamore, Eſq. a young man who poſſeſſed a pretty conſiderable eſtate in the north country; who liked Aurelia's perſon, but was enamour'd of her fortune, and had offered to purchaſe Anthony's intereſt and alliance with certain conceſſions which could not but be agreeable to a man of looſe principles, who would have found it a difficult taſk to ſettle the accounts of his wardſhip.

According to the preſent eſtimate of matrimonial felicity, Sycamore might have found admittance, as a future ſon-in-law, to any private family of the kingdom. He was by birth a gentleman, tall, ſtraight, and muſcular; with a fair, ſleek, unmeaning face, that promiſed more ſimplicity than ill-nature. His education had not been neglected, and he inherited an eſtate of five thouſand a year. Miſs Darnel, however, had penetration enough to diſcover and deſpiſe him, as a ſtrange compoſition of rapacity and profuſion, abſurdity and good-ſenſe, baſhfulneſs and impudence, ſelf-conceit and diffidence, awkwardneſs and oſtentation, inſolence and good-nature, raſhneſs and timidity. He was continually ſurrounded and preyed upon by certain vermin called led-captains and buffoons, who ſhewed him in leading-ſtrings like a ſucking giant, rifled his pockets without ceremony, ridiculed him to his face, traduced his character, and expoſed him in a thouſand ludicrous attitudes for the diverſion of the public; while, all the time, he knew their knavery, ſaw their drift, deteſted their morals, and deſpiſed their underſtanding. He was ſo infatuated by indolence of thought, and communication with folly, that he would have rather ſuffered himſelf to be led into a ditch with company, than be at the pains of going over a a bridge alone: and involved himſelf in a thouſand difficulties, the natural conſequences of an error in the firſt concoction, which, though he plainly ſaw it, he had not reſolution enough to avoid.

Such was the character of Squire Sycamore, who profeſſed himſelf the rival of Sir Launcelot Greaves in the good graces of Miſs Aurelia Darnel. He had in this purſuit perſevered with more conſtancy and fortitude than he ever exerted in any other inſtance. Being generally needy from extravagance, he was ſtimulated by his wants, and animated by his vanity, which was artfully inſtigated by his followers, who hoped to ſhare the

ſpoils

ſpoils of his ſucceſs. Theſe motives were reinforced by the inceſſant and eager exhortations of Anthony Darnel; who ſeeing his ward in the laſt year of her minority, thought there was no time to be loſt in ſecuring his own indemnification, and ſnatching his niece for ever from the hopes of Sir Launcelot, whom he now hated with redoubled animoſity. Finding Aurelia deaf to all his remonſtrances, proof againſt ill-uſage, and reſolutely averſe to the propoſed union with Sycamore, he endeavoured to detach her thoughts from Sir Launcelot, by forging tales to the prejudice of his conſtancy and moral character; and, finally, by recapitulating the proofs and inſtances of his diſtraction, which he particularized with the moſt malicious exaggerations.

In ſpite of all his arts, he found it impracticable to ſurmount her objections to the purpoſed alliance, and therefore changed his battery. Inſtead of transferring her to the arms of his friend, he reſolved to detain her in his own power by a legal claim, which would inveſt him with the uncontrouled management of her affairs. This was a charge of lunacy, in conſequence of which he hoped to obtain a commiſſion, to ſecure a jury to his will, and be appointed ſole committee of her perſon, as well as ſteward on her eſtate, of which he would then be heir-apparent.

As the firſt ſteps towards the execution of this honeſt ſcheme, he had ſubjected Aurelia to the ſuperintendency and direction of an old duenna, who had been formerly the procureſs of his pleaſures; and hired a new ſet of ſervants, who were given to underſtand, at their firſt admiſſion, that the young lady was diſordered in her brain.

An impreſſion of this nature is eaſily preſerved among ſervants, when the maſter of the family thinks his intereſt is concerned in ſupporting the impoſture. The melancholy produced from her confinement, and the vivacity of her reſentment under ill-uſage, were, by the addreſs of Anthony, and the prepoſſeſſion of his domeſtics, perverted into the effects of inſanity, and the ſame interpretation was ſtrained upon her moſt indifferent words and actions.

The tidings of Miſs Darnel's diſorder were carefully circulated in whiſpers, and ſoon reached the ears of Mr Sycamore, who was not at all pleaſed with the information. From his knowledge of Anthony's diſpoſition, he ſuſpected the truth of the report; and unwilling to ſee ſuch a prize raviſhed, as it were, from his graſp, he, with the advice and aſſiſtance of his myrmidons, reſolved to ſet the captive at liberty, in full hope of turning the adventure to his own advantage; for he argued in this manner—If ſhe is in fact *compos mentis*, her gratitude will

will operate in my behalf, and even prudence will adviſe her to embrace the proffered aſylum from the villainy of her uncle. If ſhe is really diſordered, it will be no great difficulty to deceive her into marriage, and then I become her truſtee of courſe.'

The plan was well conceived, but Sycamore had not diſcretion enough to keep his own counſel. From weakneſs and vanity he blabbed the deſign, which in a little time was communicated to Anthony Darnel, and he took his precautions accordingly. Being infirm in his own perſon, and conſequently unfit for oppoſing the violence of ſome deſperadoes whom he knew to be the ſatellites of Sycamore, he prepared a private retreat for his ward at the houſe of an old gentleman, the companion of his youth, whom he had impoſed upon with the fiction of her being diſordered in her underſtanding, and amuſed with a ſtory of a dangerous deſign upon her perſon. Thus cautioned and inſtructed, the gentleman had gone with his own coach and ſervants to receive Aurelia and her governante at a third houſe, to which ſhe had been privately removed from her uncle's habitation; and in this journey it was that ſhe had been ſo accidentally protected from the violence of the robbers by the interpoſition and proweſs of our adventurer.

As he did not wear his helmet in that exploit, ſhe recogniz d his features as he paſſed the coach; and, ſtruck with the apparition, ſhrieked aloud. She had been aſſured by her guardian, that his deſign was to convey her to her own houſe; but perceiving, in the ſequel, that the carriage ſtruck off upon a different road, and finding herſelf in the hands of ſtrangers, ſhe began to dread a much more diſagreeable fate, and to conceive doubts and ideas that filled her tender heart with horror and affliction. When ſhe expoſtulated with the duenna, ſhe was treated like a changeling, admoniſhed to be quiet, and reminded that ſhe was under the direction of thoſe who would manage her with a tender regard to her own welfare and the honour of her family. When ſhe addreſſed herſelf to the old gentleman, who was not much ſubject to the emotions of humanity, and beſides, firmly perſuaded that ſhe was deprived of her reaſon, he made no anſwer, but laid his finger on his mouth, by way of enjoining ſilence.

This myſterious behaviour aggravated the fears of the poor hapleſs young lady; and her terrors waxed ſo ſtrong, that when ſhe ſaw Tom Clarke, whoſe face ſhe knew, ſhe called aloud for aſſiſtance, and even pronounced the name of his patron, Sir Launcelot Greaves, which ſhe imagined might ſtimulate him the more to attempt ſomething for her deliverance.

The reader has already been informed in what manner the endeavours of Tom and his uncle miscarried. Miss Darnel's new keeper having in the course of his journey halted for refreshment at the Black Lion, of which being landlord, he believed the good woman and her family were entirely devoted to his will and pleasure; Aurelia found an opportunity of speaking in private to Dolly, who had a very prepossessing appearance. She conveyed a purse of money into the hands of this young woman; telling her, while the tears trickled down her cheeks, that she was a young lady of fortune, in danger, as she apprehended of assassination. This hint, which she communicated in a whisper while the governante stood at the other end of the room, was sufficient to interest the compassionate Dolly in her behalf. As soon as the coach departed, she made her mother acquainted with the transaction; and as they naturally concluded that the young lady expected their assistance, they resolved to approve themselves worthy of her confidence.

Dolly having enlisted in their design a trusty countryman, one of her own professed admirers, they set out together for the house of the gentleman in which the fair prisoner was confined, and waited for her in secret at the end of a pleasant park, in which they naturally concluded she might be indulged with the privilege of taking the air. The event justified their conception; on the very first day of their watch they saw her approach, accompanied by her duenna. Dolly and her attendant immediately tied their horses to a stake, and retired into a thicket, which Aurelia did not fail to enter. Dolly forthwith appeared; and, taking her by the hand, led her to the horses, one of which she mounted in the utmost hurry and trepidation, while the countryman bound the duenna with a cord prepared for the purpose, gagged her mouth, and tied her to a tree, where he left her to her own meditations. Then he mounted before Dolly, and through unfrequented paths conducted his charge to an inn on the post road, where a chaise was ready for their reception.

As he refused to proceed farther, lest his absence from his own home should create suspicion, Aurelia rewarded him liberally, but would not part with her faithful Dolly, who indeed had no inclination to be discharged; such an affection and attachment had she already acquired for the amiable fugitive, though she knew neither her story nor her true name. Aurelia thought proper to conceal both, and assumed the fictitious appellation of Meadows, until she should be better acquainted with the disposition and discretion of her new attendant.

The first resolution she could take, in the present flutter of her spirits, was to make the best of her way to London, where she thought

thought she might find an asylum in the house of a female relation, married to an eminent physician, known by the name of Kawdle. In the execution of this hasty resolve, she travelled at a violent rate from stage to stage, in a carriage drawn by four horses, without halting for necessary refreshment or repose, until she judged herself out of danger of being overtaken. As she appeared overwhelmed with grief and consternation, the good-natured Dolly endeavoured to alleviate her distress with diverting discourse: and, among other less interesting stories, entertained her with the adventures of Sir Launcelot and Captain Crowe, which she had seen and heard recited while they remained at the Black Lion; nor did she fail to introduce Mr Thomas Clarke in her narrative, with such a favourable representation of his person and character, as plainly discovered that her own heart had received a rude shock from the irresistible force of his qualifications.

The history of Sir Launcelot Greaves was a theme which effectually fixed the attention of Aurelia, distracted as her ideas must have been by the circumstances of her present situation. The particulars of his conduct since the correspondence between him and her had ceased, she heard with equal concern and astonishment; for, how far soever she deemed herself detached from all possibility of future connection with that young gentleman, she was not made of such indifferent stuff, as to learn, without emotion, the unlimitous disorder of an accomplished youth, whose extraordinary virtues she could not but revere.

As they had deviated from the post-road, taken precautions to conceal their route, and made such progress that they were now within one day's journey of London; the careful and affectionate Dolly, seeing her dear lady quite exhausted with fatigue, used all her natural rhetoric, which was very powerful, mingled with tears that flowed from the heart in persuading Aurelia to enjoy some repose; and so far succeeded in the attempt, that for one night the toil of travelling was intermitted. This recess from incredible fatigue was a pause that afforded our adventurer time to overtake them before they reached the metropolis, that vast lady with, in which Aurelia might have been for ever lost to his enquiry.

It was in the afternoon of the day which succeeded his departure from the White Mast, that Sir [illegible] arrived at the inn, where Miss Aurelia Darnel had [illegible] tea, and a post-chaise for the next stage. [illegible] traced her a considerable way, without ever dreaming [illegible] person really was whom he [illegible] an [illegible] to speak with her attendant. Dolly [illegible] Sir Launcelot Greaves, of whose [illegible] a very

sublime

ſublime idea from the narrative of Mr Thomas Clarke; but he was ſtill more ſurprized when he gave her to underſtand that he had charged himſelf with the pocket-book, containing the bank-notes which Miſs Meadows had dropped in the houſe where they had been threatened with inſult. Miſs Darnel had not yet diſcovered her diſaſter, when her attendant running into the apartment, preſented the prize which ſhe had received from our adventurer, with his compliments to Miſs Meadows, implying a requeſt to be admitted into her preſence, that he might make a perſonal tender of his beſt ſervices.

It is not to be ſuppoſed that the amiable Aurelia heard, unmoved, ſuch a meſſage from a perſon whom her maid diſcovered to be the identical Sir Launcelot Greaves, whoſe hiſtory ſhe had ſo lately read: but, as the enſuing ſcene requires freſh attention in the reader, we ſhall defer it till another opportunity, when his ſpirits ſhall be recruited from the fatigue of this chapter.

CHAP III.

Exhibiting an Interview, which it is to be hoped, will intereſt the Curioſity of the Reader.

THE mind of the delicate Aurelia was ſtrangely agitated by the intelligence which ſhe received, with her pocket book, from Dolly. Confounded as ſhe was by the nature of her ſituation, ſhe at once perceived that ſhe could not, with any regard to the dictates of gratitude, refuſe complying with the requeſt of Sir Launcelot; but, in the firſt hurry of her emotion, ſhe directed Dolly to beg, in her name, that ſhe might be excuſed for wearing a maſk at the interview which he deſired, as ſhe had particular reaſons, which concerned her peace, for retaining that diſguiſe. Our adventurer ſubmitted to this preliminary with a good grace, as he had nothing in view but the injunctions of his order, and the duties of humanity; and he was admitted without further preamble.

When he entered the room, he could not help being ſtruck with the preſence of Aurelia. Her ſtature was improved ſince he had ſeen her; her ſhape was exquiſitely formed; and ſhe received him with an air of dignity which impreſſed him with a very ſublime idea of her perſon and character. She was no leſs affected at the ſight of our adventurer, who, though caſed in armour, appeared with his head uncovered; and the exerciſe of

traveling

travelling had thrown such a glow of health and vivacity on his features, which were naturally elegant and expressive, that we will venture to say, there was not in all England a couple that excelled this amiable pair in personal beauty and accomplishments. Aurelia alone with all the fabled graces of nymph or goddess: and to Sir Launcelot might be applied what the divine portraiture says of the prince Zerbino:

'*Natura il fece e poi ruppe la stampa.*'
'When Nature had form'd him, she the eye destroy'd.'

Our adventurer having made his obeisance to this supposed Miss Meadows, told her, that although he thought himself highly honoured in being admitted to her presence, and allowed to pay his respects to her as a superior being meandered, unseen; yet his pleasure would receive a very considerable addition, if she would be pleased to withdraw that invidious veil, that he might have a glimpse of the divinity which it concealed. Aurelia immediately took off her mask, saying, with a faultering accent ----'I cannot be so ungrateful as to deny such a small favour to a gentleman who has laid me under the most important obligations.'

The unexpected apparition of Miss Aurelia Darnel, beaming with all the emanations of improved beauty, breathing with all the graces of the most lovely complexion, could not but produce a violent effect upon the mind of Sir Launcelot Greaves. He was, indeed, overwhelmed with a mingled transport of astonishment, admiration, affection and awe. The colour vanished from his cheeks, and he stood gazing upon her, in silence, with the most emphatic expression of countenance.

Aurelia was infected by this disorder: she began to tremble, and the roses fluctuated on her face. 'I cannot forget,' said she, 'that I owe my life to the courage and humanity of Sir Launcelot Greaves; and that he, at the same time, rescued from the most dreadful death a dear and venerable parent'----'Would to Heaven she still survived!' cried our adventurer with great emotion: 'she was the friend of my youth, the kind patroness of my felicity! My guardian angel forsook me when she expired! Her last injunctions are deep engraven on my heart!'

While he pronounced these words he lifted her handkerchief to her fair eyes; and, after some pause, proceeded, in a tremulous tone---'I hope, Sir----I hope you have----I should be sorry ---pardon me, Sir, I cannot reflect upon such an interesting subject unmoved'----' Here she fetched a deep sigh, that was accompanied with a flood of tears; while the knight continued to bend his eyes upon her with the utmost eagerness of attention.

Having recollected herſelf a little, ſhe endeavoured to ſhift the converſation. 'You have been abroad ſince I had the pleaſure to ſee you--I hope you were agreeably amuſed in your travels.'--'No, Madam,' ſaid our hero, drooping his head, 'I have been unfortunate.' When ſhe, with the moſt enchanting ſweetneſs of benevolence, expreſſed her concern to hear he had been unhappy, and her hope that his misfortunes were not paſt remedy; he lifted up his eyes, and fixed them upon her again with a look of tender dejection:--'Cut off,' ſaid he, 'from the poſſeſſion of what my ſoul held moſt dear, I wiſh'd for death, and was viſited by diſtraction!--I have been abandoned by my reaſon--my youth is for ever blaſted.'

The tender heart of Aurelia could bear no more--her knees began to totter; the luſtre vaniſhed from her eyes, and ſhe fainted in the arms of her attendant. Sir Launcelot, aroused by this circumſtance, aſſiſted Dolly in ſeating her miſtreſs on a couch, where ſhe ſoon recovered, and ſaw the knight on his knees before her. 'I am ſtill happy,' ſaid he, 'in being able to move your compaſſion, though I have been held unworthy of your eſteem.--'Do me juſtice,' ſhe replied; 'my beſt eſteem has been always inſeparably connected with the character of Sir Launcelot Greaves.'--'Is it poſſible cried our hero; 'then ſurely I have no reaſon to complain. If I have moved your compaſſion, and poſſeſs your eſteem, I am but one degree ſhort of ſupreme happineſs--that, however, is a gigantic ſtep. O Miſs Darnel! when I remember that dear, that melancholy moment! So ſaying he gently touched her hand, in order to preſs it to his lips, and perceived on her finger the very individual ring which he had preſented in her mother's preſence, as an interchanged teſtimony of plighted faith. Starting at the well-knowing object, the ſight of which conjured up a ſtrange confuſion of ideas--'This,' ſaid he, 'was once the pledge of ſomething ſtill more cordial than eſteem.' Aurelia bluſhing at this remark, while her eyes lightened with unuſual vivacity, replied, in a ſeverer tone--'Sir you beſt know how it loſt its original ſignification.'--'By Heaven! I do not, Madam!' exclaimed our adventurer. 'With me it was ever held a ſacred idea throned within my heart, cheriſhed with ſuch fervency of regard, with ſuch reverence of affection, as the devout anchorite more unreaſonably pays to thoſe ſainted reliques that conſtitute the object of his adoration.'--'And, like thoſe reliques,' anſwered Miſs Darnel, 'I have been inſenſible of my votary's devotion. A ſaint muſt have been, or ſomething more, to know the ſentiments of your heart by inſpiration.--'Did I forbear,' ſaid he, 'to expreſs, to repeat, to enforce, the dictates of the pureſt paſſion that ever warmed the human breaſt, until I

was

was denied access, and formerly discarded by that cruel dismission? ---'I must beg your pardon, Sir,' cried Aurelia, interrupting him hastily, 'I know not what you mean.'---'That fatal sentence,' said he, 'if not pronounced by your own lips, at least written by your own fair hand, which drove me out an exile for ever from the paradise of your affection'---'I would not,' she replied, 'do Sir Launcelot Greaves the injury to suppose him capable of imposition, but you talk of things to which I am an utter stranger. I have a right, Sir, to demand of your honour, that you will not impute to me your breaking off a connection, which---I would---rather wish---had never'---'Heaven and earth! what do I hear?' cried our impatient knight, 'have I not the baleful letter to produce? What else but Miss Daniel's explicit and express declaration could have destroyed the sweetest hope that ever cheared my soul; could have obliged me to resign all claim to that felicity for which alone I wished to live; could have filled my bosom with unutterable sorrow and despair; could have even divested me of reason, and driven me from the society of men, a poor, forlorn, wandering lunatic, such as you see me now prostrate at your feet; all the blossoms of my youth withered, all the honours of my family decayed?'

Aurelia looking wistfully at her lover---'Sir,' said she, 'you overwhelm me with amazement and anxiety! you are imposed upon, if you have received any such letter: you are deceived, if you thought Aurelia Daniel could be so inhuman, ungrateful, and---inconstant.'

This last word she pronounced with some hesitation, and a downcast look, while her face underwent a total suffusion, and the knight's heart, began to palpitate with all the violence of emotion. He eagerly imprinted a kiss upon her hand, exclaiming, in interrupted phrase---'Can it be possible?---Heaven grant----Sure this is no illusion!---O, Madam! shall I call you my Aurelia? My heart is bursting with a thousand fond thoughts and presages. You shall see that cursed paper which hath been the source of all my woes---it is the constant companion of my travels---last night I nourished my chagrin with the perusal of its horrid contents.'

Aurelia expressed great impatience to view the cruel forgery, for such she assured him it must be: but he could not gratify her desire till the arrival of his servant with the portmanteau. In the mean time, tea was called. The lovers were seated; he looked and languished, she flushed and faultered; all was doubt and delirium, fondness and flutter. Their mutual emotions communicated itself to the kind-hearted sympathizing Dolly; who had been witness to the interview, and deeply affected with the

delightful

disclosure of the scene. Unspeakable was her surprize when she found her mistress, Miss Meadows, was no other than the celebrated Aurelia Darnel, whose eulogium she had heard so eloquently pronounced by her sweetheart Mr Thomas Clarke; a discovery which still more endeared her lady to her affection. She had wept plentifully at the progress of their mutual explanation, and was now so disconcerted, that she scarce knew the meaning of the orders she had received; she set the kettle on the table, and placed the tea-board on the fire. Her confusion, by attracting the notice of her mistress, helped to relieve her from her own embarrassing situation. She, with her own delicate hands rectified the mistake of Dolly: who still continued to sob, and said,--Yaw may think, my leady Darnel, as haw I'aive yeaten hool-cheese; but it y'an't soa---I'se think, vor mal peart, as how I'aive bean bewitched.'

Sir Launcelot could not help smiling at the simplicity of Dolly, whose goodness of heart and attachment Aurelia did not fail to extol as soon as her back was turned. It was in consequence of this commendation, that, the next time she entered the room, our adventurer, for the first time considered her face, and seemed to be struck with her features. He asked her some questions, which she could not answer to his satisfaction; applauded her regard for her lady, and assured her of his friendship and protection. He now begged to know the cause that obliged his Aurelia to travel at such a rate, and in such an equipage; and she informed him of those particulars which we have already communicated to the reader.

Sir Launcelot glowed with resentment when he understood how his dear Aurelia had been oppressed by her perfidious and cruel guardian. He bit his nether lip, rolled his eyes around, started from his seat, and striding across the room---'I remember, said he, 'the dying words of her who is now a saint in heaven-------'That violent man, my brother in law, who is Aurelia's sole guardian, will thwart her wishes with every obstacle that brutal resentment and implacable malice can contrive.'----'What followed, it would ill become me to repeat; but she concluded with these words---'The rest we must leave to the dispensations of Providence.'-----Was it not providence that sent me hither, to guard and protect the injured Aurelia?' Then turning to Miss Darnel, whose eyes streamed with tears, he added,---'Yes, divine creature! Heaven, careful of your safety, and in compassion to my sufferings, hath guided me hither in this mysterious manner, that I might defend you from violence, and enjoy this transition from madness to deliberation, from despair to felicity.

So saying he approached this amiable mourner, this fragrant

flower

flower of beauty, glittering with the dew drops of the morning, this fweeteſt, and gentleſt, loveliеſt ornament of human nature! He gazed upon her with looks of love ineffable; he ſat down by her; he preſſed her ſoft hand in his; he began to fear that all he ſaw was the flattering viſion of a diſtempered brain. He looked and ſighed; and turning up his eyes to heaven, breathed in broken murmurs, the chaſte raptures of his ſoul. The tenderneſs of this communication was too painful to be long endured. Aurelia induſtriouſly interpoſed other ſubjects of diſcourſe, that his attention might not be dangerouſly overcharged, and the afternoon paſſed inſenſibly away.

Though he had determined, in his own mind never more to quit this idol of his ſoul, they had not yet concerted any plan of conduct, when their happineſs was all at once interrupted by a repetition of cries, denoting horror, and a ſervant coming in, ſaid, he believed ſome rogues were murdering a traveller on the highway. The ſuppoſition of ſuch diſtreſs operated like gunpowder on the diſpoſition of our adventurer; who, without conſidering the ſituation of Aurelia, and indeed without ſeeing or being capable to think on her, or any other ſubject, for the time being, ran directly to the ſtable, and mounting the firſt horſe he found ſaddled, iſſued out in the twilight, having no other weapon but his ſword. He ran full ſpeed to the ſpot whence the cries ſeemed to proceed; but they ſounded more remote as he advanced. Nevertheleſs he followed them to a conſiderable diſtance from the road, over fields, ditches, and hedges, and at laſt came ſo near, that he could plainly diſtinguiſh the voice of his own ſquire, Timothy Crabſhaw, bellowing for mercy, with hideous vociferation. Stimulated by this recognition he redoubled his career in the dark, till at length his horſe plunged into a hole, the nature of which he could not comprehend; but he found it impracticable to diſengage him. It was with ſome difficulty that he himſelf clambered over a ruined wall, and regained the open ground. Here he groped about, in the utmoſt impatience of anxiety, ignorant of the place, mad with vexation for the fate of his unfortunate ſquire, and between whiles invaded with a pang of concern for Aurelia, left among ſtrangers, unguarded and alarmed. In the midſt of this emotion he bethought himſelf of hallooing aloud, that, in caſe he ſhould be in the neighbourhood of any inhabited place, he might be heard and aſſiſted. He accordingly practiſed this expedient, which was not altogether without effect; for he was immediately anſwered by an old friend, no other than his old ſteed Bronzomarte, who, hearing his maſter's voice, neighed vehemently at a ſmall diſtance. The knight being well acquainted with the ſteed heard it with aſtoniſhment, and, advancing in a right direction

direction found his noble charger fastened to a tree. He forthwith untied and mounted him; then laying the reigns upon his neck allowed him to cause his own path, in which he began to travel with equal steadiness and expedition. They had not proceeded far when the knight's ears were again saluted by the cries of Crabshaw; which Bronzemarte no sooner heard than he pricked up his ears, neighed, and quickened his pace, as if he had been sensible of the squire's distress, and hastened to his relief. Sir Launcelot, notwithstanding his own disquiet, could not help observing and admiring this generous sensibility of his horse, he began to think himself some hero of romance mounted upon a winged steed, inspired with reason, directed by some human inchanter; who pitied virtue in distress. All circumstances considered, it is no wonder that the commotion in the mind of our adventurer produced some such delirium. All night he continued the chase; the voice, which was repeated at intervals, still retreating before him, till the morning began to appear in the east; when, by divers piteous groans, he was directed to the corner of a wood, where he beheld his miserable squire stretched upon the grass, and Gilbert feeding by him altogether unconcerned, the helmet and the lance suspended at the saddle bow, and the portmanteau safely fixed upon the crupper.

The knight riding up to Crabshaw, with equal surprize and concern, asked him what had brought him there; and Timothy, after some pause, during which he surveyed his master with a rueful aspect, answered--- 'The devil!'--- 'One would imagine indeed, you had some such conveyance,' said Sir Launcelot. 'I have followed your ones since last evening I know not how, nor whither, and never could come up with you till this moment. But, say, what damages have you sustained, that you lie in that wretched posture, and groan so dismally?--- 'I can't guess,' replied the squire, 'if it bean't that mai hoole carcase is drilled into oilet-holes, and my flesh pinched into a jelly.'--- 'How wherefore?' cried the knight, 'who were the miscreants that treated you in such a barbarous manner? Do you know the ruffians?'--- 'I know nothing at all, answered the peevish squire, 'but that I was tormented by vive hundred and vifty thousand legions of devils and there's an end on't?'--- 'Well you must have a little patience, Crabshaw---there's a salve for every sore.'---Yaw mought as well tell ma, for every zow there's a zir reverence.'--- 'For a man in your condition, methinks you talk very much at your ease.--- Try if you can get up and mount Gilbert, that you may be conveyed to some place where you can have proper assistance.----So---well done!--chearly.'---

Timothy actually made an effort to rise, but fell down again, and uttered a dismal yell. Then his master exhorted him to take

take advantage of a park-wall by which he lay, and raiſe himſelf gradually upon it. Crabſhaw, eyeing him askance, ſaid, by way of reproach, for his not alighting and aſſiſting him in perſon --'Thatch your houſe with t----d, and you'll have more teachers than reachers!'---Having pronounced this inelegant adage, he made ſhift to ſtand upon his legs: and now, the knight lending a hand, was mounted upon Gilbert, though not without a world of O--s! and Ah's! and other ejaculations of pain and impatience.

As they jogged on together, our adventurer endeavoured to learn the particulars of the diſaſter which had befallen the ſquire; but all the information he could obtain amounted to a very imperfect ſketch of the adventure. By dint of a thouſand interrogations, he underſtood, that Crabſhaw had been, in the preceding evening, encountered by three perſons on horſeback with Venetian maſques on their faces, which he miſtook for their natural features, and was terrified accordingly; that they not only preſented piſtols to his breaſt, and led his horſe out of the highway, but pricked him with goads, and pinched him from time to time, till he ſcreamed with the torture: that he was led through unfrequented places acroſs the country, ſometimes at an eaſy trot, ſometimes at full gallop; and tormented all night by thoſe hideous dæmons, who vaniſhed at day-break, and left him lying on the ſpot where he was found by his maſter.

This was a myſtery which our hero could by no means unriddle; it was the more unaccountable, as the ſquire had not been robbed of his money, horſes, and baggage. He was even diſpoſed to believe that Crabſhaw's brain was diſordered, and the whole account he had given no more than a chimera. This opinion, however, he could no longer retain, when he arrived at an inn on the poſt-road, and found, upon examination, that Timothy's lower extremities were covered with blood, and all the reſt of his body ſpeckled with livid marks of contuſion. But he was ſtill more chagrined when the landlord informed that he was thirty miles diſtant from the place where he had left Aurelia; and that, his way lay through croſs-roads, which are almoſt impaſſable at that ſeaſon of the year. Alarmed at this intelligence, he gave directions that his ſquire ſhould be immediately conveyed to bed in a comfortable chamber, as he complained more and more; and indeed was ſeized with a fever, occaſioned by the fatigue, the pain, and terror, he had undergone. A neighbouring apothecary being called, and giving it as his opinion that he could not for ſome days be in a condition to travel, his maſter depoſited a ſum of money in his hands, deſiring

desiring he might be properly attended till he should hear farther. Then mounting Bronzomarte, he set out with a guide for the place he had left, not without a thousand fears and perplexities, arising from the reflection of having left the jewel of his heart with such precipitation.

CHAP. IV.

Which it is to be hoped the Reader will find an agreeable Melody of Mirth and Madness, Sense and Absurdity.

IT was not without reason that our adventurer afflicted himself; his fears were but too prophetic. When he alighted at the inn, which he had left so abruptly the preceding evening, he ran directly to the apartment where he had been so happy in Aurelia's company; but her he saw not--all was solitary. Turning to the woman of the house, who had followed him into the room--'Where is the lady?' cried he, in a tone of impatience. Mine hostess, screwing up her features into a very demure aspect, said she saw so many ladies, she could not pretend to know who he meant. 'I tell thee, woman,' exclaimed the knight, in a louder accent, thou never saw'st such another----I mean, that miracle of beauty-----'

'Very like,' replied the dame, as she retired to the room door. 'Husband, here's one as axes concerning a miracle of beauty; hi, hi, hi, Can you give him any information about this miracle of beauty?---O la! hi, hi, hi.' Instead of answering this question, the inn keeper advancing, and surveying Sir Launcelot--'Friend,' said he, 'you are the person that carried off my horse out of the stable.'--'Tell me not of a horse---Where is the young lady?'--'Now I will tell you of the horse, and I'll make you find him too, before you and I part.'--'Wretched animal! how dareſt thou dally with my impatience?---Speak, or despair.---What is become of Miss Meadows? Say, did she leave this place of her own accord, or was she-- hah!---speak-- answer; or, by the powers above--' 'I'll answer you flat---she you call Miss Meadows is in very good hands--so you may make yourself easy on that score.'---'Sacred Heaven! explain your meaning, miscreant, or I'll make you a dreadful example to all the insolent publicans of the realm.' So saying, he seized him with one hand;

hand; and dashing him on the floor, set one foot on his belly, and kept him trembling in that prostrate attitude. The ostler and waiter flying to the assistance of their master, our adventurer unsheathed his sword; declaring he would dismiss their souls from their bodies, and exterminate the whole family from the face of the earth, if they would not immediately give him the satisfaction he required.

The hostess being by this time terrified almost out of his senses, fell on her knees before him, begging he would spare their lives, and promising to declare the whole truth. He would not, however, remove his foot from the body of her husband, until she told him, that in less than half an hour after he had fallen out upon the supposed robbers, two chaises arrived, each drawn by four horses; that two men armed with pistols alighting from one of them, laid violent hands upon the young lady; and, notwithstanding her struggling and kicking, forced her into the other carriage, in which was an infirm gentleman, who called himself her guardian; that the maid was left to the care of a third servant, to follow with a third chaise, which was got ready with all possible dispatch, while the other two proceeded at full speed on the road to London. It was by this communicative inquiry the people of the house were informed that the old gentleman, his master, was Squire Darnel, the young lady his niece and ward, and our adventurer a needy sharper, who wanted to make a prey of her fortune.

The knight, fired even almost to frenzy by this intimation, spurned the carcase of his host; and his eye gleaming terror, rushed into the yard, in order to mount Bronzomarte and pursue the ravisher, when he was diverted from his purpose by a new incident.

One of the postilions, who had driven the chaise in which Dolly was conveyed, happened to arrive at that instant; when, seeing our hero, he ran up to him cap in hand, and presenting a letter, accosted him in these words: --'Please your noble honour, if your honour be Sir Launcelot Greaves of the West Riding, here's a letter from a gentlewoman, that I promised to deliver into your honour's own hands.'

The knight, snatching the letter with the utmost avidity, broke it up, and found the contents couched in these terms.

'HONOURED SIR,

'THE man az gi'en me leave to lat yaw knaw my dear leady is going to Loodon with her unkie Squaire Darnel--- Be not conzarned honoured Sir, vor I'se take it on mai laif to let yaw knaw wheare we be zettled, if zo be I can vind wheare you loadge in Loondon. The man zays yaw may put it in the

poobic prints. I houp the barebier will be honeft enuff to deliver this fcrowl; and that your honour will pardon your umbil fervaunt to cummand,

DOROTHY COWSLIP.'

'P. S. Pleaſe my kaind ſarvice to Laaver Clarke. Squaire Darnel's man is very civil for fartain; but I'ave no thoughts on him I'll aſſure ya.—Mayhap, worſe ware may have a better chap, as the zayin goes.'

Nothing could be more ſeaſonable than the delivery of this billet; which he had no ſooner peruſed than his reflection returned, and he entered into a ſerious deliberation with his own heart. He conſidered that Aurelia was by this time far beyond a poſſibility of being overtaken, and that by a precipitate purſuit he ſhould only expoſe his own infirmities. He confided in the attachment of his miſtreſs, and in the fidelity of her maid, who would find opportunities of communicating her ſentiments by means of this lacquey, of whom he perceived by the latter ſhe had already made a conqueſt. He therefore reſolved to bridle his impatience, to proceed leiſurely to London; and inſtead of taking any raſh ſtep which might induce Anthony Darnel to remove his niece from that city, remain in ſeeming quiet until ſhe ſhould be ſettled, and her guardian returned to the country. Aurelia had mentioned to him the name of Doctor Kawdle, and from him he expected in due time to receive the moſt intereſting information.

Theſe reflections had an inſtantaneous effect upon our hero, whoſe rage immediately ſubſided, and whoſe viſage gradually reſumed it's natural caſt of courteſy and good humour. He forthwith gratified the poſtilion with ſuch a remuneration as ſent him dancing into the kitchen, where he did not fail to extol the generoſity and immenſe fortune of Sir Launcelot Greaves.

Our adventurer's next ſtep was to ſee Bronzomarte properly accommodated; then he ordered a refreſhment for himſelf, and retired into an apartment, where mine hoſt, with his wife, and all the ſervants, waited on him, to beſeech his honour to forgive their impertinence, which was owing to their ignorance of his honour's quality, and the falſe information they had received from the gentleman's ſervant. He had too much magnanimity to retain the leaſt reſentment againſt ſuch inconſiderable objects. He not only pardoned them without heſitation, but aſſured the landlord he would be accountable for the horſe; which, however, was that ſame evening brought home by a countryman, who found him pounded, as it were, within the walls of a ruined cottage.

cottage. As the knight had been greatly fatigued, without enjoying any rest for eight and forty hours, he resolved to indulge himself with one night's repose, and then to return to the place where he had left his squire indisposed; for by this time even his concern for Timothy had recurred.

On a candid scrutiny of his own heart, he found himself much less unhappy than he had been before his interview with Aurelia, for, instead of being, as formerly, tortured with the pangs of despairing love, which had actually unsettled his understanding, he was now happily convinced that he had inspired the tender breast of Aurelia with mutual affection; and though she was invincibly restrained from his embrace in the midst of such endearments as had almost wrought up his soul to ecstasy and transport, he did not doubt of finding a time to release her from the power of an inhuman kinsman, whose guardianship would soon of course expire; and in the mean time he rested with the most perfect dependence on her constancy and virtue.

As he next day crossed the country, ruminating on the disaster that had befallen his squire, and could now compare circumstances coolly, he easily comprehended the whole scheme of that adventure which was no other than an artifice of Anthony Darnel and his emissaries to draw him from the inn, where he proposed to execute his design upon the innocent Aurelia. He took it for granted that the uncle, having been made acquainted with his niece's elopement, had followed her track by the help of such information as he received from one stage to another; and that, receiving more particulars at the White Hart touching Sir Launcelot, he had formed the scheme in which Crabtree was an involuntary instrument towards the seduction of his master.

Amusing himself with these and other cogitations, our hero in the afternoon reached the place of his destination; and entering the inn where Timothy had been left at sick-quarters, chanced to meet the apothecary retiring precipitately, in a very unsavoury pickle, from the chamber of his patient. When he enquired about the health of his squire, this retailer of medicine, wiping himself all the while with a napkin, answered, in manifest confusion, that he apprehended him to be in a very dangerous way, from an inflammation of the *pia mater*, which had produced a most furious delirium. Then he proceeded to explain, in technical terms, the method of cure he had followed; and concluded with telling him the poor squire's brain was so outrageously disordered, that he had rejected all administration, and just thrown an urinal in his face.

The knight's humanity being alarmed at this intelligence, he resolved that Crabshaw should have the benefit of farther advice; and asked if there was not a physician in the place. The apothecary, after some interjections of hesitation, owned there was a doctor in the village, an odd sort of a humourist; but he believed he had not much to do in the way of his profession, and was not much tied to the forms of prescription. He was counted a scholar, to be sure: but as to his medical capacity—he would not take upon him to say.—'No matter,' cried Sir Launcelot; 'he may strike out some lucky thought for the benefit of the patient, and I desire you will call him instantly.'

While the apothecary was absent on this service, our adventurer took it into his head to question the landlord about the character of this physician, which had been so unfavourably represented; and received the following information.

'For my part, master, I knows nothing amiss of the doctor—he's a quiet sort of an inoffensive man; uses my house sometimes, and pays for what he has, like the rest of my customers. They say he deals very little in physic stuff, but cures his patients with fasting and water-gruel, whereby he can't expect the apothecary to be his friend. You knows, master, one must live, and let live, as the saying is. I must say, he, for the value of three guineas, set up my wife's constitution in such a manner, that I have saved within these two years, I believe, forty pounds in apothecary's bills. But what of that? every man must eat, tho' at another's expence; and I should be in a deadly hole myself, if all my customers should take it in their heads to drink nothing but water-gruel, because it is good for the constitution. Thank God, I have as good a constitution as e'er a man in England; but for all that, I and my whole family bleed and purge, and take a diet-drink twice a year, by way of serving the apothecary, who is a very honest man, and a very good neighbour.'

Their conversation was interrupted by the return of the apothecary with the doctor, who had very little of the faculty in his appearance. He was dressed remarkably plain; seemed to be turned of fifty; had a careless air, and a sarcastical turn in his countenance. Before he entered the sick man's chamber, he asked some questions concerning the disease; and when the apothecary, pointing to his own head, said—'It lies all here;' the doctor, turning to Sir Launcelot, replied—'If that be all, there's nothing in it.'

Upon

Upon a more particular enquiry about the ſymptoms, he was told that the blood was ſeemingly viſcous, and ſalt upon the tongue; the urine remarkably arofaline; and the fæces atrabilious and fœtid. When the doctor ſaid he would engage to find the ſame phænomena in every healthy man of the three kingdoms, the apothecary added, that the patient was manifeſtly corpulous, and moreover afflicted with griping pains and borborygmata. 'A f---t for your borborygmata!' cried the phyſician. 'What has been done?' To this queſtion he replied, that veneſection had been three times performed; that a veſicatory had been applied *inter ſcapulas*; that the patient had taken occaſionally of a cathartic apozem; and, between whiles, aleyipharmic boluſes and neutral draughts. 'Neutral, indeed!' ſaid the doctor; 'ſo neutral, that I'll be crucified if ever they declare either for the patient or the diſeaſe.' So ſaying, he bruſhed into Crabſhaw's chamber, followed by our adventurer, who was almoſt ſuffocated at his firſt entrance. The day was cloſe: the window-ſhutters were faſtened: a huge fire blazed in the chimney; thick harateen curtains were cloſe drawn round the bed, where the wretched ſquire lay extended under an enormous load of blankets. The nurſe, who had all the exteriors of a bawd given to drink, ſat ſtewing in this apartment like a damned ſoul in ſome infernal bagnio; but riſing when the company entered, made her curtſies with great decorum. 'Well,' ſaid the doctor, 'how does your patient, nurſe?'---'Bleſſed be God for it! I hope in a fair way---to be ſure his apozem has had a bleſſed effect---five and twenty ſtools ſince three o'clock in the morning. But then a'would not ſuffer the bliſters to be put upon his thighs. Good lack? a'has been mortally obſtrepolous, and out of his ſenſes all this bleſſed day.'---'You lye!' cried the ſquire; 'I a'n't out of my ſeven ſenſes, thof I'm half mad with vexation.'

The doctor having withdrawn the curtain, the hapleſs ſquire appeared very pale and ghaſtly; and having ſurveyed his maſter with a rueful aſpect, addreſſed him in theſe words:---"Sir Knight, I beg a boon; be pleaſed to tie a ſtone about the neck of the apothecary, and a halter about the neck of the nurſe, and throw the one into the next river, and the other over the next tree; and in ſo doing you will do a charitable deed to your fellow-creatures; for he and ſhe do the devil's work in partnerſhip, and have ſent many ſcore of their betters home to him before their time.'---'Oh! he begins to talk ſenſible.---Have a good heart!' ſaid the phyſician.---'What is your diſorder?'---'Phyſic.'---'What do you chiefly complain of?'---'The doctor.'---'Does your head ache?'---'Yea,

with impertinence.'—'Have you a pain in your back?'—'Yes, where the blister lies.'—'Are you sick at stomach?'—'Yes, with hunger.'—'Do you feel any shiverings?'—'Always at the sight of the apothecary.'—'Do you perceive any load in your bowels?'—'I would the apothecary's conscience was as clear.'—'Are you thirsty?'—'Not thirsty enough to drink barley-water.'—'Be pleased to look into his fauces,' said the apothecary; 'he has got a rough tongue, and a very foul mouth, I'll assure you.'—'I have known that the case with some limbs of the faculty, where they stood more in need of correction than of physic.'—'Well, my honest friend, since you have already undergone the proper purgations in due form, and say you have no other disease than the doctor, we will set you on your legs again without farther question. Here, nurse, open that window, and throw these phials into the street. Now, lower the curtain, without shutting the casement, that the man may not be stiffled in his own steam. In the next place, take off two-thirds of these coals, and one-third of these blankets. How do'st feel now, my heart?'—I should feel heart whole if so be as yaw would throw the noorse a'ter the bottles, and the pothecary a'ter the noorse; and oorder me a pound of chops for my dinner; for I be so hoorgry, I could eat a horse behind the saddle.'

The apothecary, seeing what passed, retired of his own accord, holding up his hands, in sign of astonishment. The nurse was dismissed in the same breath. Crabshaw arose, dressed himself without assistance, and made a hearty meal on the first eatable that presented itself to view. The knight passed the evening with the physician; who, from his first appearance, concluded he was mad; but, in the course of the conversation, found means to resign that opinion, without adopting any other in lieu of it, and parted with him under all the impatience of curiosity. The knight, on his part, was very well entertained with the witty sarcasms and erudition of the doctor, who appeared to be a sort of cynic philosopher, tinctured with misanthropy, and at open war with the whole body of apothecaries; whom, however, it was by no means his interest to disoblige.

Next day, Crabshaw being, to all appearance, perfectly recovered, our adventurer reckoned with the apothecary, paid the landlord, and set out on his return for the London road, resolving to lay aside his armour at some distance from the metropolis; for, ever since his interview with Aurelia, his fondness for chivalry had been gradually abating. As the torrent of his dispair had disordered the current of his sober reflection;

reflection so now, as that despair subsided, his thoughts began to flow deliberately in their ancient channel. All day long he regaled his imagination with plans of connubial happiness, formed on the possession of the incomparable Aurelia; determined to wait with patience until the law should supersede the authority of her guardian, rather than adopt any violent expedient which might hazard the interest of his passion.

He had for some time travelled in the turnpike road, when his reverie was suddenly interrupted by a confused noise; and when he lifted up his eyes, he beheld, at a little distance, a rabble of men and women variously armed, with flails, pitch-forks, poles, and muskets, acting offensively against a strange figure on horseback, who, with a kind of launce, laid about him with incredible fury. Our adventurer was not so totally abandoned by the spirit of chivalry, to see without emotion a single knight in danger of being overpowered by such a multitude of adversaries. Without staying to put on his helmet, he ordered Crabshaw to follow him in the charge against those plebeians: then couching his launce, and giving Bronzomarte the spur, he began his career with such impetuosity, as overturned all that happened to be in his way; and intimidated the rabble to such a degree, that they retired before him like a flock of sheep, the greater part of them believing he was the devil *in propria persona*. He came in the very nick of time to save the life of the other errant, against whom three loaded musquets were actually levelled at the very instant that our adventurer began his charge. The unknown knight was so sensible of the seasonable interposition, that, riding up to our hero—'Brother,' said he, 'this is the second time you have help me off when I was bump ashore. Bess Mizzen, I must say, is no more than a leaky bum boat, in comparison of the glorious galley you want to man. I desire that henceforth we may cruize in the same latitudes, brother; and I'll be damned if I don't stand by you as long I have a stick standing, or can carry a rag of canvas.'

By this address our knight recognized the novice Captain Crowe, who had found means to accomodate himself with a very strange suit of armour. By way of helmet, he wore one of the caps used by the light-horse, with straps buckled under his chin, and contrived in such a manner as to conceal his whole visage except the eyes. Instead of cuirass, mail, greaves, and other pieces of complete armour, he was cased in a postilion's leathern jerkin, covered with thin plates of tinned iron: his buckler was a pot lid, his launce a hop-pole shod with iron, and a basket-hilt broad sword, like that of Hudibras, depending by a broad buff belt that girded his middle

middle. His feet were defended by jack-boots, and his hands by the gloves of a trooper. Sir Launcelot would not lose time in examining particulars, as he perceived some miſchief had been done, and that the enemy had rallied at a diſtance; he therefore commanded Crowe to follow him, and rode off with great expedition; but he did not perceive his ſquire was taken priſoner; nor did the captain recollect that his nephew, Tom Clarke, had been diſabled and ſecured in the beginning of the fray. The truth is, the poor captain had been ſo belaboured about the pate, that it was a wonder he remembered his own name.

CHAP. V.

Containing Adventures of Chivalry equally new and ſurprizing.

THE knight, Sir Launcelot, and the novice Crowe, retreated with equal order and expedition, to the diſtance of half a league from the field of battle; where the former halting, propoſed to make a lodgment in a very decent houſe of entertainment, diſtinguiſhed by the ſign of St George of Cappadocia encountering the dragon; an atchievement in which temporal and ſpiritual chivalry were happily reconciled. Two ſuch figures alighting at the iron gate, did not paſs through the yard unnoticed and unadmired by the gueſts and attendants; ſome of whom fairly took to their heels, on the ſuppoſition that theſe outlandiſh creatures were the avant couriers or heralds of a French invaſion. The fears and doubts, however, of thoſe who ventured to ſtay, were ſoon diſpelled, when our hero accoſted them in the Engliſh tongue, and, with the moſt courteous demeanor, deſired to be ſhewn into an apartment.

Had Captain Crowe been ſpokeſman, perhaps their ſuſpicions would not have ſo quickly ſubſided; for he was, in reality, a very extraordinary novice, not only in chivalry, but alſo in his external appearance, and particularly in thoſe dialects of the Engliſh language which are uſed by the terreſtrial animals of this kingdom. He deſired the oſtler take his horſe in tow, and bring him to his moorings in a ſafe riding. He ordered the waiter, who ſhewed them into a parlour, to bear a hand, ſhip his oars, mind his helm, and bring along ſide a ſhort

a ſhort allowance of brandy or grog, that he might cant a ſlug into his bread-room; for there was ſuch a heaving and pitching, that he believed he ſhould ſhift his ballaſt. The fellow underſtood no part of this addreſs but the word *brandy*, at mention of which he diſappeared. Then Crowe, throwing himſelf into an elbow chair---'Stop my hawſe-holes,' cried he, 'I can't think what's the matter, brother; but, egad, my head ſings and ſimmers like a pot of chowder. My eye ſight yaws to and again, d'ye ſee: then there's ſuch a wallowing and whiſtling in my hold---ſmite my---Lord have mercy upon us!---Here, you ſwab! ne'er mind a glaſs---hand me the noggin.'

The latter part of this addreſs was directed to the waiter, who had returned with a quartern of brandy; which Crowe ſnatching eagerly, ſtarted into his bread room at one cant. Indeed, there was no time to be loſt, inaſmuch as he ſeemed to be on the verge of fainting away when he ſwallowed this cordial, by which he was inſtantaneouſly revived.

He then deſired the ſervant to unbuckle the ſtraps of his helmet; but this was a taſk which the drawer could not perform, even though aſſiſted with the good offices of Sir Launcelot; for the head and jaws were ſo much ſwelled with the diſcipline they had undergone, that the ſtraps and buckles lay buried, as it were, in pits formed by the tumefaction of the adjacent parts.

Fortunately for the novice, a neighbouring ſurgeon paſſed by the door on horſeback; a circumſtance which the waiter, who ſaw him from the window, no ſooner diſcloſed, than the knight had recourſe to his aſſiſtance. This practitioner having viewed the whole figure, and more particularly the head of Crowe, in ſilent wonder, proceeded to feel his pulſe; and then declared, that as the inflammation was very great, and going on with violence to its *akme*, it would be neceſſary to begin with copious phlebotomy and then to empty the inteſtinal canal. So ſaying, he began to ſhip the arm of the captain; who perceiving his aim---'Avaſt, brother!' cried he; 'you go the wrong way to work---you may as well rummage the after-hold when the damage is in the fore-caſtle. I ſhall right again when my jaws are unhooped.

With theſe words he drew a claſp-knife from his pocket; and advancing to a glaſs, applied it ſo vigorouſly to the leather ſtraps of his head piece, that the Gordian-knot was cut without any other damage to his face than a moderate ſcarification, which, added to the tumefaction of features, naturally ſtrong, and a whole week's growth of a very buſhy beard, produced, on the whole, a moſt hideous caricatura. After all,

there

there was a neceſſity for the adminiſtration of the ſurgeon, who found divers contuſions on different parts of the ſkull, which even the tin cap had not being able to protect from the weapons of the ruſtics.

Theſe being ſhaved and dreſſed *ſecundum artem*, and the operator diſmiſſed with a proper acknowledgment, our knight detached one of the poſt-boys to the field of action, for intelligence concerning Mr Clarke and Squire Timothy; and, in the interim, deſired to know the particulars of Crowe's adventures ſince he parted with him at the White Hart.

A connected relation, in plain Engliſh, was what he had little reaſon to expect from the novice; who, nevertheleſs, exerted his faculties to the uttermoſt, for his ſatisfaction. He gave him to underſtand, that in ſteering his courſe to Birmingham, where he thought of fitting himſelf with tackle, he had fallen in by accident, at a public-houſe, with an itinerant tinker, in the very act of mending a kettle---that ſeeing him do his buſineſs like an able workman, he had applied to him for advice; and the tinker, after having conſidered the ſubject, had undertaken to make him ſuch a ſuit of armour as neither ſword nor lance ſhould penetrate---that they adjourned to the next town, where the leather coat, the plates of tinned iron, the launce, and the broad-ſword, were purchaſed, together with a copper ſauce-pan, which the artiſt was now at work upon, in converting it to a ſhield; but, in the mean time, the captain being impatient to begin his career of chivalry, had accomodated himſelf with a pot-lid, and taken to the highway, notwithſtanding all the entreaties, tears, and remonſtrances, of his nephew Tom Clarke; who could not, however, be prevailed upon to leave him in the dangerous voyage he had undertaken ---that this being but the ſecond day of his journey, he deſcribed five or ſix men on horſeback, bearing up full in his teeth; upon which he threw his ſails a-back, and prepared for action ---that he hailed them at a conſiderable diſtance, and bade them bring to; when they came along-ſide, notwithſtanding his hail, he ordered them to clew up their courſes, and furl their top-ſails, otherwiſe he would be foul of their quarters---that hearing this ſalute, they luffed all at once, till their cloth ſhook in the wind; then he hallooed in a loud voice, that his ſweetheart, Belliſſa Mizzen, wore the broad pendant of beauty; to which they muſt ſtrike their top ſails, on pain of being ſent to the bottom---that after having eyed him for ſome time with aſtoniſhment, they clapped on all their ſails, ſome of them running under his ſtern, and others athwart his fore-foot, and got clear off---that, not ſatisfied with running a-head, they all of a ſudden tacked about;

and

and one of them boarding him on the lee-quarter, gave him ſuch a drubbing about his upper-works, that the lights danced in his lanterns: that he returned the ſalute with his hop-pole ſo effectually, that his aggreſſor broached to in the twinkling of an handſpike; and then he was engaged with all the reſt of the enemy, except one, who ſheered off, and ſoon returned with a moſqueto fleet of ſmall craft, who had done him conſiderable damage; and, in all probability, would have made a prize of him, hadn't he been brought off by the knight's gallantry. He ſaid, that in the beginning of the conflict, Tom Clarke rode up to the foremoſt of the enemy, as he did ſuppoſe, in order to prevent hoſtilities; but before he got up to him near enough to hold diſcourſe, he was pooped with a ſea that almoſt ſent him to the bottom, and then toſſed off he knew not whither.

Crowe had ſcarce finiſhed his narration, which conſiſted of broken hints and unconnected exploſions of ſea terms, when a gentleman of the neighbourhood, who acted in the commiſſion of the peace, arrived at the gate, attended by a conſtable, who had in cuſtody the bodies of Thomas Clarke and Timothy Crabſhaw, ſurrounded by five men on horſeback, and an innumerable poſſe of men, women, and children, on foot. The captain, who always kept a good look-out, no ſooner deſcried this cavalcade and proceſſion; than he gave notice to Sir Launcelot, and adviſed that they ſhould crowd away with all the cloth they could carry. Our adventurer was of another opinion; and determined at any rate, to procure the enlargement of the priſoners.

The juſtice, ordering his attendants to ſtay without the gate, ſent his compliments to Sir Launcelot Greaves, and deſired to ſpeak with him for a few minutes. He was immediately admitted; and could not help ſtaring at ſight of Crowe; who, by this time, had no remains of the human phyſiognomy; ſo much was the ſwelling increaſed and the ſkin diſcoloured. The gentleman, whoſe name was Mr Kimy, having made a polite apology for the liberty he had taken, proceeded to unfold his buſineſs. He ſaid, information had been lodged with him, as a juſtice of the peace, againſt two armed men on horſeback, who had ſtopped five farmers on the king's highway, put them in fear and danger of their lives, and even aſſaulted, maimed, and wounded divers perſons, contrary to the king's peace, and in violation of the ſtatute: that, by the deſcription, he ſuppoſed the knight and his companion to be the perſons againſt whom the complaint had been lodged; and underſtanding his quality from Mr Clarke, whom he had known in Loucon, he

was

was come to wait upon him, and, if poſſible, effect an accommodation.

Our adventurer, having thanked him for the polite and obliging manner in which he proceeded, frankly told him the whole ſtory, as it had been juſt related by the captain: and Mr Elmy had no reaſon to doubt the truth of the narrative, as it confirmed every circumſtance which Clarke had before reported. Indeed, Tom had been very communicative to this gentleman, and made him acquainted with the whole hiſtory of Sir Launcelot Greaves, as well as with the whimſical reſolution of his uncle Captain Crowe. Mr Elmy now told the knight, that the perſons whom the captain had ſtopped were farmers, returning from a neighbouring market: a ſet of people naturally booriſh, and at that time elavated with ale to an uncommon pitch of inſolence: that one of them in particular, called Prickle, was the moſt quarrelſome fellow in the whole county; and ſo litigious, that he had maintained above thirty law-ſuits, in eight and twenty of which he had been condemned in coſts. He ſaid, the others might be eaſily influenced in the way of admonition; but there was no way of dealing with Prickle, except by the form and authority of the law: he therefore propoſed to hear evidence in a judicial capacity; and his clerk being in attendance, the court was immediately opened in the knight's apartment.

By this time Mr Clarke had made ſuch good uſe of his time in explaining the law to his audience, and diſplaying the great wealth and unbounded liberality of Sir Launcelot Greaves, that he had actually brought over to his ſentiments the conſtable and the commonalty, tag, rag, and bob-tail; and even ſtaggered the majority of the farmers, who at firſt had breathed nothing but defiance and revenge. Farmer Stake being firſt called to the bar, and ſworn touching the identity of Sir Launcelot Greaves and Captain Crowe, declared, that the ſaid Crowe had ſtopped him on the king's highway, and put him in bodily fear; that he afterwards ſaw the ſaid Crowe, with a pole or weapon, value three-pence, breaking the king's peace, by committing aſſault and battery againſt the heads and ſhoulders of his majeſty's liege ſubjects, Geoffroy Prickle, Hodge Doh, Richard Bumpkin, Mary Fang, Catharine Rubble, and Margery Litter; and that he ſaw Sir Launcelot Greaves, baronet, aiding, aſſiſting, and comforting the ſaid Crowe, contrary to the king's peace, and againſt the form of the ſtatute.

Being aſked if the defendant, when he ſtopped them demanded their money, or threatened violence; he anſwered, he could not ſay, inaſmuch as the defendant ſpoke in an unknown language.

guage. Being interrogated if the defendant did not allow them to paſs without uſing any violence, and if they did not paſs unmoleſted; the deponent replied in the affirmative. Being required to tell for what reaſon they returned, and if the defendant Crowe, was not aſſaulted before he began to uſe his weapon; the deponent made no anſwer. The depoſition of farmer Bumpkin and Muggins, as well as of Madge Litter and Mary Fang, were taken to much the ſame purpoſe; and his worſhip earneſtly exhorted them to an accommodation; obſerving, that they themſelves were, in fact, the aggreſſors, and that Captain Crowe had done no more than exerted himſelf in his own defence.

They were all pretty well diſpoſed to follow his advice, except Farmer Prickle, who entering the court with a bloody handkerchief about his head, declared that the law ſhould determine it at next aſſize; and, in the mean time, inſiſted that the defendants ſhould find immediate bail, or go to priſon, or be ſet in the ſtocks. He affirmed, that they had been guilty of an *affray*, in appearing with armour and weapons, not uſually worn, to the terror of others, which is in itſelf a breach of the peace; but that they had, moreover, with force of arms, that is to ſay, with ſwords, ſtaves, and other warlike inſtruments, by turns, made an aſſault and *affray*, to the terror and diſturbance of him and divers ſubjects of our lord the king then and there being, and to the evil and pernicious example of the liege people of the ſaid lord the king, and againſt the peace of our ſaid lord the king his crown and dignity.

The peaſant had purchaſed a few law-terms at a conſiderable expence, and he thought he had a right to turn his knowledge to the annoyance of all his neighbours. Mr Ellny, finding him obſtinately deaf to all propoſals of accommodation, held the defendents to very moderate bail, the landlord and the curate of the parish freely offering themſelves as ſureties. Mr Clarke, with Timothy Grabhaw, againſt whom nothing appeared, were now ſet at liberty; when the former, advancing to his worſhip, gave information againſt Geoffry Prickle; and declared upon oath, that he had ſeen him aſſault Captain Crowe without any provocation; and when he, the deponent, interpoſed to prevent further miſchief, the ſaid Prickle had likewiſe aſſaulted and wounded him the depoſitor, and detained him for ſome time in falſe imprisonment without warrant or authority.

In conſequence of this information, which was corroborated by divers evidences ſelected from the mob at the gate, the tables were turned upon Farmer Prickle, who was given to

underſtand that he muſt either find bail or be forthwith impriſoned. This *honeſt* boor, who was in opulent circumſtances, had made ſuch popular uſe of the benefits he poſſeſſed, that there was not an houſe keeper in the pariſh who would not have rejoiced to ſee him hanged. His dealings and connections, however, were ſuch, that none of the other four would have refuſed to bail him, had not Clarke given them to underſtand, that, if they did, he would make them all principles and parties, and have two ſeperate actions againſt each. Prickle happened to be at variance with the inn keeper, and the curate durſt not diſoblige the vicar, who at that very time was ſuing the farmer for the ſmall tythes. He offered to depoſit a ſum equal to the recognizance of the knight's bail: but this was rejected, as an expedient contrary to the practice of the courts. He ſent for the attorney of the village, to whom he had been a good cuſtomer, but the lawyer was hunting evidence in another county. The exciſeman preſented himſelf as a ſurety; but he not being an houſekeeper, was not accepted. Divers cottagers, who depended on Farmer Prickle, were ſucceſſively refuſed, becauſe they could not prove that they had paid ſcot and lot and pariſh taxes.

The farmer, finding himſelf thus forlorn, and in imminent danger of viſiting the inſide of a priſon, was ſeized with a paroxyſm of rage; during which he inveighed againſt the bench; reviled the two adventurers errant; declared that he believed and would lay a wager of twenty guineas that he had more money in his pocket, than e'er a man in the company; and, in the ſpace of a quarter of an hour, ſwore forty oaths, which the juſtice did not fail to number. 'Before we proceed to other matters,' ſaid Mr Elmy, 'I order you to pay forty ſhillings for the oaths you have ſwore, otherwiſe I will cauſe you to be ſet in the ſtocks without farther ceremony.

Prickle, throwing down a couple of guineas, with two execrations more to make up the ſum, declared that he could afford to pay for ſwearing as well as e'er a juſtice in the county; and repeated his challenge of the wager; which our adventurer now accepted, proteſting at the ſame time that it was not a ſtep taken from any motive of pride, but entirely with a view to puniſh an inſolent plebeian, who could not otherwiſe be chaſtiſed without a breach of the peace. Twenty guineas being depoſited on each ſide in the hands of Mr Elmy, Prickle, with equal confidence and diſpatch, produced a canvas bag, containing two hundred and ſeventy pounds; which, being ſpread upon the table, made a very formidable

formidable ſhew, that dazzled the eyes of the beholders, and induced many of them to believe he had enſured his conqueſt.

Our adventurer aſking if he had any thing farther to offer, and being anſwered in the negative, drew forth, with great deliberation, a pocket book, in which there was a conſiderable parcel of bank-notes from which he ſelected three of one hundred pounds each, and exhibited them upon the table, to the aſtoniſhment of all preſent. Prickle, mad with his overthrow and loſs, ſaid it might be neceſſary to make him prove the notes were honeſtly come by; and Sir Launcelot ſtarted up in order to take vengeance upon him for this inſult, but was withheld by the arms and remonſtrances of Mr Elmy, who aſſured him that Prickle deſired nothing ſo much as another broken head, to lay the foundation of a new proſecution.

The knight, calmed by this interpoſition, turned to the audience, ſaying, with the moſt affable deportment---'Good people, do not imagine that I intend to pocket the ſpoil of ſuch a contemptible raſcal. I ſhall beg the favour of this worthy gentleman to take up theſe twenty guineas, and diſtribute them as he ſhall think proper among the poor of the pariſh; but, by this benefaction, I do not hold myſelf acquitted for the ſhare I had in the bruiſes ſome of you have received in this unlucky fray; and therefore I give the other twenty guineas to be divided among the ſufferers, to each according to the damage he or ſhe ſhall appear to have ſuſtained; and I ſhall conſider it as an additional obligation if Mr Elmy will likewiſe ſuperintend this retribution.'

At the cloſe of this addreſs the whole yard and gate-way rung with acclamation; while honeſt Crowe, whoſe generoſity was not inferior even to that of the accompliſhed Greaves, pulled out his purſe, and declared, that as he had begun the engagement, he would at leaſt go ſhare and ſhare alike in new-caulking their ſeams and repairing their timbers. The knight, rather than enter into a diſpute with his novice, told him he conſidered the twenty guineas as given by them both in conjunction, and that they would confer together on that ſubject hereafter.

This point being adjuſted, Mr Elmy aſſumed all the ſolemnity of the magiſtrate, and addreſſed himſelf to Prickle in theſe words:---'Farmer Prickle, I am both ſorry and aſhamed to ſee a man of your years and circumſtances ſo little reſpected that you cannot find ſufficient bail for forty pounds; a ſure teſtimony that you have neither cultivated the friendſhip nor deſerved the good will of your neighbours. I have heard of your

quarrels and your riots, your insolence and litigious disposition, and often wished for an opportunity of giving you a proper taste of the law's correction. That opportunity now offers —you have, in the hearing of all these people, poured forth a torrent of abuse against me, both in the character of a gentleman and of a magistrate; your abusing me personally, perhaps I should have over-looked with the contempt it deserves; but I should ill vindicate the dignity of my office as a magistrate, by suffering you to insult the bench with impunity. I shall therefore imprison you for contempt, and you shall remain in gaol until you can find bail on the other protecutions.'

Prickle, the first transports of his anger having subsided, began to be pricked with the thorns of compunction. He was, indeed, extremely mortified at the prospect of being sent to gaol so disgracefully. His countenance fell; and, after a hard internal struggle, while the clerk was employed in writing the mittimus, he said, he hoped his worship would not send him to prison. He begged pardon of him and our adventurers for having abused them in his passion; and observed, that as he had received a broken head, and paid two and twenty guineas for his folly, he could not be said to have escaped altogether without punishment, even if the plaintiff should agree to exchange releases.

Sir Launcelot seeing this stubborn rustic effectually humbled, became an advocate in his favour with Mr Elmy and Tom Clarke, who forgave him at his request; and a mutual release being executed, the farmer was permitted to depart. The populace were regaled at our adventurer's expence; and the men, women, and children, who had been wounded or bruised in the battle, to the number of ten or a dozen, were desired to wait upon Mr Elmy in the morning, to receive the knight's bounty. The justice was prevailed upon to spend the evening with Sir Launcelot and his two companions, for whom supper was bespoke; but the first thing the cook prepared, was a poultice for Crowe's head, which was now enlarged to a monstrous exhibition. Our knight, who was all kindness and complacency, shook Mr Clarke by the hand, expressing his satisfaction at meeting with his old friends again; and told him gaily, that he had compliments for him from Mrs Dolly Worship, who now lived with his Aurelia.

Clarke was confounded at this intelligence; and after some hesitation—'Lord bless my soul!' cried he, 'I'll be shot, then, if the pretended Miss Meadows wa'n't the same as Miss Darnel!' He then declared himself extremely glad that poor Dolly had got into such an agreeable situation, passed many warm encomiums on her goodness of heart and virtuous inclinations,

inclinations, and concluded with appealing to the knight whether she did not look very pretty in her green joseph. In the mean time he procured a plaister for his own head, and helped to apply the poultice to that of his uncle, who was sent to bed betimes with a moderate dose of sack-whey to promote perspiration. The other three passed the evening to their mutual satisfaction; and the justice in particular grew enamoured of the knight's character, dashed as it was with extravagance.

Let us now leave them to the enjoyment of a sober and rational conversation, and give some account of other guests who arrived late in the evening, and here fixed their night-quarters.—But as we have already trespassed on the reader's patience, we shall give him a short respite until the next chapter makes it's appearance.

CHAP. VI.

In which the Rays of Chivalry shine with renovated Lustre.

OUR hero little dreaded that he had a formidable rival in the person of the knight, who arrived about eleven at the sign of the St George, and, by the noise he made, gave intimation of his importance. This was no other than squire Sycamore; who having received advice that Miss Aurelia Darnel had eloped from the place of her retreat, immediately took the field in quest of that lovely fugitive, hoping that, should he have the good fortune to find her in her present distress, his good offices would not be rejected. He had followed the chace so close, that immediately after our adventurer's departure, he alighted at the inn from whence Aurelia had been conveyed, and where he learned the particulars which we have related above.

Mr Sycamore had a great deal of the childish romantic in his disposition; and, in the course of his amours, is said to have always taken more pleasure in the pursuit than in the final possession. He had heard of sir Launcelot's extravagance, by which he was in some measure infected; and he dropped an insinuation that he could eclipse his rival even in his own lunatic sphere. This hint was not lost upon his companion, counsellor and buffoon, the facetious Davy Dawdle, who had some humour, and a great deal of mischief in his composition. He

looked upon his patron as a fool, and his patron knew him to be both knave and fool; yet the two characters ſuited each other ſo well, that they could hardly exiſt aſunder. Davy was an artful ſycophant, but he did not flatter in the uſual way; on the contrary, he behaved *en cavalier*, and treated Sycamore, on whoſe bounty he ſubſiſted, with the moſt ſarcaſtic familiarity. Nevertheleſs, he ſeaſoned his freedom with certain qualifying ingredients that ſubdued the bitterneſs of it; and was now become ſo neceſſary to the ſquire, that he had no idea of enjoyment with which Dawdle was not ſome how or other connected. There had been a warm diſpute betwixt them about the ſcheme of conteſting the prize with Sir Launcelot in the liſts of chivalry. Sycamore had inſinuated, that if he had a mind to play the fool, he could wear armour, wield a launce, and manage a charger, as well as Sir Launcelot Greaves. Dawdle, ſnatching the hint--'I had ſome time ago,' ſaid he, 'contrived a ſcheme for you, which I was afraid you had not addreſs enough to execute--It would be no difficult matter, in imitation of the Batchelor Sampſon Carraſco, to go in queſt of Greaves as a knight errant, defy him as a rival, and eſtabliſh a compact by which the vanquiſhed ſhould obey the injunctions of the victor.'--'That is my very idea,' cried Sycamore. 'Your idea,' replied the other; 'had you ever an idea of your own conception?' Thus the diſpute began, and was maintained with great vehemence; until, other arguments failing, the ſquire offered to lay a wager of twenty guineas. To this propoſal Dawdle anſwered by the interjection, '*Piſh!*' which inflamed Sycamore to a repetition of the defiance. 'You are in the right,' ſaid Dawdle, 'to uſe ſuch an argument, as you know is by me unanſwereable; a wager of twenty guineas will at any time overthrow and confute all the logic of the moſt able ſyllogiſt who has not got a ſhilling in his pocket,'

Sycamore looked very grave at this declaration; and, after a ſhort pauſe, ſaid--'I wonder, Dawdle, what you do with all your money?'--'I am ſurpriſed you ſhould give yourſelf that trouble--I never aſk what you do with yours.'--'You have no occaſion to aſk; you know pretty well how it goes.'--'What do you upbraid me with your favours?--'tis mighty well, Sycamore.'--'Nay, Dawdle, I did not intend to affront.'--'Z--s affront! what d'ye mean?'--'I'll aſſure you, Davy, you do not know me, if you think I could be ſo ungenerous as to--a--to--' 'I always thought, whatever faults or foibles you might have, Sycamore, that you was not deficient in generoſity--though to be ſure, it is often very abſurdly diſplayed.'--

played.'--'Aye, that's one of my greateſt foibles; I can't refuſe even a ſcoundrel when I think he is in want.---Here, Dawdle, take that note.'---'Not I, Sir--what d'ye mean?--What right have I to your notes?--'Nay, but Dawdle---come.'--'By no means---it looks like the abuſe of good nature---all the world knows you are good-natured to a fault.'---Come, dear Davy, you ſhall---you muſt oblige me.'--Thus urged, Dawdle accepted the bank-note with great reluctance, and reſtored the idea to the right owner.

A ſuit of armour being brought from the garret or armoury of his anceſtors, he gave orders for having the pieces ſcoured and furbiſhed up; and his heart dilated with joy, when he reflected upon the ſuperb figure he ſhould make when caſed in compleat ſteel, and armed at all points for the combat.

When he was fitted with the other parts, Dawdle inſiſted on buckling on his helmet, which weighed fifteen pounds; and the head-piece being adjuſted, made ſuch a clatter about his ears with a cudgel, that his eyes had almoſt ſtarted from their ſockets. His voice was loſt within the viſor; and his friend affected not to underſtand his meaning when he made ſigns with his gauntlets, and endeavoured to cloſe with him, that he might wreſt the cudgel from his hand. At length he deſiſted, ſaying--'I'll warrant the helmet ſound by it's ringing!' and taking it off, found the ſquire in a cold ſweat. He would have atchieved his firſt exploit on the ſpot, had his ſtrength permitted him to aſſault Dawdle; but, what with want of air, and the diſcipline he had undergone, he had well nigh ſwooned away: and before he retrieved the uſe of his members, he was appeaſed by the apologies of his companion, who proteſted he meant nothing more than to try if the helmet was free of cracks, and whether or not it would prove a good protection for the head it covered.

His excuſes were accepted; the armour was picked up; and next morning Mr Sycamore ſet out from his own houſe, accompanied by Dawdle, who undertook to perform the part of his ſquire at the approaching combat. He was alſo attended by a ſervant on horſeback, who had charge of the armour, and another who blowed the trumpet. They no ſooner underſtood that our hero was houſed at the George, than the trumpeter ſounded a charge, which alarmed Sir Launcelot and his company, and diſturbed honeſt Captain Crowe in the middle of his firſt ſleep. Their next ſtep was to pen a challenge; which, when the ſtranger departed, was by the trumpeter delivered with great ceremony into the hands of Sir Launcelot, who read it in theſe words.

'TO THE KNIGHT OF THE CRESCENT, GREETING.

'WHEREAS I am informed you have the presumption to lay claim to the heart of the peerless Aurelia Darnel, I give you notice, that I can admit no rivalship in the affection of that paragon of beauty; and I expect that you will either resign your pretensions, or make it appear in single combat, according to the law of arms and the institutions of chivalry, that are worthy to dispute her favour with him of the Griffin.

POLYDORE.'

Our adventurer was not a little surprized at this address; which, however, he pocketed in silence, and began to reflect, not without mortification, that he was treated as a lunatic by some person who wanted to amuse himself with the infirmities of his fellow-creatures. Mr Thomas Clarke, who saw the ceremony with which the letter was delivered, and the emotions with which it was read, hied him to the kitchen for intelligence, and there learned that the stranger was Squire Sycamore. He forthwith comprehended the nature of the billet; and in the apprehension that bloodshed would ensue, resolved to alarm his uncle, that he might assist in keeping the peace. He accordingly entered the apartment of the captain, who had been waked by the trumpet; and now peevishly asked the meaning of that damned piping, as if all hands were called upon deck. Clarke having imparted what he knew of the transaction, together with his own conjectures, the captain said, he did not suppose as how they would engage by candle-light; and that, for his own part, he should turn out in the larboard watch long enough before any signals could be hove out for forming the line. With this assurance the lawyer retired to his nest, where he did not fail to dream of Miss Dolly Cowslip; while Sir Launcelot passed the night awake, in ruminating on the strange challenge he had received. He had got notice that the sender was Mr Sycamore, and hesitated with himself whether he should not punish him for his impertinence; but when he reflected on the nature of the dispute, and the serious consequences it might produce, he resolved to decline the combat, as a trial of right and merit founded upon absurdity. Even in his maddest hours he never adopted those maxims of knight errantry which related to challenges. He always perceived the folly and wickedness of defying a man to mortal fight because he did not like the colour of his beard, or the complexion of his mistress; or of deciding, by homicide, whether he or his rival deserved the preference,

rence, when it was the lady's prerogative to determine which ſhould be the happy lover. It was his opinion, that chivalry was an uſeful inſtitution while confined to it's original purpoſes of protecting the innocent, aſſiſting the friendleſs, and bringing the guilty to condign puniſhment; but he could not conceive how theſe laws ſhould be anſwered by violating every ſuggeſtion of reaſon, and every precept of humanity.

Captain Crowe did not examine the matter ſo philoſophically, He took it for granted, that in the morning the two knights would come to action, and ſlept ſound on that ſuppoſition. But he aroſe before it was day, reſolved to be ſomehow concerned in the fray; and underſtanding that the ſtranger had a companion, ſet him down immediately for his own antagoniſt. So impatient was he to eſtabliſh this ſecondary conteſt, that by day-break he entered the chamber of Dawcle, to which he was directed by the waiter, and rouzed him with a hilloah that might have been heard at the diſtance of half a league. Dawcle ſtartled by this terrific ſound, ſprung out of bed, and ſtood upright on the floor, before he opened his eyes upon the object by which he had been ſo dreadfully alarmed. But when he beheld the head of Crowe ſo ſwelled and ſwathed, ſo livid, hideous, and grieſly, with a broad ſword by his ſide, and a caſe of piſtols in his girdle, he believed it was the apparition of ſome murdered man; his hair briſtled up, his teeth chattered, and his knees knocked; he would have prayed, but his tongue denied it's office. Crowe, ſeeing his perturbation---'Mayhap, friend,' ſaid he, 'you take me for a buccaneer; but I am no ſuch perſon.---My name is Captain Crowe---I come not for your ſilver nor your gold, your rigging nor your ſtowage: but hearing as how your friend intends to bring my friend Sir Launcelot Greaves to action, d'ye ſee! I deſire, in the way of friendſhip, that, while they are engaged, you and I, as their ſeconds, may lie board and board for a few glaſſes, to divert one another, d'ye ſee!' Dawcle hearing this requeſt began to retrieve his faculties; and throwing himſelf into the attitude of Hamlet when the ghoſt appears, exclaimed in a theatrical accent---

'Angels and miniſters of grace defend us!
Art thou a ſpirit of grace, or goblin damn'd?'

As he ſeemed to bend his eye on vacancy, the captain began to think that he really ſaw ſomething preternatural, and ſtared wildly around. Then addreſſing himſelf to the terrified Dawcle---'Damn'd!' ſaid he, 'for what ſhould I be damn'd? If you are afeard of goblins, brother, put your truſt in the Lord,

and

and he'll prove a ſheet anchor to you.' The other having by this time recollected himſelf perfectly, continued, notwithſtanding, to ſpout tragedy; and, in the words of Macbeth, pronounced----

'What man dare, I dare;
'Approach thou like the rugged Ruſſian bear,
'The arm'd rhinoceros, or, Hyrcanian tyger;
'Take any ſhape but that, and my firm nerves
'Shall never tremble.'--

'Ware names, Jack!' cried the impatient mariner; 'if ſo be as how you'll bear a hand and rig yourſelf, and take a ſhort trip with me into the offing, we'll overhaul this here affair in the turning of a capſtan.'

At this juncture they were joined by Mr Sycamore, in his night gown and ſlippers. Diſturbed by Crowe's firſt ſalute, he had ſprung up, and now expreſſed no ſmall aſtoniſhment at firſt ſight of the novice's countenance. After having gazed alternately at him and Dawdle---'who have we got here?' ſaid he, 'Raw-head and bloody-bones?' When his friend, ſlipping on his cloaths, gave him to underſtand that this was a friend of Sir Launcelot Greaves, and explained the purport of his errand, he treated him with more civility. He aſſured him that he ſhould have the pleaſure to break a ſpear with Mr Dawdle, and ſignified his ſurprize that Sir Launcelot had made no anſwer to his letter. It being by this time clear day-light, and Crowe extremely intereſted in this affair, he broke, without ceremony, into the knight's chamber, and told him abruptly that the enemy had brought to, and waited for his coming up, in order to begin the action. 'I've hailed his conſort,' ſaid he, a ſhambling, chattering fellow: he took me firſt for a hob-goblin; then called me names, a tyger, a wrynoſed'roſs, and a Perſian bear; but egad, if I come athwart him, I'll make him look like the bear and ragged ſtaff before we part---I wool.'

This intimation was not received with that alacrity which the captain expected to find in our adventurer; who told him, in a peremptory tone, that he had no deſign to come to action, and deſired to be left to his repoſe. Crowe forthwith retired croſtfallen, and muttered ſomething which was never diſtinctly heard.

About eight in the morning Mr Dawdle brought him a formal meſſage from the knight of the Griffin, deſiring he would appoint the liſts, and give ſecurity of the field. To which requeſt he made anſwer, in a very compoſed and ſolemn accent---'If the perſon who ſent you thinks I have injured him, let him, without [illegible], or any ſuch ridiculous ceremony, explain the nature of the wrong, and then I ſhall give ſuch ſatisfaction as may

may ſuit my conſcience and my character. If he hath beſtowed his affection upon any particular object, and looks upon me as a favoured rival, I ſhall not wrong the lady ſo much as to take any ſtep that may prejudice her choice, eſpecially a ſtep that contradicts my own reaſon ſo much as it would outrage the laws of my country. If he who calls himſelf Knight of the Griffin is really deſirous of treading in the paths of true chivalry, he will not want opportunities of ſignalizing his valour in the cauſe of virtue. Should he, notwithſtanding this declaration offer violence to me in the courſe of my occaſions, he will always find me in a poſture of defence: or, ſhould he perſiſt in repeating his importunities, I ſhall, without ceremony, chaſtiſe the meſſenger.' His declining the combat was interpreted into fear by Mr Sycamore, who now became more inſolent and ferocious, on the ſuppoſition of our knight's timidity. Sir Launcelot, meanwhile, went to breakfaſt with his friends; and having put on his armour, ordered the horſes to be brought forth. Then he paid the bill; and walking deliberately to the gate, in preſence of Squire Sycamore and his attendants, vaulted, at one ſpring, into the ſaddle of Bronzomarte, whoſe neighing and curveting proclaimed the joy he felt in being mounted by his accompliſhed maſter.

Though the knight of the Griffin did not think proper to inſult his rival perſonally, his friend Dawdle did not fail to crack ſome jokes on the figure and horſemanſhip of Crowe, who again declared he ſhould be glad to fall in with him upon the voyage: nor did Mr Clarke's black patch and ruetul countenance paſs unnoticed and unridiculed. As for Timothy Cratchaw, he beheld his brother ſquire with the contempt of a veteran, and Gilbert paid him his compliments with his heels at parting; but when our adventurer and his retinue were clear of the inn, Mr Sycamore ordered his trumpeter to ſound a retreat, by way of triumph over his antagoniſt.

Perhaps he would have contented himſelf with this kind of victory, had not Dawdle farther inflamed his envy and ambition by launching out in praiſe of Sir Launcelot. He obſerved, that his countenance was open and manly, his joints ſtrong knit, and his form unexceptionable; that he trod like Hercules, and vaulted into the ſaddle like a winged Mercury: nay, he even hinted, it was lucky for Sycamore that the knight of the Crelcent happened to be ſo pacifically diſpoſed. His patron ſickened at theſe praiſes, and took fire at the laſt obſervation. He affected to undervalue perſonal beauty, though the opinion of the world had been favourable to himſelf in that particular: he ſaid he was at leaſt two inches taller than Greaves; and as to ſhape and air, he would make no compariſons; but with reſpect to riding, he was ſure he had a better ſeat than Sir Launcelot, and would wager

wager five hundred to fifty guineas that would unhorſe him at the firſt encounter. 'There is no occaſion for laying wagers,' replied Mr Dawdle; 'the doubt may be determined in half an hour—Sir Launcelot is not a man to avoid you at full gallop.' Sycamore, after ſome heſitation, declared he would follow and provoke him to battle, on condition that Dawdle would engage Crowe; and this condition was accepted: for though Davy had no ſtomach to the trial, he could not readily find an excuſe for declining it; beſides, he had diſcovered the captain to be a very bad horſeman, and reſolved to eke out his own ſcanty valour with a border of ingenuity. The ſervants were immediately ordered to unpack the armour; and, in a little time, Mr Sycamore made a very formidable appearance. But the ſcene that followed is too important to be huddled in at the end of a chapter; and therefore we ſhall reſerve it for a more conſpicuous place in theſe memoirs.

CHAP. VII.

Containing the Atchievements of the Knights of the Griffin and Creſcent.

MR. Sycamore, (alias the knight of the Griffin, ſo dominated from a Griffin painted on his ſhield) being armed at all points, and his friend Dawdle provided with a certain inſtrument, which he flattered himſelf would enſure a victory over the novice Crowe; they ſet out from the George, with their attendants, in all the elevation of hope; and pranced along the high-way that led towards London, that being the road which our adventurer purſued. As they were extremely well mounted, and proceeded at a round pace, they in leſs than two hours came up with Sir Launcelot and his company; and Sycamore ſent another formal defiance to the knight by his trumpeter; Dawdle having, for good reaſons, declined that office.

Our adventurer hearing himſelf thus addreſſed, and ſeeing his rival, who had paſſed him, poſted to obſtruct his progreſs, armed cap-a-pie, with his lance in the reſt, determined to give the ſatisfaction that was required, and deſired that the regulations of the combat might be eſtabliſhed. The Knight of the Griffin propoſed, that the vanquiſhed party ſhould reſign all

all pretenſions to Miſs Aurelia Darnel in favour of the victor; that while the principals were engaged, his friend Dawdle ſhould run a tilt with Captain Crowe; that Squire Crabſhaw and Mr Sycamore's ſervant ſhould keep themſelves in readineſs to aſſiſt their reſpective maſters occaſionally, according to the law of arms; and that Mr Clarke ſhould obſerve the motions of the trumpeter whoſe province was to ſound the charge to battle.

Our knight agreed to theſe regulations, notwithſtanding the earneſt and pathetic remonſtrances of the young lawyer; who, with tears in his eyes, conjured all the combatants, in their turns, to refrain from an action that might be attended with bloodſhed and murder, and was contrary to the laws both of God and man. In vain he endeavoured to move them by tears and entreaties, by threatening them with proſecutions in this world, and pains and penalties in the next: they perſiſted in their reſolution; and his uncle would have began hoſtilities on his carcaſe, had he not been prevented by Sir Launcelot, who extorted Clarke to retire from the field, that he might not be involved in the conſequences of the combat. He reliſhed this advice ſo well, that he had actually moved off to ſome diſtance but his apprehenſions and concern for his friends co-operating with an inſatiable curioſity, detained him in ſight of the engagement.

The two knights having fairly divided the ground, and the ſame precaution being taken by the ſeconds on another part of the field, Sycamore began to be invaded with ſome ſcruples, which were probably engendered by the martial appearance and well known character of his antoganiſt. The confidence which he had derived from the reluctance of Sir Launcelot now vaniſhed, becauſe it plainly appeared, that the knight's backwardneſs was not owing to perſonal timidity; and he foreſaw that the proſecution of this joke might be attended with very ſerious conſequences to his own life and reputation. He therefore deſired a parley, in which he obſerved his affection for Miſs Darnel was of ſuch a delicate nature, that ſhould the diſcomfiture of his rival contribute to make her unhappy, his victory muſt render him the moſt miſerable wretch upon earth. He propoſed, therefore, that her ſentiments and choice ſhould be aſcertained before they proceeded to extremity.

Sir Launcelot declared that he was much more afraid of combating Aurelia's inclination than of oppoſing the knight of the Griffin in arms; and that if he had the leaſt reaſon to think Mr Sycamore or any other perſon, was diſtinguiſhed

by her preference, he would inſtantly gave up his ſuit as deſperate. At the ſame time, he obſerved, that Sycamore had proceeded too far to retract; that he had inſulted a gentleman; and not only challenged, but even perſued him, and blocked up his paſſage in the public highway; outrages which he (Sir Launcelot) would not ſuffer to paſs unpuniſhed. Accordingly, he inſiſted on the combat, on pain of treating Mr Sycamore as a craven or a recreant. This declaration was reinforced by Dawdle; who told him, that ſhould he now decline the engagement, all the world would look upon him as an infamous poltroon.

Theſe two obſervations gave a neceſſary fillip to the courage of the challenger. The parties took their ſtations: the trumpets ſounded to charge, and the combatants began their career with great impetuoſity. Whether the gleam of Sir Launcelot's arms affrighted Mr Sycamore's ſteed, or ſome other object had an unlucky effect on his eye-ſight, certain it is he ſtarted at about midway, and gave his rider ſuch a violent ſhake, as diſcompoſed his attitude, and diſabled him from uſing his launce to the beſt advantage. Had our hero continued his career with his launce couched, in all probability Sycamore's armour would have proved but a bad defence to his carcaſe; but Sir Launcelot perceiving his rival's ſpear unreſted, had juſt time to throw up the point of his own, when the two horſes cloſed with ſuch a ſhock, that Sycamore, already wavering in the ſaddle, was overthrown, and his armour craſhed round him as he fell.

The victor, ſeeing him lie without motion, alighted immediately, and began to unbuckle his helmet, in which office he was aſſiſted by the trumpeter. When the head-piece was removed, the hapleſs knight of the Griffin appeared in the pale livery of death, though he was only in a ſwoon, from which he ſoon recovered by the effect of the freſh air, and the aſperſion of cold water, brought from a ſmall pool in the neighbourhood. When he recognized his conqueror doing the offices of humanity about his perſon, he cloſed his eyes from vexation; told Sir Launcelot that his was the fortune of the day, though he himſelf owed his miſchance to the fault of his own horſe; and obſerved that this ridiculous affair would not have happened, but for the miſchievous inſtigation of that ſcoundrel Dawdle, on whoſe ribs he threatened to revenge his miſhap.

Perhaps Captain Crowe might have ſaved him the trouble, had the wag honourably adhered to the inſtitution of chivalry, in his conflict with our novice: but on this occaſion his ingenuity was more commendable than his courage. He had provided

provided at the inn a blown bladder, in which ſeveral ſmooth pebbles were incloſed; and this he ſlily fixed on the head of his pole, when the captain obeyed the ſignal of battle. Inſtead of bearing the brunt of the encounter, he turned out of the ſtraight line, ſo as to avoid the lance of his antagoniſt, and rattled his bladder with ſuch effect, that Crowe's horſe pricking up his ears, took to his heels, and fled acroſs ſome ploughed land with ſuch precipitation, that the rider was obliged to quit his ſpear, and lay faſt hold on the mane, that he might not be thrown out of the ſaddle. Dawdle, who was much better mounted, ſeeing his condition, rode up to the unfortunate novice, and his ſhoulders without fear of retaliation.

Mr Clarke ſeeing his kinſman ſo roughly handled, forgot his fears, and flew to his aſſiſtance; but, before he came up, the aggreſſor had retired; and now perceiving that fortune had declared againſt his friend and patron, very honourably abandoned him in his diſtreſs, and went off at full ſpeed for London.

Nor was Timothy Crabſhaw without his ſhare in the noble achievements of this propitious day. He had by this time imbibed ſuch a tincture of errantry, that he firmly believed himſelf and his maſter equally invincible; and this belief operating upon a perverſe diſpoſition, rendered him as quarrelſome in his ſphere as his maſter was mild and forbearing. As he ſat on horſeback, in the place aſſigned to him and Sycamore's lacquey, he managed Gilbert in ſuch a manner as to invade with his heels the poſteriors of the other's horſe; and this inſult produced ſome altercation, which ended in mutual aſſault. The footman handled the butt end of his Horſe-whip with great dexterity about the head of Crabſhaw, who declared afterwards, that it ſung and ſimmered like a kettle of cod-fiſh: but the ſquire, who underſtood the nature of long laſhes, as having been a carter from his infancy, found means to twine his thong about the neck of his antagoniſt, and pull him off his horſe half ſtrangled, at the very inſtant his maſter was thrown by Sir Launcelot Greaves.

Having thus obtained the victory, he did not much regard the punctilios of chivalry; but taking it for granted he had a right to make the moſt of his advantage, reſolved to carry off the *ſpoila opima*. Alighting with great agility---, Brother,' cried he, 'I think as haw yawrs bean't a butcher's horſe. a doan't carry calves well.---I'ſe make yaw knaw your churning days, I wool!-----What! yaw look as it yaw was crow-trodden, you do.--Now, you ſhall pay the ſcore you have been running on my pate, you ſhall, brother.'

So saying, he rifled his pockets, ſtripped him of his hat and coat, and took poſſeſſion of his maſter's portmanteau. But he did not long enjoy his plunder; for the lacquey complaining to Sir Launcelot of his having been deſpoiled, the knight commanded the ſquire to refund, not without menaces of ſubjecting him to the ſevereſt chaſtiſement for his inſolence and rapacity. Timothy repreſented, with great vehemence that he had won the ſpoils in fair battle at the expence of his head and ſhoulders, which he immediately uncovered, to prove his allegation: but his remonſtrance having no effect upon his maſter—'Waunds!' cried he, 'an I mun gee thee back the pig, I'le gee thee back the poke alſo; I'm a drubbing ſtill in thy debt.'

With thoſe words he made a moſt furious attack upon the plaintiff with his horſe whip; and before the knight could interpoſe, repaid the lacquey with intereſt. As an appurtenance to Sycamore and Dawdle, he ran the riſque of another aſſault from the novice Grove, who was ſo tranſported with rage at the diſagreeable trick which had been played upon him by his fugitive antagoniſt, that he could not, for ſome time, pronounce an articulate ſound, but a few broken interjections, the meaning of which could not be aſcertained. Snatching up his pole, he ran towards the place where Mr Sycamore ſat on the graſs, ſupported by the trumpeter; and would have finiſhed what our adventurer had left undone, if the Knight of the Creſcent, with admirable dexterity, had not warded off the blow which he aimed at the Knight of the Griffin, and ſignified his diſpleaſure in a reſolute tone: then he collared the lacquey, who was juſt diſengaged from the chaſtiſing hand of Crabſhaw; and ſwinging his launce with his other hand, encountered the ſquire's ribs by accident.

Timothy was not ſlow in returning the ſalutation with the weapon which he ſtill wielded; Mr Clarke, running up to the aſſiſtance of his uncle, was oppoſed by the lacquey, who ſeemed extremely deſirous of ſeeing the enemy revenge his quarrel, by falling foul of one another. Clarke, thus impeded, commenced hoſtilities againſt the footman, while Grove grappled with Crabſhaw; a battle-royal enſued, and was maintained with great vigour, and ſome bloodſhed on all ſides, until the authority of Sir Launcelot, reinforced by ſome weighty remonſtrances, applied to the ſquire, put an end to the conflict. Crabſhaw immediately deſiſted, and ran roaring to communicate his grievances to Gilbert, who ſeemed to ſympathize very little with his diſtreſs. The lacquey took to his heels; Mr. Clarke wiped his bloody nole,

nose, declaring he had a good mind to put the aggressor in the Crown-office; and Captain Crowe continued to ejaculate unconnected oaths, which, however, seemed to imply that he was almost sick of his new profession. 'D---n my eyes, if you call this--start my timbers, brother--look ye, d'ye see--a lousy, lubberly, cowardly son of a---among the breakers, d'ye see--lost my steerage way--split my binnacle; hawl away--O! damn all arrantry--give me a tight vessel, d'ye see, brother---mayhap you mayn't--snatch my--see-room and a spanking gale--odds heart! I'll hold a whole year's--smite my limbs; it don't signify talking.'

Our hero consoled the novice for his disaster, by observing, that if he had got some blows, he had lost no honour. At the same he observed that it was very difficult, if not impossible, for a man to succeed in the paths of chivalry who had passed the better part of his days in other occupations and hinted, that as the cause which had engaged in this way of life no longer existed, he was determined to relinquish a profession, which, in a peculiar manner exposed him to the most disagreeable incidents. Crowe chewed the cud upon this intimation, while the other personages of the drama were employed in catching the horses, which he had given their riders the slip. As for Mr Sycamore, he was so bruised by his fall, that it was necessary to procure a litter for conveying him to the next town; and the servant was dispatched for this convenience, Sir Launcelot staying with him until it arrived.

When he was safely deposited in the carriage, our hero took leave of him in these terms:---'I shall not insist upon your submitting to the terms you yourself proposed before this rencounter. I gave you free leave to use all your advantages, in an honourable way, for promoting your suit with the young lady of whom you profess yourself enamoured. Should you have recourse to sinister practices, you will find Sir Launcelot Greaves ready to demand an account of your conduct, not in the character of a lunatic knight-errant, but as a plain English gentleman, jealous of his honour, and resolute in his purpose.'

To this address Mr Sycamore made no reply; but, with a sullen aspect, ordered the carriage to proceed; and it moved accordingly to the right, our hero's road to London lying in the other direction.

Sir Launcelot had already exchanged his armour for a riding coat, hat, and boots; and Crowe parting with his skull-cap and leathern jerkin, regained, in some respects, the appearance of a human creature. Thus metamorphosed,

they purſued their way at an eaſy pace; Mr Clarke endeavouring to amuſe them with a learned diſſertation on the law, tending to demonſtrate that Mr. Sycamore was, by his behaviour of that day, liable to three different actions, beſides a commiſſion of lunacy; and that Dawdl might be proſecuted for having practiſed ſubtile craft to the annoyance of his uncle, over and above an action for aſſault and battery: 'Becauſe, for why? The ſaid Crowe having run away, as might be eaſily proved, before any blows were given, the ſaid Dawdle, by purſuing him even to the highroad, putting him in fear, and committing battery on his body, became, to all intents and purpoſes, the aggreſſor; and an indictment would lie *in Banco Regis*.'

The captain's pride was ſo ſhocked at theſe obſervations, that he exclaimed, with equal rage and impatience---'you lye, you dog, *in Bilkum Regis*----you lye, I ſay, you ſubtle. I did not run away; nor was I in fear, d'ye ſee, it was my ſon of a bitch of a horſe that would not obey the helm, d'ye ſee, whereby I could'nt uſe my metal, d'ye ſee.---As for the matter of fear, you and fear may kiſs my --ſo don't go and leave your ſtink pots at my character, d'ye ſee! or --agad I'll trim thee fore and aft with a--- I wool.' Tom proteſted he meant nothing but a little ſpeculation, and Crowe was appeaſed.

In the evening they reached the town of Bugden, without any farther adventure, and paſſed the night in great tranquility.

Next morning, even after the horſes were ordered to be ſaddled, Mr Clarke, without ceremony, entered the apartment of Sir Launcelot, leading in a female, who proved to be the identical Mrs Dolly Cowſlip. This young woman advancing to the knight, cried---'O, Sir Launcelot! my dear leady! my dear leady!'---but was hindered from proceeding by a flood of tears, which the tender-hearted lawyer mingled with a plentiful ſhower of ſympathy.

Our adventurer ſtarting at this exclamation---'O Heavens!' cried he, 'where is my Aurelia? Speak? Where did you leave that jewel of my ſoul? Anſwer me in a moment ---I am all terror and impatience!'

Dolly having recollected herſelf, told him that Mr Darnel had lodged his niece in the New Buildings by May Fair; that on the ſecond night after their arrival, a very warm expoſtulation had paſſed between Aurelia and her uncle, who next morning diſmiſſed Dolly, without permitting her to take leave of her miſtreſs; and that ſame day moved to another part of the town, as ſhe afterwards learned of the

the landlady, though she could not inform her whither they were gone. That when she was turned away, John Clump, one of the footman who pretended to have a kindness for her, had faithfully promised to call upon her, and let her know what passed in the family; but as he did not keep his word, and she was an utter stranger in London, without friends or settlement, she had resolved to return to her mother, and travelled so far on foot since yesterday morning.

Our knight, who had expected the most direful tidings from her lamentable preamble, was pleased to find his presaging tears disappointed; though he was far from being satisfied with the dismission of Dolly, from whose attachment to his interest, joined to her influence over Mr Clump, he had hoped to reap such intelligence as would guide him to the haven of his desires. After a minute's reflection, he saw it would be expedient to carry back Mrs Cowslip, and lodge her at the place where Mr Clump had promised to visit her with intelligence; for, in all probability, it was not for want of inclination that he had not kept his promise.

Dolly did not express any aversion to the scheme of returning to London; where she hoped once more to rejoin her dear lady, to whom, by this time, she was attached by the strongest ties of affection; and her inclination in this respect was assisted by the consideration of having the company of the young lawyer, who, it plainly appeared, had made strange havoc in her heart; though it must be owned, for the honour of this blooming damsel, that her thoughts had never once deviated from the paths of innocence and virtue. The more Sir Launcelot surveyed this agreeable maiden, the more he felt himself disposed to take care of her fortune; and, from this day, he began to ruminate on a scheme which he afterwards consummated in her favour.---In the mean time, he laid his injunctions on Mr Clarke to conduct his addresses to Mrs Cowslip according to the rules of honour and decorum, as he valued his countenance and friendship. His next step was to procure a saddle horse for Dolly, who preferred this to any other sort of carriage, and thereby gratified the wish of her admirer, who longed to see her on horseback in her green joseph. The armour, including the accoutrements of the novice and the squire, were left in the care of the innkeeper, and Timothy Crabshaw was so metamorphosed by a plain livery frock, that even Gilbert with difficulty recognized his person. As for the novice Crowe, his head had almost resumed its natural dimensions; but then his whole face was so covered with a livid suffusion, his nose appeared so flat, and his lips so tumified, that he might well have passed

ſed for a Caffre or Æthiopian. Every circumſtance being now adjuſted, they departed from Bagden in a regular cavalcade, dined at Hatfield, and in the evening arrived at the Bull and Gate inn in Holborn, where they eſtabliſhed their quarters for the night.

CHAP. VIII.

In which our Hero deſcends into the Manſions of the damned.

THE firſt ſtep which Sir Launcelot took in the morning that ſucceeded his arrival in London, was to ſettle Miſs Dolly Cowſlip in lodgings, at the houſe where John Clump had promiſed to viſit her; as he did not doubt, that though the viſit was delayed, it would ſome time or other be performed, and in that caſe he might obtain ſome intelligence of Aurelia. Mr Thomas Clarke was permitted to take up his habitation in the ſame houſe, on his earneſtly deſiring he might be entruſted with the office of conveying information and inſtruction between Dolly and our adventurer. The knight himſelf reſolved to live retired until he ſhould receive ſome tidings relating to Miſs Darnel that would influence his conduct; but he propoſed to frequent places of public reſort *incognito*, that he might have ſome chance of meeting, by accident, with the miſtreſs of his heart.

Taking it for granted that the oddities of Crowe would help to amuſe him in his hours of ſolitude and diſappointment, he invited that original to be his gueſt at a ſmall houſe which he determined to hire, ready furniſhed, in the neighbourhood of Golden Square. The captain thanked him for his courteſy, and frankly embraced his offer, though he did not much approve of the knight's choice in point of ſituation. He ſaid he would recommend him to a ſpecial good upper-deck, hard by St Catharine's in Wapping; where we would be delighted with the proſpect of the ſtreet forwards, well frequented by paſſengers, carts, drays, and other carriages; and having backwards an agreeable view of Alderman Parſon's great brew-houſe, with two hundred hogs feeding almoſt under the window. As a farther inducement, he mentioned the vicinity of the Tower guns, which would regale his hearing on days of ſalutation: nor did he forget the ſweet ſound of mooring and unmooring

ſhips

ſhips in the river; and the pleaſing objects on the other ſide of the Thames, diſplayed in the oozy docks and cabbage gardens of Rotherhithe. Sir Launcelot was not inſenſible to the beauties of this landſcape; but his purſuit lying another way, he contented himſelf with a leſs enchanting ſituation, and Crowe accompanied him out of pure friendſhip.

At night Mr Clarke arrived at our hero's houſe with tidings that were by no means agreeable. He told him that Clump had left a letter for Dolly, informing her that his maſter, Squire Darnel, was to ſet out early in the morning for Yorkſhire; but he could give no account of her lady, who had the day before been conveyed, he knew not whither, in a hackney-coach attended by her uncle and an ill-looking fellow, who had much the appearance of a bailiff or turnkey; ſo that he feared ſhe was in trouble.

Sir Launcelot was deeply affected by this intimation. His apprehenſion was even rouzed by a ſuſpicion that a man of Darnel's violent temper and unprincipled heart might have practiſed upon the life of his lovely niece; but, upon recollection, he could not ſuppoſe that he had recourſe to ſuch infamous expedients; knowing, as he did, that an account of her would be demanded at his hands, and that it would be eaſily proved he had conveyed her from the lodging in which ſhe reſided.

His firſt fears now gave way to another ſuggeſtion; that Anthony, in order to intimidate her into a compliance with his propoſals, had trumped up a ſpurious claim againſt her; and by virtue of a writ, confined her in ſome priſon or ſpunging-houſe. Poſſeſſed with this idea, he deſired Mr Clarke to ſearch the ſheriff's office in the morning, that he might know whether any ſuch writ had been granted; and he himſelf reſolved to make a tour of the great priſons belonging to the metropolis, to enquire if peradventure ſhe might not be confined under a borrowed name. Finally, he determined, if poſſible, to apprize her of his place of abode by a paragraph in all the daily papers, ſignifying that Sir Launcelot Greaves had arrived at his home near Golden Square.

All theſe reſolutions were punctually executed: no ſuch writ had been taken out in the ſheriff's office; and therefore our hero ſet out on his gaol expedition, accompanied by Mr Clarke, who had contracted ſome acquaintance with the commanding officers in theſe garriſons, in the courſe of his clerkſhip and practice as an attorney. The firſt day they ſpent in proſecuting their enquiry through the Gate-houſe, Fleet, and Marſhalſea. The next they allotted to the King's Bench, where they underſtood there was a great variety of priſoners. There they propoſed to make a minute ſcrutiny, by the help of Mr Norton, the deputy-

deputy marſhal, who was Mr Clarke's intimate friend, and had nothing at all of the gaoler either in his appearance or in his diſpoſition, which was remarkably humane and benevolent towards all his fellow-creatures.

The knight having beſpoke dinner at a tavern in the Borough was, together with Captain Crowe, conducted to the priſon of the King's Bench, which is ſituated in St George's Fields, about a mile from the end of Weſtminſter Bridge; and appears like a neat, little, regular town, conſiſting of one ſtreet, ſurrounded by a very high wall, including an open piece of ground, which may be termed a garden, where the priſoners take the air, and amuſe themſelves with a variety of diverſions. Except the entrance, where the turnkeys keep watch and ward, there is nothing in the place that looks like a gaol, or bears the leaſt colour of reſtraint. The ſtreet is crowded with paſſengers. Tradeſmen of all kinds here exerciſe their different profeſſions. Hawkers of all ſorts are admitted to call and vend their wares, as in any open ſtreet of London. Here are butcher's ſtands, chandlers ſhops, a ſurgery, a tap-houſe well frequented, and a public kitchen, in which proviſions are dreſſed for all the priſoners *gratis*, at the expence of the publican. Here the voice of miſery never complains; and, indeed, little elſe is to be heard but the ſounds of mirth and jollity. At the farther end of the ſtreet, on the right hand, is a little paved court, leading to a ſeparate building, conſiſting of twelve large apartments, called ſtate rooms, well furniſhed and fitted up for the reception of the better ſort of crown-priſoners; and, on the other ſide of the ſtreet, facing a ſeparate diviſion of the ground called the Common Side, is a range of rooms occupied by priſoners of the loweſt order, who ſhare the profits of a begging-box, and are maintained by this practice, and ſome eſtabliſhed funds of charity. We ought alſo to obſerve, that the gaol is provided with a neat chapel; in which a clergyman, in conſideration of a certain ſalary, performs divine ſervice every Sunday.

Our adventurer having ſearched the books, and peruſed the deſcription of all the female priſoners who had been for ſome weeks admitted into the gaol, obtained not the leaſt intelligence of his concealed charmer, but reſolved to alleviate his diſappointment by the gratification of his curioſity.

Under the auſpices of Mr Norton, he made a tour of the priſon; and in particular viſited the kitchen, where he ſaw a number of ſpits loaded with a variety of proviſion, conſiſting of butcher's meat, poultry, and game. He could not help expreſſing his aſtoniſhment with uplifted hands, and congratulating himſelf in ſecret upon his being a member of that community

munity which had provided ſuch a comfortable aſylum for the unfortunate. His ejaculation was interrupted by a tumultuous noiſe in the ſtreet; and Mr Norton declaring he was ſent for to the lodge, conſigned our hero to the care of one Mr Felton, a priſoner of a very decent appearance, who paid his compliments with a good grace, and invited the company to repoſe themſelves in his apartment, which was large, commodious, and well furniſhed. When Sir Launcelot aſked the cauſe of that uproar, he told him, that it was the prelude to a boxing-match between two of the priſoners, to be decided in the ground or garden of the place.

Captain Crowe expreſſing an eager curioſity to ſee the battle, Mr Felton aſſured him there would be no ſport, as the combatants were both reckoned dunghills. 'But in half an hour,' ſaid he, 'there will be a battle of ſome conſequence between two of the demagogues of the place, Dr Crablaw and Mr Tapley; the firſt a phyſician, and the other a brewer. You muſt know, gentlemen, that this microcoſm, or republic in miniature, is, like the great world, ſplit into factions. Crablaw is the leader of one party, and the other is headed by Tapley; both are men of warm and impetuous tempers; and their intrigues have embroiled the whole place, inſomuch that it was dangerous to walk the ſtreet on account of the continual ſkirmiſhes of their partizans. At length, ſome of the more ſedate inhabitants having met and deliberated upon ſome remedy for theſe growing diſorders, propoſed that the diſpute ſhould be at once decided by ſingle combat between the two chiefs, who readily agreed to the propoſal. The match was accordingly made for five guineas; and this very day and hour appointed for the trial, on which conſiderable ſums of money are depending. As for Mr Norton, it is not proper that he ſhould be preſent, or ſeem to countenance ſuch violent proceedings, which, however, it is neceſſary to connive at, as convenient vents for the evaporation of thoſe humours, which being confined, might accumulate and break out with greater fury, in conſpiracy and rebellion.'

The knight owned he could not conceive by what means ſuch a number of licentious people, amounting, with their dependants, to above five hundred, were reſtrained within the bounds of any tolerable diſcipline, or prevented from making their eſcape, which they might at any time accompliſh, either by ſtealth or open violence, as it could not be ſuppoſed that one or two turnkeys, continually employed in opening and ſhutting the door, could reſiſt the efforts of the whole multitude.

'Your

'Your wonder, good Sir,' ſaid Mr Felton, 'will vaniſh, when you conſider it is hardly poſſible that the multitude ſhould co-operate in the execution of ſuch a ſcheme; and that the keeper perfectly well underſtands the maxim, *divide et impera*. Many priſoners are reſtrained by the dictates of gratitude towards the deputy-marſhal, whoſe friendſhip and good offices they have experienced; ſome, no doubt, are actuated by motives of diſcretion. One party is an effectual check upon the other; and I am firmly perſuaded that there are not ten priſoners within the place that would make their eſcape if the doors were laid open. This is a ſtep which no man would take unleſs his fortune was altogether deſperate, becauſe it would oblige him to leave his country for life, and expoſe him to the moſt imminent riſque of being re-taken, and treated with the utmoſt ſeverity. The majority of the priſoners live in the moſt lively hope of being releaſed by the aſſiſtance of their friends, the compaſſion of their creditors, or the favour of the legiſlature. Some, who are cut off from all theſe propoſals, are become naturalized to the place, knowing they cannot ſubſiſt in any other ſituation. I myſelf am one of theſe. After having reſigned all my effects for the benefit of my creditors, I have been detained theſe nine years in priſon becauſe one perſon refuſes to ſign my certificate. I have long outlived all my friends from whom I could expect the leaſt countenance of favour: I am growing old in confinement; and lay my account with ending my days in gaol, as the mercy of the legiſlature in favour of inſolvent debtors is never extended to uncertified bankrupts taken in execution. By dint of induſtry, and the moſt rigid œconomy, I make ſhift to live independent in this retreat. To this ſcene my faculty of ſubſiſting, as well as my body, is peculiarly confined. Had I an opportunity to eſcape, where ſhould I go? All my views of fortune have been long blaſted. I have no friends nor connections in the world. I muſt therefore ſtarve in ſome ſequeſtered corner, or be re captivated, and confined for ever to cloſe priſon, deprived of the indulgencies which I now enjoy.'

Here the converſation was broke off by another uproar; which was the ſignal to battle between the doctor and his antagoniſt. The company immediately adjourned to the field, where the combatants were already undreſſed, and the ſtakes depoſited. The doctor ſeemed of the middle age and middle ſtature, active and alert, with an atrabilious aſpect, and a mixture of rage and diſdain expreſſed in his countenance. The brewer was large, raw boned, and round as a butt of beer; but very fat, unwieldy, ſhort-winded, and phlegmatic.

phlegmatic. Our adventurer was not a little ſurpriſed when he beheld, in the character of ſeconds, a male and a female ſtripped naked from the waiſt upward, the latter ranging on the ſide of the phyſician; but the commencement of the battle prevented his demanding of his guide an explanation of this phænomenon. The doctor, retiring ſome paces backwards, threw himſelf into the attitude of a battering ram, and ruſhed upon his antagoniſt with great impetuoſity, foreſeeing that, ſhould he have the good fortune to overturn him in the firſt aſſault, it would not be an eaſy taſk to raiſe him up again, and put him in a capacity of offence. But the momentum of Crabclaw's head, and the concomitant efforts of his knuckles, had no effect upon the ribs of Tapley, who ſtood firm as the Acroceraunian promontory; and ſtepping forward with his projected fiſt, ſomething ſmaller and ſofter than a ſledge-hammer, ſtruck the phyſician to the ground. In a trice, however, by the aſſiſtance of his female ſecond, he was on his legs again; and grappling with his antagoniſt, endeavoured to tip him the fall; but, inſtead of accompliſhing his purpoſe, he received a croſs-buttock; and the brewer throwing himſelf upon him as he fell, had well-nigh ſmothered him on the ſpot. The Amazon flew to his aſſiſtance; and Tapley ſhewing no inclination to get up, ſhe ſmote him on the temple till he roared. The male ſecond, haſtening to the relief of his principal, made application to the eyes of the female, which were immediately ſurrounded with black circles; and ſhe returned the ſalute with a blow which brought a double ſtream of blood from his noſtrils, greeting him at the ſame time with the opprobrious appellation of a louſy ſon of a b---h. A combat more furious than the firſt would have enſued, had not Felton interpoſed with an air of authority, and inſiſted on the man's leaving the field; an injunction which he forthwith obeyed, ſaying---'Well, damme, Felton, you're my friend and commander; I'll obey your order---but the b---h will be foul of me before we ſleep---' Then Felton advancing to his opponent---'Madam,' ſaid he, 'I'm very ſorry to ſee a lady of your rank and qualifications expoſe yourſelf in this manner. For God's ſake, behave with a little more decorum, if not for the ſake of your own family, at leaſt for the credit of your ſex in general.'---'Hark ye, Felton,' ſaid ſhe, 'decorum is founded upon a delicacy of ſentiment and deportment which cannot conſiſt with the diſgraces of a gaol and the miſeries of indigence.---But I ſee the diſpute is now terminated, and the money is to be drank: if you'll dine with us, you ſhall be welcome; if not, you may die in your ſobriety, and be damn'd.'

By this time the doctor had given out, and allowed the brewer to be the better man; yet he would not honour the feſtival with his preſence, but retired to his chamber, exceedingly mortified at his defeat. Our hero was reconducted to Mr Felton's apartment, where he ſat ſome time without opening his mouth, ſo aſtoniſhed was he at what he had ſeen and heard.

'I perceive, Sir, ſaid the priſoner, you are ſurpriſed at the manner in which I accoſted that unhappy woman; and perhaps you will be more ſurpriſed when you hear that, within theſe eighteen months, ſhe was actually a perſon of faſhion, and her opponent (who by the bye is her huſband) univerſally reſpected as a man of honour and a brave officer.'—'I am, indeed,' cried our hero, 'overwhelmed with amazement and concern, as well as ſtimulated by an eager curioſity to know the fatal cauſes which have produced ſuch a deplorable reverſe of character and fortune. But I will reſtrain my curioſity till the afternoon, if you will favour me with your company at a tavern in the neighbourhood, where I have beſpoke a dinner; a favour which I hope Mr Norton will have no objection to your granting, as he himſelf is to be of the party.' The priſoner thanked him for his kind invitation; and they adjourned immediately to the place, taking up the deputy-marſhal in their paſſage, through the lodge or entrance of the priſon.

CHAP. IX.

Containing farther Anecdotes relating to the Children of Wretchedneſs.

DINNER being chearfully diſcuſſed, and our adventurer expreſſing an eager deſire to know the hiſtory of the male and female who had acted as ſquires or ſeconds to the champions of the King's bench, Felton gratified his curioſity to this effect:

'All that I know of Captain Clewline, previous to his commitment, is, that he was commander of a ſloop of war, and bore the reputation of a gallant officer; that he married the daughter of a rich merchant in the city of London, againſt the inclination, and without the knowledge of her father, who renounced her for this act of diſobedience: that the captain con-

ſoled

ſoled himſelf for the rigour of the parent with the poſſeſſion of the lady, who was not only remarkably beautiful in perſon, but highly accompliſhed in her mind, and amiable in her diſpoſition. Such a few months ago, were theſe two perſons, whom you ſaw acting in ſuch a vulgar capacity. When they firſt entered the priſon, they were undoubtedly the handſomeſt couple mine eyes ever beheld, and their appearance won univerſal reſpect, even from the moſt brutal inhabitants of the gaol.

'The captain having unwarily involved himſelf as a ſecurity for a man to whom he had lain under obligations, became liable for a conſiderable ſum; and his own father-in-law being the ſole creditor of the bankrupt, took this opportunity of wreaking vengeance upon him for having eſpouſed his daughter. He watched an opportunity until the captain had actually ſtepped into the poſt chaiſe with his lady for Portſmouth, where his ſhip lay, and cauſed him to be arreſted in the moſt public and ſhameful manner. Mrs Clevſline had like to have ſunk under the firſt tranſports of her grief and mortification; but theſe ſubſiding, ſhe had recourſe to perſonal ſolicitation. She went with her only child in her arms (a lovely boy) to her father's door; and being denied admittance, kneeled down in the ſtreet, imploring his compaſſion in the moſt pathetic ſtrain; but this hard hearted citizen, inſtead of recognizing his child, and taking the poor mourner to his boſom, inſulted her from the window with the moſt bitter reproach; ſaying---"Strumpet, take yourſelf away with your brat, otherwiſe I ſhall ſend for the beadle, and have you to Bridewell!"

'The unfortunate lady was cut to the heart by this uſage, and fainted in the ſtreet: from whence ſhe was conveyed to a public houſe, by the charity of ſome paſſengers. She afterwards attempted to ſoften the barbarity of her father by repeated letters, and by intereſting ſome of his friends to intercede with him in her behalf; but all her endeavours proving ineffectual, ſhe accompanied her huſband to the priſon of the King's Bench, where ſhe muſt have felt, in the ſevereſt manner, the fatal reverſe of circumſtance to which ſhe was expoſed.

'The captain being diſabled from going to ſea, was ſuperſeded; and he ſaw all his hopes blaſted in the midſt of an active war, at a time when he had the faireſt proſpects of fame and fortune. He ſaw himſelf reduced to extreme poverty, cooped up, with the tender partner of his heart, in a wretched hovel amidſt the refuſe of mankind, and on the brink of wanting the common neceſſaries of life. The mind of man is ever ingenious in finding reſources. He comforted his lady with vain hopes of having

having friends who would effect his deliverance; and repeated aſſurances of this kind ſo long, that ſhe at length began to think they were not altogether void of foundation.

'Mrs. Clewline, from a principle of duty, recollected all her fortitude, that ſhe might not only bear her fate with patience, but even contribute to alleviate the woes of her huſband, whom her affection had ruined. She affected to believe the ſuggeſtions of his pretended hope; ſhe interchanged with him aſſurances of better fortune: her appearance exhibited a calm, while her heart was torn with anguiſh. She aſſiſted him in writing letters to former friends, the laſt conſolation of the wretched priſoner; ſhe delivered theſe letters with her own hand; and underwent a thouſand mortifying repulſes, the moſt ſhocking circumſtances of which ſhe concealed from her huſband. She performed all the menial offices in her own little family, which was maintained by pawning her apparel; and both the huſband and wife in ſome meaſure ſweetened their cares, by prattling and toying with their charming little boy, on whom they doated with an enthuſiaſm of fondneſs. Yet even this pleaſure was mingled with the moſt tender and melancholy regret. I have ſeen the mother hang over him with the moſt affecting expreſſion of this kind in her aſpect, the tears contending with the ſmiles upon her countenance, whilſt ſhe exclaimed—"Alas, my poor priſoner! little did your mother once think ſhe ſhould be obliged to nurſe you in a gaol." The captain's paternal love was daſhed with impatience: he would ſnatch up the boy in a tranſport of grief, preſs him to his breaſt, devour him as it were with kiſſes, throw up his eyes to heaven in the moſt emphatic ſilence; then convey the child haſtily to his mother's arms, pull his hat over his eyes, ſtalk out in the common walk; and, finding himſelf alone, break out into tears and lamentation.

'Ah! little did this unhappy couple know what farther griefs awaited them! The ſmall-pox broke out in the priſon, and poor Tommy Clewline was infected. As the eruption appeared unfavourable, you may conceive the conſternation with which they were overwhelmed. Their diſtreſs was rendered inconceivable by indigence: for, by this time, they were ſo deſtitute, that they could neither pay for common attendance, nor procure proper advice. I did, on that occaſion, what I thought my duty towards my fellow-creatures. I wrote to a phyſician of my acquaintance, who was humane enough to viſit the poor little patient: I engaged a careful woman priſoner as a nurſe, and Mr. Norton ſupplied them with money and neceſſaries. Theſe helps were barely ſufficient to preſerve them

them from the horrors of deſpair, when they ſaw their little darling panting under the rage of a loathſome, peſtilential malady, during the exceſſive heat of the dog-days; and ſtruggling for breath in the noxious atmoſphere of a confined cabbin, where they ſcarce had room to turn on the moſt neceſſary occaſions. The eager curioſity with which the mother eyed the Doctor's looks as often as he viſited the boy; the terror and trepidation of the father, while he deſired to know his opinion; in a word, the whole tenor of their diſtreſs, baffled all deſcription.

'At length, the phyſician, for the ſake of his own character, was obliged to be explicit; and returning with the captain to the common walk, told him, in my hearing, that the child could not poſſibly recover. This ſentence ſeemed to have petrified the unfortunate parent, who ſtood motionleſs, and ſeemingly bereft of ſenſe. I led him to my apartment, where he ſat a full hour in that ſtate of ſtupefaction; then he began to groan hideouſly; a ſhower of tears burſt from his eyes; he threw himſelf on the floor, and uttered the moſt piteous lamentation that ever was heard. Meanwhile, Mrs. Norton being made acquainted with the Doctor's prognoſtic, viſited Mrs. Crowline, and invited her to the lodge. Her prophetic fears immediately took the alarm. "What!" cried ſhe, ſtarting up, with a frantic wildneſs in her looks, "then our caſe is deſperate--I ſhall loſe my dear Tommy!---The poor priſoner will be relieved by the hand of Heaven!---Death will convey him to the cold grave!" The dying innocent, hearing this exclamation, pronounced theſe words---"Tommy won't leave you, my dear mama---If Death comes to take Tommy, papa ſhall drive him away with his ſword!" This addreſs deprived the wretched mother of all reſignation to the will of Providence; ſhe tore her hair, daſhed herſelf on the pavement, ſhrieked aloud, and was carried off in a deplorable ſtate of diſtraction.

'That ſame evening the lovely babe expired, and the father grew frantic. He made an attempt on his own life; and being with difficulty reſtrained, his agitation ſunk into a kind of ſullen inſenſibility, which ſeemed to abſorb all ſentiment, and gradually vaporized his faculty of thinking. In order to diſſipate the violence of his ſorrow, he continually ſhifted the ſcene from one company to another, contracted abundance of low connections, and drowned his cares in repeated intoxication. The unhappy lady underwent a long ſerious of hyſterical fits, and other complaints, which ſeemed to have a fatal effect on her brain as well as conſtitution. Cordilia were adminiſtered to keep up her ſpirits; and ſhe founded

neceſſary to protract the uſe of them, to blunt the edge of grief by overwhelming reflection, and remove the ſenſe of uneaſineſs, ariſing from a diſorder in her ſtomach. In a word, ſhe became an habitual dram drinker; and this practice expoſed her to ſuch communication, as debauched her reaſon, and perverted her ſenſe of decorum and propriety. She and her huſband gave a looſe to vulgar exceſs, in which they were enabled to indulge, by the charity and intereſt of ſome friends, who obtained half pay for the captain.

'They are now metamorphoſed into the ſhocking creatures you have ſeen; he into a riotous plebeian, and ſhe into a ragged trull. They are both drunk every day, quarrel and fight one with another, and often inſult their fellow-priſoners. Yet they are not wholly abandoned by virtue and humanity. The captain is ſcrupulouſly honeſt in all his dealings; and pays off his debts punctually every quarter, as ſoon as he receives his half-pay. Every priſoner in diſtreſs is welcome to ſhare his money while it laſts; and his wife never fails, while it is in her power, to relieve the wretched; ſo that their generoſity, even in this miſerable diſguiſe is univerſally reſpected by their neighbours. Sometimes the recollection of their former rank comes over them like a qualm, which they diſpel with brandy, and then humouroufly rally one another on their mutual degeneracy. She often ſtops me in the walk, and, pointing to the captain, ſays—"My huſband, though he is become a blackguard gaol-bird, muſt be allowed to be a hand ſome fellow ſtill." On the other hand, he will frequently deſire me to take notice of his rib, as ſhe chances to paſs.—"Mind that draggle-tailed, drunken drab," he will ſay, "What an antidote it is!—yet, for all that, Felton, ſhe was a fine woman when I married her.—Poor Beſs! I have been the ruin of her, that is certain: and deſerve to be damned for bringing her to this paſs!"

'Thus they accommodate themſelves to each other's infirmities, and paſs their time, not without ſome taſte of plebeian enjoyment—but, name their child, they never fail to burſt into tears, and ſtill feel a return of the moſt poignant ſorrow.'

Sir Launcelot Greaves did not hear this ſtory unmoved. Tom Clarke's cheeks were bedewed with the dops of ſympathy while, with much ſobbing, he declared his opinion, that an action would lie againſt the lady's father.

Captain Crowe having liſtened to the ſtory with uncommon attention, expreſſed his concern that an honeſt ſeaman ſhould be ſo taken in ſtays; but he imputed all his calamities to the wife—'For why?' ſaid he, 'a ſeafaring man may have a ſweet heart in every port; but he ſhould ſteer clear of a wife,

as

as he would avoid a quick-sand.---You see, brother, how this here Clewline lags astern in the wake of a shiv'ling b--; otherwise he would never make a weft in his ensign for the loss of a child--Odds heart! he could have done no more if he had sprung a topmast, or started a timber.'

The knight declaring that he would take another view of the prison in the afternoon, Mr Felton insisted upon his doing him the honour to drink a dish of tea in his apartment, and Sir Launcelot accepted his invitation. Thither they accordingly repaired, after having made another circuit of the gaol, and the tea-things were produced by Mrs Felton, when she was summoned to the door; and, in a few minutes, returning, communicated something in a whisper to her husband. He changed colour, and repaired to the stair-case, where he he was heard to talk aloud in an angry tone.

When he came back, he told the company he had been teazed by a very importunate beggar. Addressing himself to our adventurer---'You took notice,' said he, 'of a fine lady haunting about our walk in all the frippery of the fashion.---She was lately a very young widow, that made a great figure at the court-end of the town; she distinguished herself by her splendid equipage, her rich liveries, her brilliant assemblies, her numerous routs, and her elegant taste in dress and furniture. She is nearly related to some of the best families in England; and, it must be owned, mistress of many fine accomplishments. But being deficient in true delicacy, she endeavoured to hide that defect by affectation. She pretended to a thousand antipathies which did not belong to her nature. A breast of veal threw her into mortal agonies. If she saw a spider, she screamed; and, at sight of a mouse, she fainted away. She could not, without horror, behold an entire joint of meat; and nothing but fricasees, and other made-dishes, were seen upon her table. She caused all her floors to be lined with green baize, that she might trip along them with more ease and pleasure. Her footmen wore clogs, which were deposited in the hall; and both they and her chairmen were laid under the strongest injunctions to avoid porter and tobacco. Her jointure amounted to eight hundred pounds *per annum*, and she made shift to spend four times that sum. At length it was mortgaged for nearly the entire value; but, far from retrenching, she seemed to increase in extravagance, until her effects were taken in execution, and her person here deposited in safe custody.

When one considers the abrupt transition she underwent, from her spacious apartments to an hovel scarce eight feet square;

ſquare; from ſumptuous furniture to bare benches; from magnificence to meaneſs; from affluence to extreme poverty; one would imagine ſhe muſt have been totally overwhelmed by ſuch a ſudden guſt of miſery. But this was not the caſe: ſhe has, in fact, no delicate feelings. She forthwith accommodates herſelf to the exigency of her fortune; yet ſhe ſtill affects to keep ſtate amidſt the miſeries of a gaol; and this affectation is truly ridiculous. She lies a-bed till two o'clock in the afternoon. She maintains a female attendant, for the ſole purpoſe of dreſſing her perſon. Her cabin is the leaſt cleanly in the whole priſon. She has learned to eat bread and cheeſe, and drink porter; but ſtill ſhe always appears once a day dreſſed in the pink of the faſhion. She has found means to run in debt at the chandler's ſhop, the baker's, and the tap houſe, though there is nothing got in this place but with ready-money. She has even borrowed ſmall ſums from divers priſoners, who were themſelves on the brink of ſtarving. She takes pleaſure in being ſurrounded with duns; obſerving, that by ſuch people a perſon of faſhion is to be diſtinguiſhed. She writes circular letters to her former friends and acquaintance; and by this method has raiſed pretty conſiderable contributions; for ſhe writes in a moſt elegant and irreſiſtible ſtyle. About a fortnight ago ſhe received a ſupply of twenty guineas; when, inſtead of paying her little gaol-debts, or withdrawing any part of her apparel from pawn, ſhe laid out the whole ſum in a faſhionable ſuit and laces; and next day borrowed of me a ſhilling, to purchaſe a neck of mutton for her dinner.---She ſeems to think her rank in life entitles her to this kind of aſſiſtance. She talks very pompouſly of her family, and connections; by whom, however, ſhe has been long renounced. She has no ſympathy nor compaſſion for the diſtreſſes of her fellow creatures: but ſhe is perfectly well-bred: ſhe bears a repulſe the beſt of any woman I ever knew; and her temper has never once been ruffled ſince her arrival at the King's Bench.---She now entreated me to lend her half a guinea, for which, ſhe ſaid, ſhe had the moſt preſſing occaſion, and promiſed, upon her honour, it ſhould be repaid to-morrow; but I lent a deaf ear to her requeſt, and told her, in plain terms, that her honour was already bankrupt.'

Sir Launcelot, thruſting his hand mechanically into his pocket, pulled out a couple of guineas, and deſired Felton to accommodate her with that trifle in his own name; but he declined the propoſal, and refuſed to touch the money. 'God forbid,' ſaid he, 'that I ſhould attempt to thwart your charitable intention; but this, my good Sir, is no object---ſhe has many

many reſources. Neither ſhould we number the clamorous beggar among thoſe who really feel diſtreſs; he is generally gorged with bounty miſapplied. The liberal hand of charity ſhould be extended to modeſt want, that pines in ſilence, encountering cold, nakedneſs, and hunger, and every ſpecies of diſtreſs. Here you may find the wretch of keen ſenſations blaſted by accident in the bloſſom of his fortune, ſhivering in the ſolitary receſs of indigence, diſdaining to beg, and even aſhamed to let his miſery be known. Here you may ſee the parent, who has known happier times, ſurrounded by his tender offspring, naked and forlorn, demanding food which his circumſtances cannot afford.

'That man of decent appearance and melancholy aſpect, who lifted his hat as you paſſed him in the yard, is a perſon of unblemiſhed character. He was a reputable tradeſman in the city, and failed through inevitable loſſes. A commiſſion of bankruptcy was taken out againſt him by his ſole creditor a Quaker, who refuſed to ſign his certificate. He has lived theſe three years in priſon, with a wife and five ſmall children. In a little time after his commitment, he had friends who offered to pay ten ſhillings in the pound of what he owed, and to give ſecurity for paying the remainder in three years, by inſtalments. The honeſt Quaker did not charge the bankrupt with any diſhoneſt practices: but he rejected the propoſal with the moſt mortifying indifference, declaring, that he did not want his money. The mother repaired to his houſe; and kneeling before him with her five lovely children, implored mercy with tears and exclamations. He ſtood this ſcene unmoved; and even ſeemed to enjoy the proſpect, wearing the looks of complacency while his heart was ſteeled with rancour. "Woman," ſaid he, "theſe be hopeful babes, if they were duly nurtured. Go thy ways in peace; I have taken my reſolution." Her friends maintained the family for ſome time. But it is not in human charity to perſevere: ſome of them died; ſome of them grew unfortunate; ſome of them fell off; and now the poor man is reduced to the extremity of indigence, from whence he has no proſpect of being retrieved. The fourth part of what you would have beſtowed on the lady, would make this poor man and his family ſing with joy.'

He had ſcarce pronounced theſe words, when our hero deſired the man might be called; and in a few minutes he entered the apartment with a low obeiſance. 'Mr Coleby,' ſaid the knight, 'I have heard how cruelly you have been uſed by your creditor, and beg you will accept this trifling preſent, if it can be of any ſervice to you in your diſtreſs.' So ſaying, he

put

put five guineas into his hand. The poor man was so confounded at such an unlooked-for acquisition, that he stood motionless and silent, unable to thank the donor; and Mr Felton conveyed him to the door, observing that his heart was too full for utterance. But, in a little time, his wife, bursting into the room with her five children, looked around, and going up to Sir Launcelot, without any direction, exclaimed---'This is the angel sent by Providence to succour me and my poor innocents!' Then falling at his feet, she pressed his hand, and bathed it with her tears--- he raised her up with that complacency which was natural to his disposition. He kissed all her children, who were remarkably handsome, and neatly kept, though in homely apparel; and, giving her his direction, assured her she might always apply to him in her distress.

After her departure, he produced a bank-note of twenty pounds, and would have deposited it in the hands of Mr Felton, to be distributed in charities among the objects of the place; but he desired it might be left with M Norton, who was the proper person for managing his benevolence; and he promised to assist the deputy with his advice in laying it out.

CHAP. X.

In which Captain Crowe is sublimed into the Regions of Astrology.

THREE whole days had our adventurer prosecuted his enquiry about the amiable Aurelia, whom he sought in every place of public and of private entertainment or resort, without obtaining the least satisfactory intelligence; when he received one evening, from the hands of a porter, who instantly vanished, the following billet----

'IF you would learn the particulars of Miss Darnel's fate, fail not to be in the fields by the Foundling Hospital, precisely at seven o'clock this evening, when you shall be met by a person who will give you the satisfaction you desire, together with his reason for addressing you in this mysterious manner.'

Had this intimation concerned any other subject, perhaps the knight would have deliberated with himself in what manner he should take a hint so darkly communicated: but his eagerness

neſs to retrieve the jewel he had loſt diveſted him of all his caution. The time of aſſignation was already at hand; and neither the captain nor his nephew could be found to accompany him, had he been diſpoſed to make uſe of their attendance. He, therefore, after a moment's heſitation, repaired to the place appointed, in the utmoſt agitation and anxiety, leſt the hour ſhould be elapſed before his arrival.

Crowe was one of thoſe defective ſpirits who cannot ſubſiſt for any length of time on their own bottoms. He wanted a familiar prop, upon which he could diſburden his cares, his doubts, and his humours; an humble friend, who would endure his caprices, and with whom he could communicate free of all reſerve and reſtraint. Though he loved his nephew's perſon, and admired his parts, he conſidered him often as a little petulant jackanapes, who preſumed upon his ſuperior underſtanding; and as for Sir Launcelot, there was ſomething in his character that overawed the ſeaman, and kept him at a diſagreeable diſtance. He had, in this dilemma, caſt his eyes upon Timothy Crabſhaw, and admitted him to a conſiderable ſhare of familiarity and fellowſhip. Theſe companions had been employed in ſmoaking a ſocial pipe at an alehouſe in the neighbourhood when the knight made his excurſion; and returning to the houſe about ſupper time, found Mr Clarke in waiting.

The young lawyer was alarmed when he heard the hour of ten without ſeeing our adventurer, who had been uſed to be extremely regular in his œconomy; and the captain and he ſupped in profound ſilence. Finding, upon enquiry among the ſervants, that the knight went out abruptly, in conſequence of having received a billet, Tom began to be viſited with the apprehenſion of a duel: and ſat the beſt part of the night by his uncle, ſweating with the expectation of ſeeing our hero brought home a breathleſs corpſe: but no tidings of him arriving, he, about two in the morning, repaired to his own lodging, reſolved to publiſh a deſcription of Sir Launcelot in the newſpapers, if he ſhould not appear the next day.

Crowe did not paſs the time without uneaſineſs. He was extremely concerned at the thought of ſome miſchief having befallen his friend and patron; and he was terrified with the apprehenſions, that if Sir Launcelot was murdered, his ſpirit might come and give him notice of his fate. Now he had an inſuperable averſion to all correſpondence with the dead; and taking it for granted that the ſpirit of his departed friend could not appear to him except when he ſhould be alone, and a bed in the dark, he determined to paſs the remainder of the night without going to bed. For this purpoſe his firſt care was to viſit the garret, in which Timothy Crabſhaw lay faſt aſleep, ſnoring with

with his mouth wide open. Him the captain with difficulty rouzed, by dint of promiſing to regale him with a bowl of rum punch in the kitchen, where the fire, which had been extinguiſhed, was ſoon rekindled. The ingredients were fetched from a public-houſe in the neighbourhood; for the captain was too proud to uſe his intereſt in the knight's family, eſpecially at theſe hours, when all the reſt of the ſervants had retired to their repoſe; and he and Timothy drank together until day-break, the converſation turning upon hobgoblins, and God's revenge againſt murder.

The cook-maid lay in a little apartment contiguous to the kitchen; and whether diſturbed by theſe horrible tales of apparitions, or titillated by the ſavoury ſteams that iſſued from the punch-bowl, ſhe made a virtue of neceſſity, or appetite; and dreſſing herſelf in the dark, ſuddenly appeared before them, to the no ſmall perturbation of both. Timothy, in particular, was ſo ſtartled, that in his endeavours to make an haſty retreat towards the chimney-corner, he overturned the table, the liquor was ſpilt, but the bowl was ſaved by falling on a heap of aſhes. Mrs Cook having reprimanded him for his fooliſh fear, declared ſhe had got up betimes in order to ſcour her ſaucepans; and the captain propoſed to have the bowl repleniſhed, if materials could be procured. This difficulty was overcome by Crabſhaw; and they ſat down, with their new aſſociate, to diſcuſs the ſecond edition.

The knight's ſudden diſappearing being brought upon the carpet, their female companion gave it as her opinion, that nothing would be ſo likely to bring this affair to light, as going to a cunning man, whom ſhe had lately conſulted about a ſilver ſpoon that was miſ-laid; and who told her all the things that ſhe ever did, and ever would happen to her, through the whole courſe of her life.

Her two companions pricked up their ears at this intelligence; and Crowe aſked if the ſpoon had been found. She anſwered in the affirmative; and ſaid, the cunning-man deſcribed to a hair the perſon that ſhould be her true lover and her wedded huſband; that he was a ſea-faring man; that he was pretty well ſtricken in years; a little paſſionate or ſo; and that he went with his fingers clenched-like, as it were. The captain began to ſweat at this deſcription, and mechanically thruſt his hands into his pockets; while Crabſhaw, pointing to him, told her, he believed ſhe had got the right ſow by the ear. Crowe grumbled, that mayhap, for all that, he ſhould not be brought up by ſuch a grappling neither. Then he aſked if this cunning-man dealt with the devil; declaring, in that caſe he would keep clear

clear of him; for why? becauſe he muſt have ſold himſelf to Old Scratch; and being a ſervant of the devil, how could he be a good ſubject to his Majeſty; Mrs Cook aſſured him the conjuror was a good Chriſtian, and that he gained all his knowledge by converſing with the ſtars and planets. Thus ſatisfied, the two friends reſolved to conſult him as ſoon as it ſhould be light; and being directed to the place of his habitation, ſet out for it by ſeven in the morning.

They found the houſe forſaken; and had already reached the end of the lane on their return, when they were accoſted by an old woman, who gave them to underſtand, that if they had occaſion for the advice of a fortune-teller, as ſhe did ſuppoſe they had, from their ſtopping at the houſe where Dr Grubble lived, ſhe would conduct them to a perſon of much more eminence in that profeſſion. At the ſame time ſhe informed them, that the ſaid Grubble had been lately ſent to Bridewell; a circumſtance which, with all his art, he had not been able to foreſee. The captain, without any ſcruple, put himſelf and his companion under the convoy of this beldame, who, through many windings and turnings, brought them to the door of a ruinous houſe, ſtanding in a blind alley; which door having opened with a key drawn from her pocket, ſhe introduced them into a parlour, where they ſaw no other furniture than a naked bench, and ſome frightful figures on the bare walls, drawn, or rather ſcrawled, with charcoal.

Here ſhe left them locked in, until ſhe ſhould give the doctor notice of their arrival; and they amuſed themſelves with decyphering theſe characters and hieroglyphics. The firſt figure that engaged their attention was that of a man hanging upon a gibbet, which both conſidered as an untavourable omen, and each endeavoured to avert from his own perſon. Crabſhaw obſerved, that the figure ſo ſuſpended was cloathed in a ſailor's jacket and trowſers; a truth which the captain could not deny; but, on the other hand, he affirmed, that the ſaid figure exhibited the very noſe and chin of Timothy, together with the hump on the ſhoulder. A warm diſpute enſued; and being maintained with much acrimonious altercation, might have diſſolved the long cemented friendſhip of thoſe two originals, had it not been interrupted by the old ſybil, who, coming into the parlour, intimated that the doctor waited for them above. She likewiſe told them that he never admitted more than one at a time. This hint occaſioned a freſh conteſt: the captain inſiſted upon Crabſhaw's making ſail a head, in order to look out afore; but Timothy perſiſted in refuſing this honour, declaring he did not pretend to lead, but he would follow, as in duty bound. The old gentle-

woman abridged the ceremony, by leading out Crabſhaw with one hand, and locking up Crowe with the other.

The former was dragged up ſtairs like a bear to the ſtake, not without reluctance and terror; which did not at all abate at the ſight of the conjuror, with whom he was immediately ſhut up by the conductreſs, after ſhe had told him, in a whiſper, that he muſt preſent a ſhilling in a little black coffin, [illegible] over a [illegible] ſkull and thigh bones croſſed, on a ſtool covered with black baize that ſtood in one corner of the apartment. The ſquire having made this offering with fear and trembling, began to ſurvey the objects around him, while the conjuror [illegible] to augment his confuſion. He ſaw diverſ ſkins [illegible] the head, the ſtuffed ſkin of a [illegible] with two heads, and ſeveral ſnakes [illegible] from the ceiling, with the jaws of a ſhark, and a ſtarved weaſel. On another funeral table he beheld two ſpheres [illegible] which lay a book open, exhibiting outlandiſh characters and mathematical diagrams. On one ſide ſtood an inkſtand with pens; and behind this deſk appeared the conjuror [illegible] in his implements; his head ſo overſhadowed with [illegible] that, far from contemplating his features, Timothy could diſtinguiſh nothing but a long white beard, which for, aught he knew, might have belonged to a four-legged goat, as well as to a two legged aſſ-eloger.

This apparition, which the ſquire did not eye without [illegible] [illegible] extending a white wand, made certain [illegible] over the head of Timothy; and having muttered [illegible] ejaculation, commanded him, in a hollow tone, to come forward and declare his name. Crabſhaw, thus adjured, advanced to the altar; and whether from deſign, or (which is more probable) from confuſion, anſwered—'Samuel Crowe.' The conjuror taking up the pen, and making a few ſcratches on the paper, exclaimed, in a terrific accent—'How! miſcreant! attempt to impoſe upon the ſtars?—You look more like a [illegible] than a Pluto, and was born under the ſign of Cancer.' The ſquire, almoſt annihilated by this exclamation, fell upon his knees, crying,—'I pray yaw, my Lord Conjuror's worſhip, pardon my ignorance, and don't go to baind me over to the Hell Sea, like—I'm a poor Yorkſhire tyke, and would be more cheat the ſtars than I would cheat my own maſter, as the ſaying is,—a muſt be a good hand at *trapping* that catches the ſtars a *napping*.—But, as your honour's worſhip obſerved, my name is Tim Crabſhaw, of the Eaſt [illegible] and ſervant to Sir Launcelot Greaves, baron [illegible] and [illegible] knight, who ran mad for a wench, as, your

your worſhip's conjuration will know-eth. The perſon below is Captain Crowe; and we come, by Margery Grub's recommendation, to ſeek after my maſter, who is gone away, or made away, the Lord knows how and where.'

Here he was interrupted by the conjuror, who exhorted him to ſit down and compoſe himſelf till he ſhould caſt a figure. Then he ſtrawled the paper; and waving his wand, repeated abundance of gibberiſh concerning the number, the names, and houſes, and revolutions of the planets, with their conjunctions, oppoſitions, ſigns, circles, cycles, trines, and trigons. When he perceived that this artifice had its proper effect in diſturbing the brain of Crabſhaw, he proceeded to tell him, from the ſtars, that his name was Crabſhaw, or Crabſclaw; that he was born in the Eaſt Riding of Yorkſhire, of poor, yet honeſt parents, and had ſome ſkill in horſe; that he ſerved a gentleman whoſe name began with the letter G--------, which gentleman had run mad for love, and left his family; but whether he would return alive or dead, the ſtars had not yet determined.

Poor Timothy was thunder-ſtruck to find the conjuror acquainted with all theſe circumſtances; and begged to know if he might be ſo bauld as to aſk a queſtion or two about his own fortune. The aſtrologer pointing to the little coffer, our ſquire underſtood the hint, and depoſited another ſhilling. The ſage had recourſe to his book, erected another ſcheme, performed once more his airy evolutions with the wand; and having recited another myſtical preamble expounded the book of fate in theſe words:

'You ſhall neither die by war nor water, by hunger or by thirſt, nor be brought to the grave by old age or diſtemper; but, let me ſee--aye, the ſtars will have it ſo--you ſhall be---exalted --hah!--aye, that is---hanged for horſe-ſtealing.'--'O, good my lord conjuror!' roared the ſquire, 'I'd as lief give forty ſhillings as be hanged.'--'Peace, friend!' cried the other, 'would you contradict or reſiſt the immutable decrees of fate? Hanging is your deſtiny; and hanged you ſhall be--and comfort yourſelf with the reflection, that as you are not the firſt, ſo neither will you be the laſt to ſwing at Tyburn-tree.' This comfortable aſſurance compoſed the mind of Timothy, and in a great meaſure reconciled him to the prediction. He now proceeded, in a whining tone, to aſk, whether he ſhould ſuffer for the firſt fact; whether it would be for a horſe or a mare, and of what colour; that he might know when his hour was come. The conjuror gravely anſwered, that he would ſteal a dappled gelding on a Wedneſday, be caſt at the Old Bailey on a Thurſday, and ſuffer on

a Friday; and he ſtrenuouſly recommended it to him to appear in the cart with a noſegay in one hand, and the Whole Duty of Man in the other. 'But if in caſe it ſhould be in the winter,' ſaid the ſquire, when a noſegay can't be had?'—Why, then, replied the conjuror, 'an orange will do as well.'

Theſe material points being adjuſted to the entire ſatisfaction of Timothy, he declared he would beſtow another ſhilling to know the fortune of an old companion, who truly did not deſerve ſo much at his hands; but he could not help loving him better than ever a friend he had in the world. So ſaying, he dropped a third offering in the coffin, and deſired to know the fate of his horſe Gilbert. The aſtrologer having again conſulted his art, pronounced that Gilbert would die of the staggers, and his carcaſe be given to the hounds; a ſentence which made a much deeper impreſſion upon Crabſhaw's mind than did the prediction of his own untimely and diſgraceful fate. He ſhed a plenteous ſhower of tears, and his grief broke forth in ſome paſſionate expreſſions of tenderneſs. At length he told the aſtrologer he would go and ſend up the captain, who wanted to conſult him about Margery Cook, becauſe as how ſhe had informed him, that Dr Grubble had deſcribed juſt ſuch another man as the captain for her true love; and he had no great ſtomach to the match, if ſo be as the ſtars were not bent upon their coming together.

Accordingly the ſquire being diſmiſſed by the conjuror, deſcended to the parlour with a rueful length of face; which being perceived by the captain, he demanded—'What cheer, ho?' with ſome ſigns of apprehenſion. Crabſhaw making no return to this ſalute, he aſked if the conjurer had taken an obſervation, and told him any thing. Then the other replied, he had told him more than he deſired to know. 'Why an that be the caſe,' ſaid the ſeaman, 'I have no occaſion to go aloft this trip, brother.'

This evaſion would not ſerve his turn. Old Tiſiphone was at hand, and led him up, growling, into the hall of audience, which he did not examine without trepidation. Having been directed to the coffin, where he preſented half a crown, in hopes of rendering the fates more propitious, the uſual ceremony was performed; and the doctor addreſſed him in theſe words,—'Approach, Raven.' The captain advancing—'You an't much miſtaken, brother,' ſaid he, 'heave your eye into the binnacle, and box your compaſs, you'll find I'm a Crowe, not a Raven; tho' indeed, they be both fowls of a feather, as the ſaying is.'—'I know it,' cried the conjuror, 'thou art a northern

northern crow---a sea crow; not a crow of prey, but a crow to be preyed upon--a crow to be plucked--to be flayed--to be basted---to be broiled by Margery upon the gridiron of matrimony---The novice changed colour at this denunciation----'I do understand your signals brother,' said he; 'and if it be set down in the log-book of fate that we must grapple, why then 'ware timbers. But as I know how the land lies, d'ye see, and the current of my inclination sets me off, I shall haul up close to the wind, and mayhap we shall clear Cape Margery. But how somever, we shall leave that reef in the fore-top-sail. - I was bound upon another voyage d'ye see---to look and so see, and to know, if so be as how I could pick up any intelligence alongshore concerning my friend Sir Launcelot, who slipped his cable last night, and has lost company d'ye see.'---'What!' exclaimed the cunning man, 'art thou a crow, and can'st not smell carrion? If thou wouldst grieve for Greaves, behold his naked carcase lies unburied to feed the kites, the crows, the gulls, the rooks, and ravens'---What broach'd?'--- to Dead! as a boil'd lobster.'---'Odd's heart, friend, these are the heaviest tidings I have heard these seven long years--there must have been deadly odds when he lowered his top-sails--Smite my eyes! I had rather the Mufty had foundered at sea, with myself and all my generation on board---Well fare thy soul, flower of the world! Had honest Sam Crowe been within hail--but what signifies palavering?' Here the tears of unaffected sorrow flowed plentifully down the furrows of the seaman's cheeks--then his grief giving way to his indignation---'Hark ye, brother conjuror said he, 'you can spy foul weather before it comes; damn your eyes! why did you not give us warning of this here squall? Blast my limbs! I'll make you give an account of this here, damned, horrid, confounded murder, d'ye see--Mayhap you yourself was concerned, d'ye see.--For my part, brother, I put my trust in God, and steer by the compass, and I value not your paw-wawing, and your conjuration a rope's end, d'ye see.'----

The conjuror was by no means pleased either with the matter or the manner of this address; he therefore began to soothe the captain's choler, by representing that he did not pretend to omniscience, which was the attribute of God alone; that human art was fallible and imperfect, and all that it could perform, was to discover certain partial circumstances of any particular object, to which its enquiries were directed: that being questioned by another man concerning the cause of his master's disappearing, he had exercised his skill upon the subject, and found reason to believe that Sir Launcelot was assassinated; and that he should think himself happy in being the instrument of bringing the murderers to justice, though he foresaw they would save

him that trouble, for they would quarrel about dividing the ſpoil, and would give information againſt the other.

The proſpect of this ſatisfaction appeaſed the reſentment, and in ſome meaſure mitigated the grief of Captain Crowe, who took his leave without much ceremony; and being joined by Crabſhaw proceeded with a heavy heart to the houſe of Sir Launcelot, where they found the domeſtics at breakfaſt, without exhibiting the leaſt ſymptom of concern for their abſent maſter. Crowe had been wiſe enough to conceal from Crabſhaw what he had learned of the knight's fate. This fatal intelligence he reſerved for the ear of his nephew Mr Clarke, who did not fail to attend him in the forenoon.

As for the ſquire he did nothing but ruminate, in rueful ſilence upon the dapple gelding, the noſegay, and the predicted fate of Gilbert; him he forthwith viſited in the ſtable, and ſaluted with the kiſs of peace. Then he bemoaned his fortune with tears; and, by the ſound of his own lamentation, was lulled aſleep among the litter.

BIBLIOTHECA REGIA MONACENSIS

CHAP. XI.

In which the Clouds that cover the Cataſtrophe begin to diſperſe.

WE muſt now leave Captain Crowe, and his nephew Mr Clarke, arguing with great vehemence about the fatal intelligence obtained from the conjuror, and penetrate at once the veil that concealed our hero. Know, then, reader, that Sir Launcelot Greaves repairing to the place deſcribed in the billet which he had received, was accoſted by a perſon muffled in a cloak, who began to amuſe him with a feigned ſtory of Aurelia; to which, he liſtened with great attention, he found himſelf ſuddenly ſurrounded by armed men, who ſeized and pinioned down his arms, took away his ſword, and conveyed him by force into a hackney coach, provided for the purpoſe. In vain he expoſtulated on this violence with three perſons who accompanied him in the vehicle; he could not extort one word by way of reply; and, from their gloomy aſpects, he began to be apprehenſive of aſſaſſination. Had the carriage paſſed through any frequented place, he would have endeavoured to alarm the inhabitants; but it was already clear of the town, and his conductors took care to avoid all villages and inhabited houſes.

After

After having travelled about two miles, the coach ſtopped at a large iron gate; which being opened, our adventurer was led in ſilence through a ſpacious houſe into a tolerable decent apartment, which he underſtood was intended for his bed chamber. In a few minutes after his arrival, he was viſited by a man of no very prepoſſeſſing appearance, who endeavoured to ſmoothe his countenance, which was naturally ſtern; welcomed our adventurer to his houſe, exhorted him to be of good cheer aſſuring him he ſhould want for nothing, and deſired to know what he would chooſe for ſupper.

Sir Launcelot, in anſwer to this civil addreſs, begged he would explain the nature of his confinement, and the reaſon for which his arms were tied like thoſe of the worſt malefactor; the other poſtponed till to morrow the explanation he demanded; but, in the mean time, unbound his fetters, and, as he declined eating, left him alone to his repoſe. He took care, however, in retiring, to double lock the door of the room, whoſe windows were grated on the out ſide with iron.

The knight being thus abandoned to his own meditations, began to ruminate on the preſent adventure with equal ſurpriſe and concern; but the more he revolved circumſtances, the more was he perplexed in his conjectures. According to the ſtate of the mind, a very ſubtile philoſopher is often puzzled by a very plain propoſition; and this was the caſe of our adventurer. What made the ſtrongeſt impreſſion upon his mind, was a notion that he was apprehended on ſuſpicion of treaſonable practiſes, by a warrant from the ſecretary of ſtate, in conſequence of ſome falſe, malicious information: and that his priſon was no other than the houſe of a meſſenger, ſet apart for the accomodation of ſuſpected perſons. In this opinion he comforted himſelf by recollecting his own conſcious innocence, and reflecting that he ſhould be intitled to the privilege of *habeas corpus*, as the act including that ineſtimable jewel was happily not ſuſpended at that time.

Conſoled by this ſelf-aſſurance, he quietly reſigned himſelf to ſlumber, but before he fell aſleep, he was very diſagreeably undeceived in his conjecture. His ears were all at once ſaluted with a noiſe from the next room, conveyed in diſtinct bounces againſt the wainſcot; then an hoarſe voice exclaimed--'Bring up the artillery---let Brutandorff's brigade advance--detach my black huſſars to ravage the country---let them be new-booted---take particular care of the ſpur-leathers---make a deſart of Luſatia--- bombard the ſuburbs of Pera---go, tell my brother Henry to paſs the Elbe at Meiſſen with forty battalions and ſquadrons---So ho, you

Major

Major General Donder, why don't you finish your second parallel ?---send hither the engineer Schittenbach---I'll lay all the shoes in my shop, the breach will be practicable in four and twenty hours:---don't tell me of your works---you and your works may be damn'd !'

'Assuredly,' cried another voice from a different quarter, 'he that thinks to be saved by works is in a state of reprobation---I myself was a prophane weaver, and trusted to the rottenness of works---I kept my journeymen and 'prentices at constant work, and my heart was set upon the riches of this world, which was a wicked work - but now I have got a glimpse of this new light---I feel the operations of grace---I am of the new birth---I abhor good works---I detest all working but the working of the Spirit---Avaunt, Satan !--- O! how I thurst for communication with our sister Jolly !'

'The communication is already open with the Marche,' said the first; but as for thee, thou caitiff, who hast presumed to disparage my works, I'll have thee rammed into a mortar with a double charge of powder, and thrown into the enemy's quarters.

This dialogue operated like a train upon many other inhabitants of the place; one swore he was within three vibrations of finding the longitude, when this noise confounded his circulation; a second, in broken English, complained he was distorped in the moment of de prosshection; a third, in the character of his holiness, denounced interdiction, excommunication, and anathemas; and swore by St Peter's keys, they should howl ten thousand years in purgatory, without the benefit of a single mass. A fourth began to halloo in all the vociferation of a fox-hunter in the chace; and in an instant, the whole house was in an uproar.

The clamour, however, was of a short duration. The different chambers being opened successively, every individual was effectually silenced by the sound of one cabalistical word which was no other than *waistcoat:* a charm which at once cowed the king of P-----, dispossessed the fanatic, dumbfounded the mathematician, dismayed the alchemist, deposed the pope, and deprived the squire of all utterance.

Our adventurer was no longer in doubt concerning the place to which he had been conveyed; and the more he reflected on his situation, the more he was overwhelmed with the most perplexing chagrin. He could not conceive by whose means he had been immured in a mad-house; but he heartily repented of his knight-errantry, as a frolic which might have very serious consequences with respect to his future

ture life and fortune. After mature deliberation, he reſolved to demean himſelf with the utmoſt circumſpection, well knowing that every violent tranſport would be interpreted into an undeniable ſymptom of inſanity. He was not without hope of being able to move his gaoler by a due adminiſtration of that which is generally more efficacious than all the flowers of elocution; but when he aroſe in the morning, he found his pockets had been carefully examined, and emptied of all his papers and caſh.

The keeper entering, he enquired about theſe particulars; and was given to underſtand, that they were all ſafely depoſited for his uſe, to be forthcoming at a proper ſeaſon; but, at preſent, as he ſhould want for nothing, he had no occaſion for money. The knight acquieſced in this declaration, and eat his breakfaſt in quiet.

About eleven, he received a viſit from the phyſician, who contemplated his looks with great ſolemnity; and having examined his pulſe, ſhook his head, ſaying--- 'Well, Sir, how d'ye do?---Come, don't be dejected---every thing is for the beſt---you are in very good hands, Sir, I aſſure you, and I dare ſay, will refuſe nothing that may be thought conducive to the recovery of your health.'

'Doctor,' ſaid our hero, 'if it is not an improper queſtion to aſk, I ſhould be glad to know your opinion of my diſorder.'---'O! Sir, as to that,' replied the phyſician, 'your diſorder is a--kind of a--Sir, 'tis very common in this country--a ſort of a---' 'Do you think my diſtemper is madneſs, doctor?'---'O Lord! Sir---not abſolute madneſs---no---not madneſs---you have heard, no doubt, of what is called a weakneſs of the nerves, Sir---though that is a very inaccurate expreſſion: for this phraſe, denoting a morbid exceſs of ſenſation, ſeems to imply, that ſenſation itſelf is owing to the looſe coheſion of thoſe material particles which conſtitute the nervous ſubſtance, inaſmuch as the quantity of every effect muſt be proportionable to it's cauſe: now you'll pleaſe to take notice, Sir, if the caſe were really what theſe words ſeem to import, all bodies whoſe particles do not cohere with too great a degree of proximity, would be nervous; that is, endued with ſenſation. Sir, I ſhall order ſome cooling things to keep you in due temperature; and you'll do very well---Sir, your humble ſervant.'

So ſaying he retired; and our adventurer could not but think it was very hard that one man ſhould not dare to aſk the moſt ordinary queſtions without being reputed mad, while another ſhould talk nonſenſe by the hour, and yet be eſteemed as an oracle.

The

The maſter of the houſe finding Sir Launcelot ſo tame and tractable, indulged him after dinner with a walk in a little private garden, under the eye of a ſervant, who followed him at a diſtance: here he was ſaluted by a brother priſoner, a man ſeemingly turned of thirty, tall and thin, with ſtaring eyes, a hook noſe, and a face covered with pimples.

The uſual compliments having paſſed, the ſtranger, without farther ceremony, aſked if he would oblige him with a chew of tobacco, or could ſpare him a mouthful of any ſort of cordial, declaring he had not taſted brandy ſince he came to the houſe. The knight aſſured him it was not in his power to comply with his requeſt; and began to aſk ſome queſtions relating to the character of their landlord, which the ſtranger repreſented in very unfavourable colours. He deſcribed him as a ruffian, capable of undertaking the darkeſt ſchemes of villainy. He ſaid, his houſe was a repoſitory of the moſt flagrant iniquities; that it contained fathers kidnaped by their children, wives confined by their huſbands, gentleman of fortune ſequeſtered by their relations, and innocent perſons immured by the malice of their adverſaries. He affirmed this was his own caſe; and aſked if our hero had never heard of Dick Diſtich, the poet and ſatiriſt. 'Ben Bullock and I,' ſaid he, 'were confident againſt the world in arms---did you never ſee his Ode to me, beginning with---"Fair blooming youth?" 'We were ſworn brothers, admired and praiſed, and quoted each other, Sir; we denounced war againſt all the world, actors, authors, and critics; and having drawn the ſword, threw away the ſcabbard---we puſhed through thick and thin, hacked and hewed, helter-ſkelter, and became as formidable to the writers of the age as the Bœotian band of Thebes. My friend Bullock, indeed, was once repelled in the kennel; but ſoon---

'He vig'rous roſe, and from th' effluvia ſtrong,
'Imbib'd new life, and lour'd and ſtunk along.'

'Here is a ſatire, which I wrote in an alehouſe when I was drunk---I can prove it by the evidence of the landlord and his wife: I fancy you'll own I have ſome right to ſay, with my friend Horace---

"*Qui me commorit, melius non tangere clamo;*
"*Flebit et inſignis toto cantabitur urbe.*"---

The knight having peruſed the papers, declared his opinion, that the verſes were tolerably good; but at the ſame time obſerved, that the author had reviled, as ignorant dunces, ſeveral

ſeveral perſons who had writ with reputation, and were generally allowed to have genius; a circumſtance that would detract more from his candour than could be allowed to his capacity.

'Damn their genius!' cried the ſatiriſt, 'a pack of impertinent raſcals! I tell you, Sir, Ben Bullock and I had determined to cruſh all that were not of our own party—beſides, I ſaid before, this piece was written in drink.'—'Was you drunk too when it was printed and publiſhed?—'Yes; the printer ſhall make affidavit that I was never otherwiſe than drunk or maudlin, till my enemies, on pretence that my brain was turned, conveyed me to this infernal manſion.'

'They ſeem to have been your beſt friends,' ſaid the knight, 'and have put the moſt tender interpretations on your conduct; for waving the plea of inſanity, your character muſt ſtand as that of a man who hath ſome ſmall ſhare of genius, without an atom of integrity. Of all thoſe whom Pope laſhed in his Dunciad, there was not one who did not richly deſerve the imputation of dulneſs; and every one of them had provoked the ſatiriſt by a perſonal attack. In this reſpect the Engliſh poet was much more honeſt than his French pattern Boileau, who ſtigmatized ſeveral men of acknowledged genius; ſuch as Quinault, Perrault, and the celebrated Lulli; for which reaſon every man of a liberal turn muſt, in ſpite of all his poetical merit, deſpiſe him as a rancorous knave. If this diſingenuous conduct cannot be forgiven in a writer of his ſuperior genius, who will pardon it in you, whoſe name is not half emerged from obſcurity?'.

'Heark ye, friend,' replied the bard, 'keep your pardon and your counſel for thoſe who aſk it; or if you will force them upon people, take one piece of advice in return. If you don't like your preſent ſituation, apply for a committee without delay; they'll find you too much of a fool to have the leaſt tincture of madneſs; and you'll be releaſed without farther ſcruple: in that caſe I ſhall rejoice in your deliverance; you will be freed from confinement, and I ſhall be happily deprived of your converſation.'

So ſaying, he flew off at a tangent, and our knight could not help ſmiling at the peculiar virulence of his diſpoſition. Sir Launcelot then endeavoured to enter into converſation with his attendant, by aſking how long M. Diſtich had reſided in the houſe; but he might as well have addreſſed himſelf to a Turkiſh mute: the fellow either pretended ignorance, or refuſed an anſwer to every queſtion that was propoſed. He would not even diſcloſe the name of his landlord,

landlord, nor inform him whereabouts the houſe was ſituated.

Finding himſelf agitated with impatience and indignation, he returned to his apartment; and the door being locked upon him, began to review, not without horror, the particulars of his fate. 'How little reaſon,' ſaid he to himſelf, 'have we to boaſt of the bleſſings enjoyed by the Britiſh ſubject, if he holds them on ſuch a precarious tenure: if a man of rank and property may be thus kidnapped, even in the midſt of the capital; if he may be ſeized by ruffians, inſulted, robbed, and conveyed to ſuch a priſon as this, from which there ſeems to be no poſſibility of eſcape; ſhould I be indulged with pen, ink, and paper and appeal to my relations, or to the magiſtrates of my country, my letters would be intercepted by thoſe who ſuperintend my confinement. Should I try to alarm the neighbourhood, my cries would be neglected as thoſe of ſome unhappy lunatic under neceſſary correction. Should I employ the force which Heaven has lent me, I might imbrue my hands in blood; and, after all, find it impoſſible to eſcape through a number of ſucceſſive doors, locks, bolts, and centinels. Sould I endeavour to tamper with the ſervant, he might diſcover my deſign, and then I ſhould be abridged of the little comfort I enjoy. People may inveigh againſt the Baſtile in France, and the Inquiſition in Portugal; but I would aſk, if either of theſe be in reality ſo dangerous or dreadful as a private mad-houſe in England under the direction of a ruffian? The Baſtile is a ſtate-priſon, the Inquiſition is a ſpiritual tribunal; but both are under the direction of government. It ſeldom, if ever, happens, that a man entirely innocent is confined in either; or, if he ſhould, he lays his account with a legal trial before eſtabliſhed judges. But in England, the moſt innocent perſon upon earth is liable to be immured for life under the pretext of lunacy; ſequeſtered from his wife, children, and friends; robbed of his fortune; deprived even of neceſſaries; and ſubjected to the moſt brutal treatment from a low-bred barbarian, who raiſes an ample fortune on the miſery of his fellow-creatures, and may, during his whole life, practice this horrid oppreſſion without queſtion or controul.'

This uncomfortable revire was interrupted by a very unexpected ſound that ſeemed to iſſue from the other ſide of a a thick party-wall. It was a ſtrain of vocal muſic, more plaintive than the widowed turtle's moan, more ſweet and raviſhing than Philomel's love-warbled ſong. Through his ear it inſtantly pierced into his heart; for at once he recognized it to be the voice of his adored Aurelia. Heavens! what

was

was the agitation of his ſoul, when he made this diſcovery! How did every nerve quiver! How did his heart throb with the moſt violent emotion! He ran round the room in diſtraction, foaming like a lion in the toil— then he placed his ear cloſe to the partition, and liſtened as if his whole ſoul was exerted in his ſenſe of hearing. When the ſound ceaſed to vibrate on his ear, he threw himſelf on the bed; he groaned with anguiſh, he exclaimed in broken accents; and, in all probability, his heart would have burſt, had not the violence of his ſorrow found vent in a flood of tears.

Theſe firſt tranſports were ſucceeded by a fit of impatience, which had well-nigh deprived him of his ſenſes in good earneſt. His ſurprize at finding his loſt Aurelia in ſuch a place, the ſeeming impoſſibility of relieving her, and his unſpeakable eagerneſs to contrive ſome ſcheme for profiting by the intereſting diſcovery he had made, concurred in brewing up a ſecond extaſy, during which he acted a thouſand extravagances, which it was well for him the attendants did not obſerve. Perhaps it was well for the ſervant that he did not enter while the paroxyſm prevailed; had this been the caſe, he might have met with the fate of Lychas, whom Hercules in his frenzy deſtroyed.

Before the cloth was laid for ſupper, he was calm enough to conceal the diſorder of his mind: but he complained of the head-ache, and deſired he might be next day viſited by the phyſician; to whom he reſolved to explain himſelf in ſuch a manner as ſhould make an impreſſion upon him, provided he was not altogether deſtitute of conſcience and humanity.

CHAP. XII.

The Knot that puzzles human Wiſdom, the Hand of fortune ſometimes will untie familiar as her Garter.

WHEN the doctor made his next appearance in Sir Launcelot's apartment, the knight addreſſed him in theſe words —'Sir, the practice of medicine is one of the moſt honourable profeſſions exerciſed among the ſons of men; a profeſſion which hath been revered at all periods, and in all nations, and even held ſacred in the moſt poliſhed ages of antiquity. The ſcope of it is to preſerve the being, and confirm the health of our

fellow-creatures; of conſequence to ſuſtain the bleſſings of ſociety, and crown life with fruition. The character of a phyſician, therefore, not only ſuppoſes natural ſagacity and acquired erudition, but it alſo implies every delicacy of ſentiment, every tenderneſs of nature, and every virtue of humanity. That theſe qualities are centered in you, doctor, I would willingly believe; but it will be ſufficient for my purpoſe, that you are poſſeſſed of common integrity. To whoſe concern I am indebted for your viſits, you beſt know: but if you underſtand the art of medicine, you muſt be ſenſible, by this time, that, with reſpect to me, your preſcriptions are altogether unneceſſary---Come, Sir, you cannot---you don't believe that my intellects are diſordered. Yet, granting me to be really under the influence of that deplorable malady, no perſon has a right to treat me as a lunatic, or to ſue out a commiſſion, but my neareſt kindred.- That you may not plead ignorance of my name and family, you ſhall underſtand that I am Sir Launcelot Greaves of the county of York, Baronet; and that my neareſt relation is Sir Reginald Meadows, of Cheſhire, the eldeſt ſon of my mother's ſiſter---that gentleman, I am ſure, had no concern in ſeducing me, by falſe pretences, under the clouds of night into the fields where I was forciſed, overpowered, and kidnapped by armed ruffians. Had he really believed me inſane, he would have proceeded according to the dictates of honour, humanity, and the laws of his country. Situated as I am, I have a right, by making application to the lord-chancellor, to be tried by a jury of honeſt men---But of that right I cannot avail myſelf while I remain at the mercy of a brutal miſcreant, in whoſe houſe I am incloſed, unleſs you contribute your aſſiſtance. Your aſſiſtance, therefore, I demand, as you are a gentleman, a Chriſtian, and a fellow-ſubject; who, though every other motive ſhould be overlooked, ought to intereſt himſelf in my caſe as a common concern; and concur, with all your power towards the puniſhment of thoſe who dare commit ſuch outrages againſt the liberty of your country'

The doctor ſeemed to be a little diſconcerted; but, after ſome recollection, reſumed his air of ſufficiency and importance, and aſſured our adventurer, he would do him all the ſervice in his power; but, in the mean time, adviſed him to take the potion he had preſcribed.

The knight's eyes lightening with indignation---'I am now convinced,' cried he, 'that you are an accomplice in the villainy that has been practiſed upon me; that you are a ſordid wretch, without principle or feeling, a diſgrace to the faculty, and reproach to human nature---yes, ſirrah, you are the moſt perfidious of all aſſaſſins---you are the hireling miniſter of the

worſt

worſt of all villains; who, from motives even baſer than malice, envy, and revenge, rob the innocent of all the comforts of life, brand them with the imputation of madneſs, the moſt cruel ſpecies of ſlander, and wantonly protract their miſery, by leaving them in the moſt ſhocking confinement; a prey to reflections infinitely more bitter than death-- but I will be calm -- do me juſtice at your peril. I demand the protection of the legiſlature--if I am refuſed-- remember, a day of reckoning will come--you and the reſt of the miſcreants who have combined againſt me, muſt, in order to cloak your treachery, have recourſe to murder; an expedient which I believe you very capable of embracing, as a man of my rank and character cannot be much longer concealed---I tremble, caitiff, at the thoughts of my releaſe--in the mean time, be gone, leaſt my juſt reſentment impel me to daſh out your brains upon that marble- Away---'

The honeſt doctor was not ſo firmly perſuaded of his patient's lunacy as to reject his advice; which he made what haſte he could to follow, when an unexpected accident intervened.

That this may be properly introduced, we muſt return to the knight's brace of truſty friends. Captain Crowe and Lawyer Clarke, whom we left in ſorrowful deliberation upon the fate of their patron. Clarke's genius being rather more fruitful in reſources than that of the ſeaman, he ſuggeſted an advertiſement, which was accordingly inſerted in the daily papers; importing that--' Whereas a gentleman of conſiderable rank and fortune had ſuddenly diſappeared, on ſuch a night from his houſe near Golden Square, in conſequence of a letter delivered to him by a porter; and there is great reaſon to believe ſome violence hath been offered to his life; any perſon capable of giving ſuch information as may tend to clear up this dark tranſaction, ſhall by applying to Mr Thomas Clarke, attorney, at his lodgings in Upper Brook Street, receive proper ſecurity for the reward of one hundred guineas, to be paid to him upon his making the diſcovery required.'

The porter who delivered the letter appeared accordingly, but could give no other information except that it was put into his hand, with a ſhilling, by a man muffled up in a great coat, who ſtopped him for the purpoſe, in his paſſing through Queen Street. It was neceſſary that the advertiſement ſhould produce an effect upon another perſon, who was no other than the hackney coachman who drove our hero to the place of his impriſonment. This fellow had been enjoined ſecreſy, and indeed, bribed to hold his tongue, by a conſiderable gratification; which, it was ſuppoſed, would have been effectual, as the man was a maſter coachman in good circumſtances, and

well known to the keeper of the mad-houſe, by whom he had been employed on former occaſions of the ſame nature. Perhaps his fidelity to his employer, reinforced by his hope of many future jobs of that kind, might have been proof againſt the offer of fifty pounds; but double that ſum was a temptation he could not reſiſt. He no ſooner read the intimation in the Daily Advertiſer over his morning's pot at an ale-houſe, than he entered into conſultation with his own thoughts; and having no reaſon to doubt that this was the very fare he had conveyed, he reſolved to earn the reward, and abſtain from all ſuch adventures in time coming. He had the precaution, however, to take an attorney along with him to Mr Clarke, who entered into a conditional bond; and, with the aſſiſtance of his uncle, depoſited the money, to be forthcoming when the conditions ſhould be fulfilled. Theſe previous meaſures being taken, the coachman declared what he knew, and diſcovered the houſe in which Sir Launcelot had been immured. He, moreover, accompanied our two adherents to a judge's chamber, where he made oath to the truth of his information; and a warrant was immediately granted to ſearch the houſe of Barnard Shackle, and ſet at liberty Sir Launcelot Greaves, if there found.

Fortified with this authority, they engaged a conſtable with a formidable poſſe; and embarking them in coaches, repaired, with all poſſible expedition, to the houſe of Mr Shackle, who did not think proper to diſpute their claim; but admitted them, though not without betraying evident ſymptoms of conſternation. One of the ſervants directing them, by his maſter's order, to Sir Launcelot's apartment, they hurried up ſtairs in a body, occaſioning ſuch a noiſe as did not fail to alarm the phyſician, who had juſt opened the door to retire when he perceived their irruption. Captain Crowe conjecturing he was guilty, from the confuſion that appeared in his countenance, made no ſcruple of ſeizing him by the collar as he endeavoured to retreat; while the tender-hearted Tom Clarke, running up to the knight with his eyes brimful of joy and affection, forgot all the forms of diſtant reſpect, and throwing his arms around his neck, blubbered in his boſom.

Our hero did not receive this proof of his attachment unmoved. He ſtrained him in his embrace, honoured him with the title of his deliverer, and aſked him by what miracle he had diſcovered the place of his confinement. The lawyer began to unfold the various ſteps he had taken, with equal minuteneſs and ſelf-complacency; when Crowe, dragging the doctor ſtill by the collar, ſhook his old friend by the hand, proteſting he was never ſo overjoyed ſince he got clear of a

Sallee

Sallee Rover on the coaſt of Barbary; and that two glaſſes ago he would have ſtarted all the money he had in the world, in the hold of any man who would have ſhewn Sir Launcelot ſafe at his moorings. The knight, having made a proper return to his ſincere manifeſtation of good-will, deſired him to diſmiſs that worthleſs fellow, meaning the doctor; who, finding himſelf releaſed, withdrew with ſome precipitation.

Then our adventurer, attended by his friends, walked with a deliberate pace to the outward gate, which he found open; and getting into one of the coaches, was entertained by the way to his own houſe with a detail of every meaſure which had been purſued for his releaſe.

In his own parlour he found Mrs Dolly Coaſſip, who had been waiting with great fear and impatience for the iſſue of Mr Clarke's adventure. She now fell upon her knees, and bathed the knight's hands with tears of joy; while the face of this young woman, recalling the idea of her miſtreſs, rouzed his heart to ſtrong emotions, and ſtimulated his mind to the immediate achievement he had already planned. As for Crabſhaw, he was not the laſt to ſignify his ſatisfaction at his maſter's return. After having kiſſed the hem of his garment, he retired to the ſtable, where he communicated their tidings to his friend Gilbert, whom he ſaddled and bridled; the ſame office he performed for Bronzomarte; then putting on his ſquire-like attire and accoutrements, he mounted one, and led the other to the knight's door, before which he paraded, uttering from time to time, repeated ſhouts, to the no ſmall entertainment of the populace, until he received orders to houſe his companions. Thus commanded, he led them back to their ſtalls, returned his livery, and rejoined his fellow-ſervants, who were reſolved to celebrate the day with banquets and rejoicings.

Their maſter's heart was not ſufficiently at eaſe to ſhare in their feſtivity. He held a conſultation with his friends in the parlour, whom he acquainted with the reaſons he had to believe Miſs Darnel was confined in the ſame houſe which had been his priſon: a circumſtance which filled them with equal pleaſure and aſtoniſhment. Dolly, in particular, weeping plentifully, conjured him to deliver her dear lady without delay. Nothing now remained but to concert the plan for her deliverance. As Aurelia had informed Dolly of her connection with Mrs Kawcke, at whoſe houſe ſhe propoſed to lodge before ſhe was overtaken on the road by her uncle, this particular was now imparted to the council, and ſtruck a light which ſeemed to point out the direct way to Miſs Darnel's enlargement.

Our hero, accompanied by Mrs Cowslip and Tom Clarke, set out immediately for the house of Dr Kawdle, who happened to be abroad; but his wife received them with great courtesy. She was a well-bred, sensible, genteel woman, and strongly attached to Aurelia by the ties of affection as well as consanguinity. She no sooner learned the situation of her cousin, than she expressed the most impatient concern for her being set at liberty; and assured Sir Launcelot she would concur in any scheme he should propose for that purpose. There was no room for hesitation or choice; he attended her immediately to the judge, who, upon proper application, issued another search-warrant for Aurelia Darnel. The constable and his posse were again retained, and Sir Launcelot Greaves once more crossed the threshold of Mr Barnard Shackle. Nor was the search warrant the only implement of justice with which he had furnished himself for this visit. In going thither, they agreed upon the method in which they should introduce themselves gradually to Miss Darnel, that her tender nature might not be too much shocked by their sudden appearance.

When they arrived at the house, therefore, and produced their credentials, in consequence of which a female attendant was directed to shew the lady's apartment, Mrs Dolly first entered the chamber of the accomplished Aurelia; who, lifting up her eyes, screamed aloud, and flew into the arms of her faithful Cowslip. Some minutes elapsed before Dolly could make shift to exclaim---'Am coom to live and dai with my beloved leady!---'Dear Dolly!' cried her mistress, 'I cannot express the pleasure I have in seeing you again.---Good Heaven! what solitary hours of keen affliction have I passed since we parted!---But tell me, how did you discover the place of my retreat?---Has my uncle relented?---Do I owe your coming to his indulgence?'

Dolly answered in the negative; and by degrees gave her to understand, that her cousin, Mrs Kawdle, was in the next room. That lady immediately appeared, and a very tender scene of recognition passed between the two relations. It was she who, in the course of conversation, perceiving that Aurelia was perfectly composed, declared the happy tidings of her approaching deliverance. When the other eagerly insisted upon knowing to whose humanity and address she was indebted for this happy turn of fortune, her cousin declared the obligation was due to a young gentleman of Yorkshire, called Sir Launcelot Greaves. At mention of that name, her face was overspread with a crimson glow, and her eyes beamed redoubled splendour. 'Cousin,' said she with a sigh, 'I know not what to say---that gentleman

---Sir

—Sir Launcelot Greaves, was surely born—Lord bless me! I tell you, cousin, he has been my guardian angel—.'

Mrs Kawdle, who had maintained a correspondence with her by letters, was no stranger to the former part of the connection subsisting between those two lovers, and had always favoured the pretensions of our hero, without being acquainted with his person. She now observed, with a smile, that as Aurelia esteemed the knight her guardian angel, and he adored her as a demi-deity, nature seemed to have intended them for each other; for such sublime ideas exalted them both above the sphere of ordinary mortals. She then ventured to intimate, that he was in the house, impatient to pay his respects in person. At this declaration the colour vanished from her cheeks, which, however, soon underwent a total effusion. Her heart panted, her bosom heaved, and her gentle frame was agitated by transports rather violent than unpleasing. She soon, however, recollected herself, and her native serenity returned; when, rising from her seat, she declared she would see him in the next apartment, where he stood in the most tumultuous suspence, waiting for permission to approach her person. Here she broke in upon him, arrayed in an elegant white undress, the emblem of her purity, beaming forth the emanations of amazing beauty, warmed and improved with a glow of gratitude and affection. His heart was too big for utterance; he ran towards her with rapture; and, throwing himself at her feet, imprinted a respectful kiss upon her lily hand. 'This, divine Aurelia,' cried he, 'is a foretaste of that ineffable bliss which you was born to bestow! —Do I then live to see you smile again? To see you restored to liberty, your mind at ease, and your health unimpaired!'—— 'You have lived,' said she, 'to see my obligations to Sir Launcelot Greaves accumulated in such a manner, that a whole life spent in acknowledgment will scarce suffice to demonstrate a due sense of his goodness.'—'You greatly over-rate my services, which have been rather the duties of common humanity, than the efforts of a generous passion, too noble to be thus evinced—— but let not my unseasonable transports detain you a moment longer on this detested scene—Give me leave to hand you into the coach, and commit you to the care of this good lady, attended by this honest young gentleman, who is my particular friend.' So saying, he presented Mr Thomas Clarke, who had the honour to salute the fair hand of the ever-amiable Aurelia.

The ladies being safely coached under the escort of the lawyer, Sir Launcelot assured them, he should wait on them in the evening at the house of Dr Kawdle; whither they immediately directed their course. Our hero, who remained with the constable and his gang, enquired for Mr Barnard Shackle, upon whose person he intended to serve a writ of conspiracy, over and above

above a profecution for robbery, in conſequence of his having diſincumbered the knight of his money, and other effects, on the firſt night of his confinement. Mr Shackle had diſcretion enough to avoid this encounter, and even to anticipate the indictment for felony, by directing one of his ſervants to reſtore the cath and papers; which our adventurer accordingly received before he quitted the houſe.

In the proſecution of his ſearch after Shackle, he chanced to enter the chamber of the bard, whom he found in diſhabille, writing at a table; with a bandage over one eye, and his head covered with a night cap of baize. The knight having made an apology for this intruſion, deſired to know if he could be of any ſervice to Mr Dabſh, as he was now at liberty to uſe the little influence he had for the relief of his fellow ſufferers. The poet having eyed him for ſome time aſkance--' I told you,' ſaid he, ' your ſtay in this place would be of ſhort duration ---I have ſuſtained a ſmall diſaſter in my left eye, from the hands of a raſcally cordwainer, who pretends to believe himſelf the King of Proſſia; and I am now in the very act of galling his majeſty with keen iambics--If you can help me to a roll of tobacco and a bottle of geneva, ſo---if you are not ſo inclined, your humble ſervant, I ſhall find relief in the joy of your deliverance.'

The knight declined gratifying him in theſe particulars, which he apprehended might be prejudicial to his health; but offered his aſſiſtance in redreſſing his grievances, provided he laboured under any cruel treatment of inconvenience. ' I comprehend the full extent of your generoſity,' replied the ſatiriſt: ' you are willing to aſſiſt me in every thing, except the only circumſtances in which aſſiſtance is required--God b'w'ye---If you ſee Ben Bullock, tell him I wiſh he would not dedicate any more of his works to me---Damn the fellow, he has changed his note, and begins to ſnivel---For my part, I ſtick to my former maxim, defy all the world, and will die hard, even if death ſhould be preceded by damnation.'

The knight finding him incorrigible, left him to the ſlender chance of being one day comforted by the dram-bottle; but reſolved, if poſſible, to ſet on foot an accurate enquiry into the œconomy and tranſactions of this private inquiſition, that ample juſtice might be done in favour of every injured individual confined within it's walls.

In the afternoon he did not fail to viſit his Aurelia; and all the proteſtations of their mutual paſſion were once more interchanged. He now produced the letter which had cauſed ſuch fatal diſquiet in his boſom; and Miſs Darnel no ſooner eyed the paper, than ſhe recollected it was a formal diſmiſſion, which ſhe had intended and directed for Mr Sycamore. This the uncle had

had intercepted, and cunningly incloſed in another cover, addreſſed to Sir Launcelot Greaves, who was now aſtoniſhed beyond meaſure to ſee the myſtery ſo eaſily unfolded. The joy that now diffuſed itſelf in the hearts of our lovers is more eaſily conceived than deſcribed; but, in order to give a ſtability to this mutual ſatisfaction, it was neceſſary that Aurelia ſhould be ſecured from the tyranny of her uncle, whoſe power of guardianſhip would not otherwiſe for ſome months expire.

Dr Kawdle and his lady having entered into their deliberations on this ſubject, it was agreed that Miſs Darnel ſhould have recourſe to the protection of the lord-chancellor; but ſuch application was rendered unneceſſary by the unexpected arrival of John Clump, with the following letter to Mrs. Kawdle, from the ſteward of Anthony Darnel, dated at Aurelia's houſe in the country.

'MADAM

'IT hath pleaſed God to afflict Mr Darnel with a ſevere ſtroke of the dead palſy---He was taken yeſterday, and now lies inſenſible, ſeemingly at the point of death. Among the papers in his pocket I found the incloſed, by which it appears that my honoured young lady, Miſs Darnel, is confined in a private mad-houſe. I am afraid Mr Darnel's fate is a juſt judgement of God upon him for his cruelty to that excellent perſon. I need not exhort you, Madam, to take immediately upon the receipt of this, ſuch meaſures as will be neceſſary for the enlargement of my poor young lady. In the mean time, I ſhall do what is needful for the preſervation of her property in this place, and ſend you an account of any farther alteration that may happen; being very reſpectfully, Madam, your moſt obedient, humble ſervant, RALP MATTOCKS.'

Clump had poſted up to London with this intimation on the wings of love; and being covered with clay from the heels to the eyes upwards, he appeared in ſuch an unfavourable light at Dr Kawdle's door, that the footman refuſed him admittance. Nevertheleſs, he puſhed him aſide, and fought his way up ſtairs into the dining room, where the company was not a little aſtoniſhed at ſuch an apparition. The fellow himſelf was not leſs amazed at ſeeing Aurelia, and his own ſweetheart Mrs Dolly Cowſlip. He forthwith fell upon his knees, and in ſilence held out the letter, which was taken by the doctor, and preſented to his wife, according to the direction. She did not fail to communicate the contents, which were far from being unwelcome to the individuals who compoſed this little ſociety. Mr Clump was honoured with the approbation of his young lady,

lady, who commended him for his zeal and expedition; beflowed upon him a handſome gratuity in the mean time, and deſired to ſee him again when he ſhould be properly refreſhed after the fatigue he had undergone.

Mr Thomas Clarke being conſulted on this occaſion, gave it as his opinion that Miſs Darnel ſhould, without delay, chuſe another guardian for the few months that remained of her minority. The opinion was confirmed by the advice of ſome eminent lawyers, to whom immediate recourſe was had; and Dr Kawdle being the perſon pitched upon for this office, the neceſſary forms were executed with all poſſible diſpatch.

The firſt uſe the doctor made of his guardianſhip was to ſign a power, conſtituting Mr Adolph Mattocks his attorney, *pro tempore*, for managing the eſtate of Miſs Aurelia Darnel; and this was forwarded to the ſteward by the hands of Clump, who ſet out with it for the ſeat of Darnel Hall, though not without a heavy heart, occaſioned by ſome intimation he had received concerning the connection between his dear Dolly and Mr Clarke the Lawyer.

CHAPTER THE LAST.

Which, it is to be hoped will be, on more Accounts than one, agreeable to the Reader.

SIR Launcelot having vindicated the liberty, confirmed the ſafety, and ſecured the heart of his charming Aurelia, now found leiſure to unravel the conſpiracy which had been executed againſt his perſon; and, with that view, commenced a law-ſuit againſt the owner of the houſe where he and his miſtreſs had been ſeparately confined. Mr Shackle was, notwithſtanding all the ſubmiſſions and atonement which he offered to make, either in private or in public, indicted on the ſtatute of kidnapping, tried, convicted, puniſhed by a ſevere fine, and ſtanding in the pillory. A judicial writ, *ad inquirendum*, being executed, the priſoners of its inquiſition were laid open, and ſeveral innocent captives enlarged.

In the courſe of Shackle's trial, it appeared, that the knight's confinement was a ſcheme executed by his rival Mr Sycamore, according to the device of his counſellor, Dawſile, who, by this contrivance, had reconciled himſelf to his patron, having deſerted him in the day of battle. Our hero was ſo incenſed at the diſcovery

diſcovery of Sycamore's treachery and ingratitude, that he went in queſt of him immediately, to take vengeance on his perſon, accompanied by Captain Crowe, who wanted to balance accounts with Mr Dawdle. But thoſe gentlemen had wiſely avoided the impending ſtorm, by retiring to the continent, on pretence of travelling for improvement.

Sir Launcelot was not now ſo much of a knight-errant as to leave Aurelia to the care of Providence, and purſue the traitors to the farthеſt extremities of the earth. He practiſed a much more eaſy, certain, and effectual method of revenge, by inſtituting a proceſs againſt them; which, after writs of *capias*, *alias et pluries*, had been repeated, ſubjected them both to outlawry. Mr Sycamore and his friend being thus deprived of the benefit of the law by their own neglect, would likewiſe have forfeited their goods and chattles to the king, had not they made ſuch ſubmiſſions as appeaſed the wrath of Sir Launcelot and Captain Crowe; then they ventured to return, and, by dint of intereſt, obtained a reverſal of the outlawry. But this grace they did not enjoy till long after our adventurer was happily eſtabliſhed in life.

While the knight waited impatiently for the expiration of Aurelia's minority, and in the mean time conſoled himſelf with the imperfect happineſs ariſing from her converſation, and thoſe indulgencies which the moſt unblemiſhed virtue could beſtow; Captain Crowe projected another plan of vengeance againſt the conjuror, whoſe lying oracles had coſt him ſuch a world of vexation. The truth is, the captain began to be tired of idleneſs, and undertook this adventure to keep his hand in uſe. He imparted his deſign to Crabſhaw, who had likewiſe ſuffered in ſpirit from the predictions of the ſaid offender, and was extremely well diſpoſed to aſſiſt in puniſhing the falſe prophet. He now took it for granted that he ſhould not be hanged for ſtealing a horſe; and thought it very hard to pay ſo much money for a deceitful prophecy, which, in all likelihood, would never be fulfilled.

Actuated by theſe motives, they ſet out together for the houſe of conſolation; but they found it ſhut up and abandoned; and, upon enquiry in the neighbourhood, learned that the conjuror had moved his quarters that very day on which the captain had recourſe to his art. This was actually the caſe: he knew the rage of Sir Launcelot would ſoon come to light, and he did not chuſe to wait the conſequence. He had other motives for decamping. He had run a ſcore at the public houſe, which he had no mind to diſcharge; and wanted to diſengage himſelf from his female aſſociate, who knew too much of his affairs to be kept at a proper diſtance. All theſe purpoſes he had

had anſwered by retreating ſoftly, without beat of drum, while his ſybil was abroad running down prey for his devouring. He had not, however, taken his meaſures ſo cunningly, but that this old hag diſcovered his new lodgings, and, in revenge, gave information to the publican. This creditor took out a writ accordingly; and the bailiff had juſt ſecured his perſon as Captain Crowe and Timothy Crabſhaw chanced to paſs by the door, in their way homewards, through an obſcure ſtreet near the Seven Dials.

The conjuror having no ſubterfuge left, but a great many particular reaſons for avoiding an explanation with the juſtice, like the man between the devil and the deep ſea, of two evils choſe the leaſt; and, beckoning to the captain, called him by his name. Crowe, thus addreſſed, replied with a 'Hilloah!' and looking towards the place from whence he was hailed, at once recognized the necromancer. Without farther heſitation he ſprang acroſs the ſtreet; and collaring Albumazar, exclaimed---'Aha! old boy, is the wind in that corner?---I thought we ſhould grapple one day---now will I bring you up by the head, though all the devils in hell were blowing abaft the beam.'

The bailiff, ſeeing his priſoner ſo roughly handled before, and at the ſame time aſſaulted behind by Crabſhaw, who cried---'Shew me a liar, and I'll ſhew you a thief---who is to be hanged now?'---I ſay, the bailiff, fearing he ſhould loſe the benefit of his job, began to put on his contentious face; and, declaring the doctor was his priſoner, ſwore he could not ſurrender him without a warrant from the lord chief juſtice. The whole groupe adjourning into the parlour, the conjuror deſired to know of Crowe whither Sir Launcelot was found. Being anſwered---'Ay, ay, ſafe enough to ſee you made faſt in the bilboes, brother!' he told the captain he had ſomething of conſequence to communicate for his advantage; and propoſed that Crowe and Crabſhaw ſhould bail the action, which lay only for a debt of three pounds.

Crowe ſtormed, and Crabſhaw grinned, at this modeſt propoſal; but when they underſtood that they could only be bound for his appearance, and reflected that they need not part with him until his body ſhould be ſurrendered unto juſtice, they conſented to give bail; and the bond being executed, conveyed him directly to the houſe of our adventurer.

The boiſterous Crowe introduced him to Sir Launcelot with ſuch an abrupt, unconnected detail of his offence, as the knight could not underſtand without Timothy's annotations. Theſe were followed by ſome queſtions put to the conjuror; who, laying aſide his black gown, and plucking off his white beard,

beard, exhibited to the aſtoniſhed ſpectators the very individual countenance of the empyrical politician Ferret, who had played our hero ſuch a ſlippery trick after the electioneering adventure.

'I perceive,' ſaid he, 'you are preparing to expoſtulate, and upbraid me for having given a falſe information againſt you to the country juſtice. I look upon mankind to be in a ſtate of nature, a truth which Hobbes hath ſtumbled upon by accident. I think every man has a right to avail himſelf of his talents, even at the expence of his fellow-creatures; juſt as we ſee the fiſh, and other animals of the creation, devouring one another.—I found the juſtice but one degree removed from idiotiſm; and knowing that he would commit ſome blunder in the execution of his office, which would lay him at your mercy, I contrived to make his folly the inſtrument of my eſcape.—I was diſmiſſed without being obliged to ſign the information I had given; and you took ample vengance for his tyranny and impertinence. I came to London, where my circumſtances obliged me to live in diſguiſe. In the character of a conjurer, I was conſulted by your follower Crowe, and your Squire Crabſhaw. I did little or nothing but echo back the intelligence they brought me, except prognoſticating that Crabſhaw would be hanged; a prediction to which I found myſelf ſo irreſiſtably impelled, that I am perſuaded it was the real effect of inſpiration. I am now arreſted for a paultry ſum of money; and, moreover, liable to be ſent to Bridewell as an impoſter—Let thoſe anſwer for my conduct whoſe cruelty and inſolence have driven me to the neceſſity of uſing ſuch ſubterfuges.—I have been oppreſſed and perſecuted by the government for ſpeaking truth—your omnipotent laws have reconciled contradictions. That which is acknowledged to be the truth, in fact, is conſtrued falſehood in law; and great reaſon we have to boaſt of a conſtitution founded on the baſis of abſurdity. But, waving theſe remarks, I own I am unwilling to be either impriſoned for debt, or puniſhed for impoſture—I know how far to depend upon generoſity, and what is called benevolence; words to amuſe the weak-minded—I build upon a ſurer bottom—I will bargain for your aſſiſtance—it is in my power to put twelve thouſand pounds in the pocket of Samuel Crowe, that there ſea-ruffian, who by his good-will would hang me to the yard's arm—'

There he was interrupted by the ſeaman—'Damn your rat's eyes! none of your—hang thee! fiſh my top-maſts! If the rope was fairly reeved, and the tackle ſound, d'ye ſee—' Mr Clarke, who was preſent began to ſtare; while the knight aſſured Ferret, that if he was really able and willing to ſerve

Captain Crowe in any thing eſſential, he ſhould be amply rewarded. In the mean time he diſcharged the debt, and aſſigned him an apartment in his own houſe. That ſame day, Crowe, by the advice of Sir Launcelot and his nephew, entered into conditional articles with the cynic, to allow him the intereſt of fifteen hundred pounds for life, provided by his means the captain ſhould obtain poſſeſſion of the eſtate of Hobby Hole, in Yorkſhire, which had belonged to his grandfather, and of which he was heir by blood.

This bond being executed, Mr Ferret diſcovered that he himſelf was the lawful huſband of Bridget Maple, aunt to Samuel Crowe, by a clandeſtine marriage; which, however, he convinced them he could prove by undeniable evidence. This being the caſe, ſhe, the ſaid Bridget Maple, *alias* Ferret, was a *coverte femme*; conſequently, could not tranſact any deed of alienation without his concurrence; *ergo*, the docking of the entail of the eſtate of Hobby Hole was illegal and of none effect. This was a very agreeable declaration to the whole company, who did not fail to congratulate Captain Crowe on the proſpect of his being reſtored to his inheritance. Tom Clarke, in particular, proteſted, with tears in his eyes, that it gave him unſpeakable joy; and his tears trickled the faſter, when Crowe, with an arch look, ſignified, that, now he was pretty well victualled for life, he had ſome thoughts of embarking on the voyage of matrimony.

But that point of happineſs to which, as the north pole, the courſe of theſe adventures hath been invariably directed, was ſtill unattained; we mean, the indiſſoluble union of the accompliſhed Sir Launcelot Greaves and the enchanting Miſs Darnel. Our hero now diſcovered in his miſtreſs a thouſand charms, which hitherto he had no opportunity to contemplate. He found her beauty excelled by her good ſenſe, and her virtue ſuperior to both. He found her untainted by that giddineſs, vanity, and affectation, which diſtinguiſh the faſhionable females of the preſent age. He found her uninfected by the rage for diverſion and diſſipation; for noiſe, tumult, gewgaws, glitter, and extravagance. He found her not only raiſed, by underſtanding and taſte, far above the amuſements of little vulgar minds, but even exalted by uncommon genius and refined reflection, ſo as to reliſh the more ſublime enjoyments of rational pleaſure. He found her poſſeſſed of that vigour of mind which conſtitutes true fortitude, and vindicates the empire of reaſon. He found her heart incapable of diſguiſe or diſſimulation; frank, generous and open; ſuſceptible of the moſt tender impreſſions; glowing with a keen ſenſe of honour, and melting with humanity. A youth

youth of his ſenſibility could not fail of being deeply affected by ſuch attractions.

The nearer he approached the centre of happineſs, the more did the velocity of his paſſion increaſe. Her uncle ſtill remained inſenſible, as it were, in the arms of death. Time ſeemed to linger it's lapſe, till the knight was inflamed to the moſt eager degree of impatience. He communicated his diſtreſs to Aurelia; he preſſed her, with the moſt pathetic remonſtrances, to abridge the torture of his ſuſpence. He intereſted Mrs Kawdle in his behalf; and, at length, his importunity ſucceeded. The banns of marriage were regularly publiſhed; and the ceremony was performed in the pariſh-church, in the preſence of Dr Kawdle and his lady, Captain Crowe, Lawyer Clarke, and Mrs Dolly Cowſlip.

The bride, inſtead of being diſguiſed in tawdry ſtuffs of gold or ſilver, and ſweating under a harneſs of diamonds; according to the elegant taſte of the times, appeared in a negligee of plain blue ſattin, without any other jewels than her eyes, which far outſhone all that ever was produced by the mines of Golconda. Her hair had no other extraneous ornament than a ſmall ſprig of artificial roſes; but the dignity of her air, the elegance of her ſhape, the ſweetneſs and ſenſibility of her countenance, added to ſuch warmth of colouring, and ſuch exquiſite ſymmetry of features, as could not be excelled by human nature, attracted the eyes, and excited the admiration of all the beholders. The effect they produced in the heart of Sir Launcelot, was ſuch a rapture as we cannot pretend to deſcribe. He made his appearance on this occaſion in a white coat and blue ſattin veſt, both embroidered with ſilver; and all who ſaw him could not but own that he alone ſeemed worthy to poſſeſs the lady whom Heaven had deſtined for his conſort. Captain Crowe had taken off a blue ſuit of cloaths, ſtrongly guarded with bars of broad gold lace, in order to honour the nuptials of his friend: he wore upon his head a bag wig *a la pigeon*, made by an old acquaintance in Wapping; and to his ſide he had girded a huge plate-hilted ſword, which he had bought of a recruiting ſerjeant. Mr Clarke was dreſſed in pompadour, with gold buttons; and his lovely Dolly in a ſmart checked luteſtring, a preſent from her miſtreſs.

The whole company dined, by invitation, at the houſe of Dr Kawdle; and here it was that the two moſt deſerving lovers on the face of the earth attained to the conſummation of all earthly felicity. The captain and his nephew had a hint to retire in due time. Mrs Kawdle conducted the amiable Aurelia, trembling, to the marriage bed; our hero, glowing with a bridegroom's ardour, claimed the huſband's privilege: Hy-

men lighted up his brighteſt torch at Virtue's lamp; and every ſtar ſhed its happieſt influence on their Heaven directed union.

Inſtructions had been already diſpatched to prepare Greavesbury Hall for the reception of its new miſtreſs; and for that place the new-married couple ſet out next morning, according to the plan which had been previouſly concerted. Sir Launcelot and Lady Greaves, accompanied by Mrs Kawdle, and attended by Dolly, travelled in their own coach, drawn by ſix dappled horſes. Dr Kawdle, with Captain Crowe, occupied the doctor's poſt-chariot, provided with four bays; Mr Clarke had the honour to beſtride the loins of Bronzomarte; Mr Ferret was mounted upon an old hunter; Crabſhaw ſtuck cloſe to his friend Gilbert; and two other horſemen compleated the retinue. There was not an aching heart in the whole cavalcade, except that of the young lawyer, which was by turns invaded with hot deſires and chilling ſcruples. Though he was fond of Dolly to diſtraction, his regard to worldly reputation, and his attention to worldly intereſt, were continually raiſing up bars to a legal gratification of his love. His pride was ſtartled at the thought of marrying the daughter of a poor country publican; and he moreover dreaded the reſentment of his uncle Crowe, ſhould he take any ſtep of this nature without his concurrence. Many a wiſhful look did he caſt at Dolly, the tears ſtanding in his eyes, and many a woeful ſigh did he utter.

Lady Greaves immediately perceived the ſituation of his heart; and, by queſtioning Mrs Cowſlip, diſcovered a mutual paſſion between theſe lovers. She conſulted her dear knight on the ſubject, and he catechiſed the lawyer, who pleaded guilty. The captain being ſounded as to his opinion, declared he would be ſteered in that, as well as every other courſe of life, by Sir Launcelot and his lady, whom he verily revered as being of an order ſuperior to the ordinary race of mankind. This favourable reſponſe being obtained from the ſailor, our hero took an opportunity on the road, one day after dinner, in preſence of the whole company, to accoſt the lawyer in theſe words:—'My good friend Clarke, I have your happineſs very much at heart—Your father was an honeſt man, to whom my family had manifold obligations. I have had theſe many years a perſonal regard for yourſelf, derived from your own integrity of heart and goodneſs of diſpoſition—I ſee you are affected, and ſhall be brief—Beſides this regard, I am indebted to your friendſhip for the liberty—what ſhall I ſay?—for the ineſtimable happineſs I now enjoy, in poſſeſſing the moſt excellent—But I underſtand that ſignificent glance of my Aurelia—I will not offend her delicacy—The truth is, my obligation is very great, and it is time I ſhould

I ſhould evince my gratitude---If the ſtewardſhip of my eſtate is worth your acceptance, you ſhall have it immediately, together with the houſe and farm of Cockerton in my neighbourhood. I know you have a paſſion for Mrs Dolly: and believe ſhe looks upon you with the eyes of tender prepoſſeſſion.---Don't bluſh, Dolly---Beſides your agreeable perſon, which all the world muſt approve, you can boaſt of virtue, fidelity, and friendſhip. Your attachment to Lady Greaves, neither ſhe or I ſhall ever forget---If you are willing to unite your fate with Mr Clarke, your miſtreſs gives me leave to aſſure you, ſhe will ſtock the farm at her own expence; and we will celebrate the wedding at Greaveſbury Hall.'

By this time the hearts of theſe grateful lovers had overflowed. Dolly was ſitting on her knees, bathing her lady's hand with her tears; and Mr Clarke appeared in the ſame attitude by Sir Launcelot. The uncle, almoſt as much affected as the nephew by the generoſity of our adventurer, cried aloud---'I pray God, that you and your glorious conſort may have ſmooth ſeas and gentle gales whitherſoever you are bound.---As for my kinſman, Tom, I'll give him a thouſand pounds to ſet him fairly afloat; and if he prove not a faithful tender to you his benefactor, I hope he will founder in this world, and be damned in that which is to come.' Nothing now was wanting to the completion of their happineſs but the conſent of Dolly's mother at the Black Lion, who they did not ſuppoſe could have any objection to ſuch an advantageous match for her daughter; but in this particular they were miſtaken.

In the mean time, they arrived at the village where the knight had exerciſed the duties of chivalry; and there he received the gratulations of Mr Fillet, and the attorney, who had offered to bail him before Juſtice Gobble. Mutual civilities having paſſed, they gave him to underſtand that Gobble and his wife were turned methodiſts. All the reſt of the priſoners whom he had delivered came to teſtify their gratitude, and were hoſpitably entertained. Next day they halted at the Black Lion, where the good woman was overjoyed to ſee Dolly ſo happily preferred; but when Sir Launcelot unfolded the propoſed marriage, ſhe interrupted him with a ſcream---'Chriſt Jeſus forbid!---Marry and amen! Match with her own brother!'

At this exclamation Dolly fainted; her lover ſtood with his ears erect, and his mouth wide open; Crowe ſtared, while the knight and his lady expreſſed equal ſurpriſe and concern. When Sir Launcelot intreated Mrs Cowſlip to explain this myſtery, ſhe told him, that about ſixteen years ago, Mr Clarke, ſenior, had brought Dolly, then an infant, to her houſe, when ſhe and her late huſband lived in another part of the country;

and as she had then been lately delivered of a child which did not live, he hired her a a nurse to the little foundling. He owned she was a love-begotten babe, and from time to time paid handsomely for the board of Dolly, who, he desired, might pass for her own daughter. In his last illness he assured her, he had taken care to provide for the child; but since his death she had received no account of any such provision. She, moreover, informed his honour, that Mr Clarke had deposited in her hands a diamond-ring, and a sealed paper, never to be opened without his order, until Dolly should be demanded in marriage by the man she should like; and not then, except in the presence of the clergyman of the parish. 'Send for the clergyman this instant!' cried our hero, reddening, and fixing his eyes on Dolly; 'I hope all will yet be well.'

The vicar arriving, and being made acquainted with the nature of the case, the landlady produced the paper; which being opened, appeared to be an authentic certificate, that the person commonly known by the name of Dorothy Cowslip, was in fact Dorothea Greaves, daughter of Jonathan Greaves, Esq. by a young gentlewoman who had been some years deceased.

'The remaining part of the mystery I myself can unfold (exclaimed the knight, while he ran and embraced the astonished Dolly, as his kinswoman.) Jonathan Greaves was my uncle, and died before he came of age; so that he could make no settlement on his child, the fruit of a private amour, founded on a promise of marriage of which this ring was a token. Mr Clarke, being his confident, disposed of the child; and at length finding his constitution decay, revealed the secret to my father, who, in his will, bequeathed one hundred pounds a year to this agreeable foundling; but as they both died while I was abroad, and some of the memorandums touching this transaction probably were misplaced, I never till now could discover where or how my pretty cousin was situated. I shall recompense the good woman for her care and fidelity, and take pleasure in bringing this affair to a happy issue.'

The lovers were now overwhelmed with transports of joy and gratitude, and every countenance was lighted up with satisfaction. From this place to the habitation of Sir Launcelot, the bells were rung in every parish, and the corporation, in their formalities, congratulated him in every town through which he passed. About five miles from Gravesbury Hall he was met by above five thousand persons of both sexes and every age, dressed out in the gayest apparel, headed by Mr Ralph Mattocks from Darnel Hill, and the Rector from the knight's own parish. They were proceeded by music of different

ferent kinds, ranged under a great variety of flags and enſigns; and the women, as well as the men, bedizened with fancy-knots and marriage-favours. At the end of the avenue, a ſelect bevy of comely virgins, arrayed in white, and a ſeparate band of choice youths, diſtinguiſhed by garlands of laurel and holly interweaved, fell into the proceſſion, and ſung in chorus a ruſtic epithalamium compoſed by the curate. At the gate they were received be the venerable houſekeeper, Mrs Oakley, whoſe features were ſo brightened by the occaſion, that, with the firſt glance, ſhe made a conqueſt of the heart of Captain Crowe; and this connection was improved afterwards into a legal conjunction.

Meanwhile, the houſes of Greavſbury Hall and Darnel Hill were ſet open for the entertainment of all comers, and both echoed with the ſounds of feſtivity. After the ceremony of giving and receiving viſits had been performed by Sir Launcelot Greaves and his lady, Mr Clarke was honoured with the hand of the agreeable Miſs Dolly Greaves; and the captain was put in poſſeſſion of his paternal eſtate. The perfect and uninterrupted felicity of the knight and his endearing conſort, diffuſed itſelf through the whole adjacent country, as far as their example and influence could extend. They were admired, eſteemed, and applauded, by every perſon of taſte, ſentiment and benevolence; at the ſame time beloved, revered, and almoſt adored by the common people, among whom they ſuffered not the mercileſs hand of indigence or miſery to ſeize one ſingle ſacrifice.

Ferret, at firſt, ſeemed to enjoy his eaſy circumſtances; but the novelty of this ſituation ſoon wore off, and all his miſanthrophy returned. He could not bear to ſee his fellow-creatures happy around him; and ſignified his diſguſt to Sir Launcelot, declaring his intention of returning to the metropolis, where he knew there would be always food ſufficient for the ravenous appetite of his ſpleen. Before he departed, the knight made him partake of his bounty, though he could not make him taſte of his happineſs, which ſoon received a conſiderable addition in the birth of a ſon, deſtined to be the heir and repreſentative of two worthy families, whoſe mutual animoſity the union of his parents had ſo happily extinguiſhed.

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